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A BOOKMAN'S BUDGET.

JEAN-BAPTISTE CANT-HANET

(OTHERWISE CLÉRY)

[SEE CLÉRY'S 'JOURNAL

OLD KENSINGTON PALACE

And Other Papers

By

AUSTIN DOBSON

Nimium nec laudare
nec laedere

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
HUMPHREY MILFORD

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L. J. MAXSE

EDITOR OF THE NATIONAL REVIEW

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UNDERTAKEN MAINLY AT HIS INSTANCE

ARE NOW

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PREFATORY NOTE
TO THE FIRST EDITION

As implied in the Dedication, nine out of the following essays appeared in the 'National Review' during 1909-10. *The remaining paper, 'Cléry's Journal,' which was published in the 'Quarterly Review' for July* 1909, *is included by the kind permission of Mr. John Murray. In a few places the text of the book has been modified or expanded; and several notes, withheld in periodical form, are here added.*

Austin Dobson.

August 1910

PREFATORY NOTE
TO THE PRESENT EDITION

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[1] Reproduced from Lenotre's 'Last Days of Marie Antoinette,' 1907, by permission of Mr. William Heinemann.

OLD KENSINGTON PALACE

ONE of the many projects of that indefatigable philanthropist, Mr. John Evelyn, of Sayes Court, Deptford, was a scheme for suppressing London smoke. Walking in the Palace at Whitehall, not long after the Restoration, in order to refresh himself with the sight of his Royal Master's illustrious presence (the expression is his own), he was sorely disturbed by the presumptuous vapours which, issuing from certain tunnels or chimneys in the neighbourhood of Northumberland House and Scotland Yard, did 'so invade the court,[1] that all the rooms, galleries, and places about it were fill'd and infested with it; and that to such a degree, as men could hardly discern one another for the clowd, and none could support.' Indeed that high and mighty Princess, the King's only sister, 'Madame' herself, accustomed as she had been to the purer air of Paris, was grievously offended, both in her breast and lungs, by this

[1] *i.e.*, the open space at the back of the Banqueting House (now the United Service Museum).

'prodigious annoyance,' which not only sullied the glory of his Majesty's imperial seat, but endangered the health of his subjects. These 'funest' circumstances set busy Mr. Evelyn a-thinking; and presently gave rise to his learned tractate 'Fumifugium; or, the Inconveniencie of the Aer and Smoak of London dissipated,' which he inscribed to King Charles II, and in which he dealt summarily with the 'hellish and dismal cloud of sea-coal,' by recommending that all brewers, dyers, lime-burners, soap-boilers and the like inordinate consumers of such fuel, should be dismissed to a competent distance from the city, and moreover —as might be anticipated from the future author of 'Sylva'—that every available vacant space should at once be planted with sweet-smelling trees, shrubs and flowers. 'Our august Charles' —always a compliant monarch—highly approved these opportune suggestions, and a Bill was drafted accordingly. But there the matter rested. A century later, when Evelyn's pamphlet was reprinted, nothing had been done: while numerous glass-houses, foundries and potteries had added their baleful tribute to the 'black catalogue.' Nor can it be affirmed even now that the evil is entirely of the past, since, not many months ago, the London County Council were still assiduously

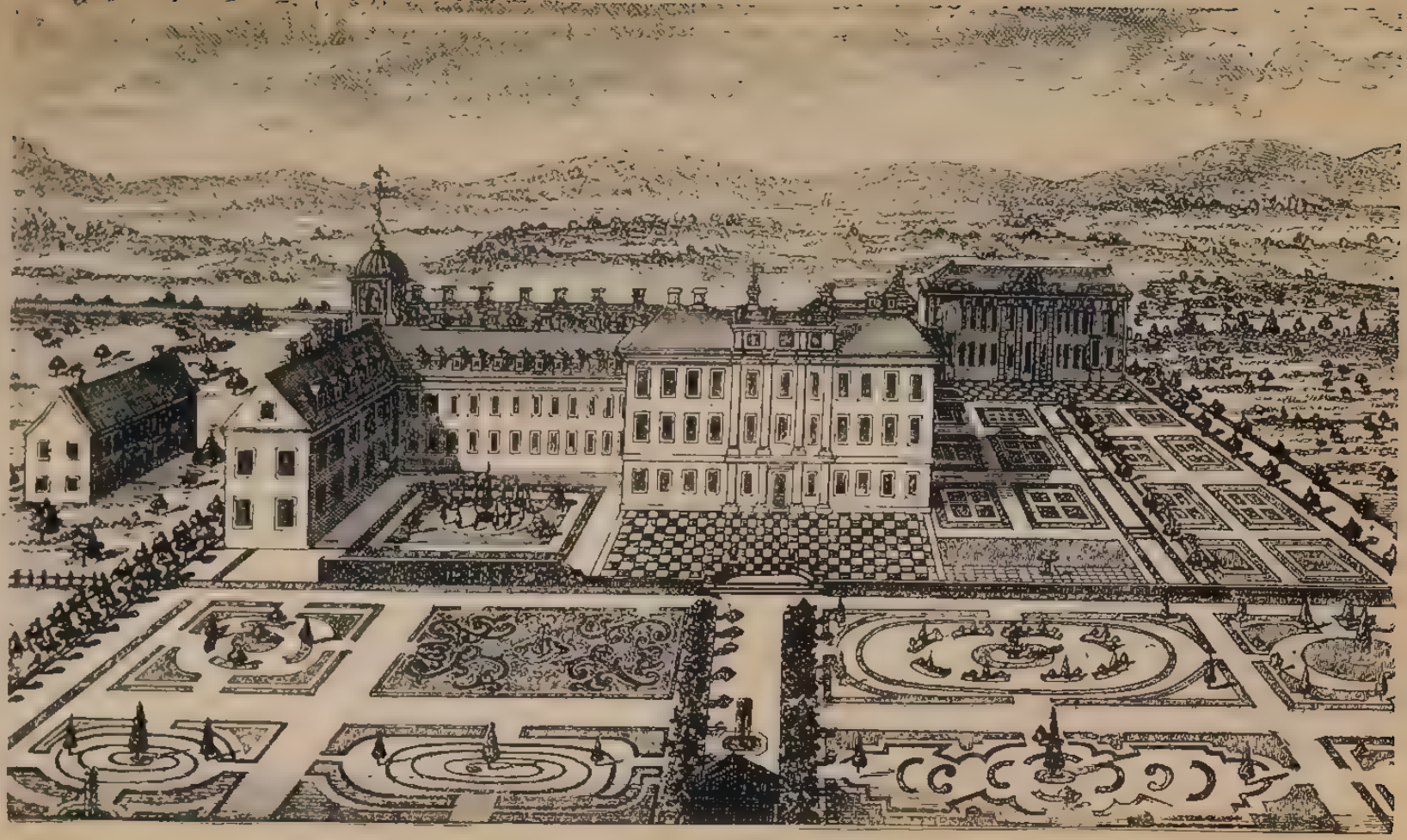
concerting measures for what Evelyn terms the 'melioration of the aer.'[1]

To the reader who recalls the title of this paper, the connection of Kensington Palace with the smoke of London must seem as remote as the legendary relations between Tenterden Steeple and Goodwin Sands. Yet the Whitehall nuisance *was*, as a matter of fact, the proximate cause of the Palace at Kensington. If the state of things which incommoded Henrietta of Orleans had not been equally objectionable to the 'asthmatic skeleton' who succeeded James II, William of Orange would never have bought Nottingham House from his Secretary of State. He could not draw breath in the 'fuliginous and filthy' atmosphere of Westminster; he was unable to 'lie in Town'; and he was only too willing, shortly after his accession to the throne of England, to give Daniel Finch, second Earl of Nottingham, the modest ransom of eighteen thousand guineas for a less murky 'Retirement' in what was then the rural hamlet of Kensington. From its salubrious gravel-pits, when he was minded to go farther afield, he could easily ride on Saturdays to his other palace by the Thames at Hampton; and for his greater easement and solace in the

[1] 'Times,' 26th May 1909.

conduct of State business, he immediately set about constructing that 'high Causey,' or gravelled private road through the parks to Whitehall, of whose unwonted glories the old topographers are so full. 'Three coaches may pass'—says Celia Fiennes—'and on Each side are Rowes of posts on wch are Glasses—Cases for Lamps wch are Lighted in ye Evening and appeares very fine as well as safe for ye passenger.' To latter-day ideas, this scarcely implies blinding excess; but '*autres temps, autres flambeaux*.' Ralph Thoresby, the antiquary, writing under Anne, considered the illumination of a thoroughfare a matter so exceptional as to demand a special entry in his 'Diary.'

King William's improvements, however, were not confined to the approaches to his abode. Sir Christopher Wren, his Surveyor-General of Works, added another story to Nottingham House, and considerably enlarged the upper floor; thereby—in Evelyn's opinion—converting the whole, although still 'a very sweete villa,' into no more than 'a patch'd building,' which latter characteristic, in spite of subsequent extensions by George I and George II, it still retains. The King also appropriated for its gallery all the best canvases from the other royal houses, including sundry Titians, Raphaels, Correggios, Holbeins and Van Dycks.



OLD KENSINGTON PALACE IN 1725

(SHOWING WREN'S SOUTH FRONT, AND QUEEN ANNE'S ORANGERY)

In addition, he made—or perhaps it should be Queen Mary made—'a great collection of porcelain,' and brought together 'a pretty private library.'[1] Under George London, the famous gardener (a pupil of Charles the Second's Rose, who in his turn had studied with André le Nôtre), and London's partner, Henry Wise, the adjacent grounds towards Kensington High Street were laid out in the reigning Franco-Dutch fashion of trimmed hedging, figured flower-beds, and formal walks. North of the building, the improvements eventually extended to the Oxford, or, as it is now called, the Bayswater Road, occupying most of the site of the present Palace Gardens, while to the south-west was an olitory or *potager* for herbs and kitchen stuffs. All these things, however, were more or less modified by the subsequent occupants of the Palace, no fewer than five of whom died within its walls—namely, King William and Queen Mary; Prince George of Denmark (Anne's husband); Queen Anne herself; and George II. With the last-named, as a royal residence, its vogue ended; and it was little resorted to by George III. Consequently, apart from topography, the historic interest of the building clusters chiefly round the period from

[1] Evelyn, 'Diary,' 23rd April 1696.

William and Mary to George II; and to this period these pages are restricted.

The earlier years are not fruitful of anecdote; and, in addition to the references in Queen Mary's letters to her husband when in Ireland as to the progress of the works; the record of a fire which took place when they were finished; and the different functions and Drawing Rooms, there are no very vivid traces of Dutch William's occupation. Even the readily-stimulated fancy of Leigh Hunt, who lived so long in the neighbourhood, can but people its solitudes with spectral may-have-beens, since of the Temples and Burnets, Congreves and Sheffields, Priors and Dorsets, who assuredly must once have traversed its pleached alleys and tapestried chambers, or chatted in its alcoves and summer-houses, no trustworthy traditions survive. One personage alone emerges crudely from a shadowy environment, and that is his 'Zarish Majesty,' Peter the Great. We know for a certainty that when he was not working as a shipwright at Deptford, or drinking peppered brandy with the Marquess of Carmarthen, or 'urging his wild career' on a wheelbarrow through Evelyn's five-foot holly hedge, he must often—by a back door and the disguise of a hackney coach—have visited at

Kensington the friend and admirer who paid all his expenses in England. 'The Czar is highly caressed by the King,' says a contemporary letter-writer; and it was from Kensington Palace that William carried his guest 'unbeknown' to Westminster, in order that he might survey the House of Lords through a skylight—much to the diversion of that august assembly. At Kensington, too, the bashful barbarian was also allowed to inspect privately, from a masked lurking-place (like the historical 'Lugg' or 'Ear' of King James of learned memory), the evolutions of a distinguished company assembled in the King's Gallery for the birthday-ball of the Princess Anne. To the King's Gallery, then panelled with oak, and still, in part, elaborately carved by Grinling Gibbons, William had moved most of the works of art already mentioned—masterpieces, according to Macaulay, absolutely without significance to the autocrat of all the Russias. On the other hand, Peter's practical instincts were profoundly stirred by the ingenuity of the still-existing dial surrounding Norden's map of North-Western Europe over the chimney-piece, which was so contrived as to show by a pointer the direction of the wind; and was probably as much an object of solicitude to his pulmonic host

as the weather-cock at Whitehall had been to James II.

One pretty story of these days remains, which we must borrow from Leigh Hunt, as it exhibits the gentler side of that *volcan sous la neige* whom so many of his contemporaries found frigid and inaccessible. Once, when William was hard at work with his secretary, a timid tap was heard at the door. (We must imagine it to have been rather low down on the panels.) 'Who is there?' asked the King. 'Lord Buck,' replied a clear, childish treble, so the door was opened. The intruder was little Lord Buckhurst—a four-year-old son of the Lord High Chamberlain, the Earl of Dorset—who was anxious for his Majesty to be horse to his coach. 'I've wanted you a long time,' explained this small petitioner. And thereupon the hooknosed and saturnine hero of the Boyne and Namur, to the surprise of his companion, 'taking the string of the toy in his hand, dragged it up and down the Long Gallery, till his playfellow was satisfied.'[1] In such an incident one recognizes to the full the dual personality of the man who poured out all the more lovable side of his character in his familiar correspondence

[1] Wraxall, in his 'Memoirs,' gives a different and less picturesque version of this story.

with his faithful friend, Bentinck, and who was carried insensible from the deathbed of the wife he mourned so intensely as to make those about him tremble for his understanding. 'There is no hope of the Queen,' he cried despairingly to Burnet; and 'from being the happiest, he was now going to be the miserablest creature upon Earth.' In the whole course of their marriage, he declared, 'he had never known one single fault in her.' . . . 'During her Sickness, he was in an Agony' . . . 'fainting often, and breaking out into most violent Lamentations; When she died, his Spirits sunk so low, that there was great reason to apprehend, that he was following her; For some Weeks after, he was so little Master of himself, that he was not capable of minding business, or of seeing Company.' Seven years later his own end came, and when they laid him out, 'it was found that he wore next to his skin a small piece of black silk ribbon. . . . It contained a gold ring and a lock of the hair of Mary.'[1] And this was he whom those who were not his intimates regarded as 'the most cold-blooded of mankind!'

Queen Mary's figure is one of the more attractive shadows of old Kensington. But not many

[1] These words, quoted from Macaulay, have the additional interest of being the last in his History.

memories of this excellent woman and magnanimous wife haunt her former habitation. In the Gallery which still goes by her name, now piously restored to its ancient aspect and appointments, you shall see Kneller's portraits of herself and her husband, together with the same artist's whole-length presentment of William's northern visitor, a likeness scarcely as prepossessing as the Nattier at Versailles, for all that it is alleged to render faithfully 'his stately form, his intellectual forehead, his piercing black eyes, and his Tartar nose and mouth.' Hard by is the narrow Closet where, when the Queen thought death at hand, she shut herself up to burn and sort her papers, which—we know from Evelyn—were in faultless order, 'to the very least of her debts, which were very small, and everything in that exact method, as seldom is found in any private person.' Like Miranda, in Law's 'Serious Call,' 'she never inquired of what opinions they were, who were objects of charity'; and Evelyn adds that she left special injunctions—unfortunately discovered too late—that there should be no 'extraordinary expense at her funeral.' In his assertion that she, if possible, outdid Queen Elizabeth, there is something of the 'full voice which circles round the grave'; but Burnet, whose opportunities of study-

ing her character had been exceptional, scarcely falls behind, when he affirms that 'she was the most universally lamented Princess, and deserved the best to be so, of any in our Age, and in our History.'

The 'Queen's Closet,' once reduced to the rank of a kitchen, but now re-decorated and 'extra-illustrated' by a series of pictures of Old London, together with the adjoining 'Queen's Private Dining Room' and 'Queen's Privy Chamber,' are as closely connected with Queen Anne as with her sister. Indeed, it needs no great stretch of imagination to decide that in one or other of these apartments must have taken place that final engagement of 1710 between 'Mrs. Morley' and 'Mrs. Freeman,' in which the beleaguered Queen succeeded in vanquishing her past friend and present antipathy by the simple process of repeating mechanically, 'You desired no answer, and you shall have none!'—an irreducible verbal rampart against which tears, taunts, and expostulations were equally ineffectual. Whether it was here also that 'Atossa's' husband actually went down on his knees (if he ever did so!) imploring his Royal Mistress to take back his imperious consort into favour, is not easy to say, the precise data not being forthcoming. And

at this point one may interpose a consideration not always present with those who write glibly on the glories of the so-called 'Augustan Age.' Queen Anne's epoch and Queen Anne's domestic economy are two different things—the one amply exhibited, quivering with light and colour and movement; the other resourceless, monotonous, and very imperfectly chronicled. While the Ring in Hyde Park was filled with the circling chariots of the beau-monde; while Sir Plume was gallanting Belinda; while the coffee-houses were buzzing with the latest essays of Mr. Spectator, and the 'Gazettes' daily bringing tidings of new victories by Marlborough; while Swift and Pope were writing, and Oxford and Bolingbroke were wrangling[1]—when, in short, the 'Age of Anne' was in full swing and activity, the royal figure-head herself—the 'Anna Augusta' of the official Muse—whose tastes were the table, and whose books were cards, must often have been yawning wearily behind her fansticks at St. James's, or nursing her hereditary gout in a dreary isolation at Kensington.

At Kensington, which she much affected, her existence, especially during her widowhood, can

[1] They sometimes wrangled in her Majesty's presence, but the exception proves the rule.

certainly not be described as animated. Indeed, one observer, Sir John Clerk of Penicuik, who visited her between 1706 and 1708, when the Union was a-making, and '*Est-il-possible?*' was still alive, goes so far as to speak of the place even then as 'a perfect solitude.' . . . 'No Court Attenders ever came near her,' he says. 'I never saw anybody attending there but some of her Guards in the outer Rooms, with one at most [or more?] of the Gentlemen of her Bedchamber. Her frequent fits of sickness, and the distance of the place from London, did not admit of what are commonly called Drawing-Room nights, so that I had many occasions to think that few Houses in England belonging to persons of Quality were keept in a more privat way than the Queen's Royal Palace of Kensington.' This is, no doubt, the testimony of a solitary witness, but it is not the result of a solitary experience; and since Clerk was at least thrice admitted to informal audiences, he must have seen her Majesty —as, indeed, his account makes clear—in all the uncomely disarray of mental lassitude and physical infirmity.[1] We may therefore fairly conclude that, taking her periodic attacks of illness into consideration, his report does not inaccurately

[1] 'Memoirs,' 1892, 72, 62.

describe her dull, unvaried life. For this reason, the records are scanty from which one can draw any definite deductions. That she touched Johnson for the evil (without effect) we know; but this was probably at Whitehall. That in 1713 she held an installation of Knights of the Garter at Kensington, we have the evidence of the picture by Peter Angelis, now hanging in the Private Dining Room. We know also that she laid out the upper, or northern garden, achieving such a transformation of the 'unsightly Hollow' of the Bayswater gravel-pit, as won the approval of Addison. 'To give this particular Spot of Ground the greater Effect,' he says, 'they [London and Wise] have made a very pleasing Contrast, for as on one side of the Walk you see this hollow Basin, with its several little Plantations lying so conveniently under the Eye of the Beholder, on the other side of it there appears a seeming Mount, made up of Trees rising one higher than another in proportion as they approach the Center.'[1] The most memorable existing relic of Queen Anne's residence, however, is the stately red and yellow 'Orangerie, or artificial Greenhouse,' which Wren built for her to the north-

[1] 'Spectator,' No. 477. The Mount and Gravel-pit are shown on Rocque's plan of 1754.

east of the Palace; and which, after years of disuse and neglect, is now restored to something of its earlier beauty. That it was occasionally used for balls and suppers is a discredited tradition; but it is not unreasonable to assume, with Mr. Law's very helpful 'Historical Guide,' that if Her Majesty did not actually 'take counsel' on its stone terrace, she sometimes 'took tea' there, while she watched her gardeners at work on the geometric plots which then occupied the space in front.[1] Of late years, this space was encumbered by unsightly glass-houses and forcing-frames; but these have now given way to a neat Dutch garden on the Hampton Court model, duly equipped with fish-tank, dwarf walls, flagged footways and birds in box.[2] Another addition which Queen Anne owed to Wren was the red brick and marble alcove, now re-erected at Marlborough Gate. Like the Orangery, it bears the Queen's monogram; and it was long a familiar

[1] See frontispiece.

[2] Anne, it appears, did not share her brother-in-law's ultra-Batavian tastes, for she pulled up all the boxwork which London had planted for King William at Hampton. London himself also fell out of her good graces; and his partner, Wise, became her horticulturist-in-chief. (Blomfield and Thomas, 'Formal Garden in England,' 1892, pp. 78, 76.)

landmark on its first site at the foot of the Dial Walk, with its back to the High Street, and its face to the south front of the Palace. In his valuable book on Kensington, Mr. W. J. Loftie repeats a tradition that the alcove 'was used by the French refugees as a kind of altar for the celebration of an open-air mass during the Revolution, the numbers of the congregation being so great that no building available was large enough to receive them.'

'The Delight of her Friends and Allies, and the Terror of her Enemies,' as Anne is loyally styled in a contemporary broadside, quitted this life at Kensington early on the morning of Sunday, 1st August 1714. The same 'authority' gives her 'last Dying Words,' as follow: 'Being ask'd on her Death-bed (by the Dutchess of *Somerset*) how she found herself; [she] reply'd, '*Never worse, I am going; but my hearty Prayers are for the Prosperity of this poor Nation:* and at the same time the Tears trickled down her Cheeks.' And so she died. In the afternoon George Louis, Elector of Brunswick-Lüneburg, was proclaimed King of Great Britain and Ireland, thus beginning his thirteen years' reign. His unfortunate wife had been locked up in the Castle of Ahlden since 1694; but when he ascended what he was made

to describe in his first speech as 'the throne of his ancestors,' he brought with him a sufficient assortment of his faithful Hanoverians—male and female—to make that arduous Alpine feat supportable. 'England was too big' for this 'honest, dull, German gentleman,' as (with an indulgence which is purely conventional) my Lord Chesterfield calls him. 'His views and affections were singly confined to the narrow compass of his Electorate.' He cared little for his English subjects, and did not even trouble to learn their tongue. 'He knew nothing, and desired to know nothing,' said Dr. Johnson: 'did nothing, and desired to do nothing.' Consequently, he contributed nothing to the legend of the Palace in which he dwelt. If, during his reign, the grounds at Kensington became more favoured as a Saturday promenade, where, in Tickell's deathless lines:

> Each walk, with robes of various dyes bespread,
> Seems from afar a moving tulip-bed,
> Where rich brocades and glossy damasks glow,
> And chintz, the rival of the showery bow,—

this was due, not to him, but to '*Madame la Princesse*,' his clever daughter-in-law, Caroline of Ansbach, the poet's 'darling of the land,' who popularized the place by resorting to it with her maids of honour.

But though his Majesty failed to enliven the site, he materially enlarged the structure. Up to his time, the South Front with its pilasters and Portland vases, which Wren had erected for William and Mary, had been, and remains, its most prominent architectural feature; but under George the First, William Kent added that Eastern façade, whose louring pediment frowns across the Round Pond towards the distant Serpentine. For the same monarch Kent also designed and ornamented the Drawing Room, the Cupola Room, and the King's Drawing Room and Privy Chamber. It is customary to regard the protégé of Burlington and the *bête-noire* of Hogarth as a legitimate laughing-stock; but in some respects he has been laughed at overmuch, a fate which has befallen others of his contemporaries. In any case his work (he also redecorated Wren's Grand Staircase and added its popular painted figures) can now be better seen than of yore: and it may well be that modern criticism will do him greater justice. He was more successful as a decorator than as an architect; and he suffers by contrast with Wren, whom he supplanted. He is at his gaudiest in the niches and statues and ceiling of the Cupola Room. Many of the pictures now hanging in the various

state apartments, and recruited from Hampton Court and elsewhere to illustrate the history of the Palace, are—it should be added—of the highest interest. Here, long assigned to Greuze, is the Pompadour of Vanloo's pupil, Drouais, a Pompadour of fading charms and weary grace, but still retaining a certain porcelain delicacy; here are the four Louis's—XIV, XV, XVI, and XVIII—the last substituted, we fancy, for a former full-length portrait of the great Frederick (with an appropriate battle in the background) by his court painter, Antoine Pesne; and here are the flower-pieces of Queen Mary's favourite, Jean-Baptiste Monnoyer. Here, again, is a replica of that 'Death of Wolfe' by West, which Nelson could never pass in a print-shop window; here is 'dear Mrs. Delany,' by Opie; here also is West's funny apotheosis of the sons of George III, the Princes Octavius and Alfred (the little Octavius is being introduced to his departed brother by an angel!), of which its engraver, Sir Robert Strange, gave a proof to Mrs. Delany's friend, Fanny Burney. The visitor will, however, seek in vain for those famous performances which, in Thackeray's story, roused the enthusiasm of George Warrington, when he was carried by his time-serving uncle to make his bow at Court:—the 'Venus' of

Titian; the 'St. Francis adoring the infant Saviour,' by Rubens; Van Dyck's 'Charles I,' and the 'Esther before Ahasuerus' of Tintoretto. The last 'noble picture' in which, says Thackeray, 'all the figures are dressed in the magnificent Venetian habit,' you may still study at Hampton Court; while King Charles, in black and silver, and Henrietta, in amber, have their harbourage at Windsor.[1] But the other two—unless by the Titian is intended the copy of that in the Uffizi, also at Hampton—have been removed to other resting-places.

The author of 'The Virginians' had no doubt good contemporary warranty for locating these masterpieces at Kensington in 1757,[2] as pictures were freely translated from palace to palace. Of this Hervey's malicious 'Memoirs' afford a familiar illustration. In the Great Drawing Room there hung a 'monstrous Venus,' attributed indifferently to Michelangelo, Jacobo da Pontormo, and Sebastiano del Piombo, which was a special

[1] Pepys saw them, in 1667, in the Matted Gallery at Whitehall.

[2] Probably he relied on Dodsley's 'London and its Environs,' 1761, iii, 271-3, where these four pictures are mentioned as decorating the 'Great Drawing Room' and the 'Painted Gallery.'

target of opprobrium to Hogarth and the opponents of the 'Black Masters.' During one of the King's annual absences from England, Queen Caroline, whose taste in art was more refined than her husband's, succeeded, with the connivance of her Vice-Chamberlain, Hervey, in smuggling some of the more objectionable decorations of this particular apartment to Windsor and Hampton, and in replacing them by more attractive subjects. King George, who had returned from his Electoral distractions in an extremely bad temper, at once commanded that all the old pictures should be brought back. Partly to please the Queen, partly in the interests of art, Hervey ventured to expostulate, and was incontinently snubbed in the roundest royal manner. The King preferred his own taste; and did not choose that the Queen and the Vice-Chamberlain should pull his palace to pieces in his absence. 'Would his Majesty,' interjected Hervey insidiously, 'have the gigantic fat Venus restored too?' 'Yes, my Lord,' was the reply. 'I am not so nice as your Lordship. I like my fat Venus better than anything you have given me instead of her.' To which, if there were more than one pertinent rejoinder, there was none expedient to a politic Court official. Eventually, with much difficulty,

the pictures were reinstated; and the 'monstrous Venus' still figures in Dodsley and the other authorities as one of the glories of the Great Drawing Room. It is also permissible to regard it as identical with the 'Venus and Cupid' which at present hangs in the Prince of Wales's Drawing Room at Hampton, and is supposed to be a copy from Michelangelo by his imitator, Bronzino.

The incident of the Venus occurred in 1735, when King George II had been eight years King of England. In 1737 Queen Caroline, that astute and devoted helpmate who ruled her lord by professing to be ruled by him, died at St. James's; and for nearly twenty-three years more her husband continued to reign, bereaved but not inconsolable. No one can possibly contend that his Majesty was a very worshipful sovereign, even if we admit that he was abler than his father; that he was not ill-educated; that he had some good instincts, and that he spoke English correctly, though 'with a bluff Westphalian accent.' In a frigid, constrained way he was well-bred, and he had the minor virtues of method and punctuality. Avarice seems to have been his ruling passion. Whether he was bad-hearted at bottom, whether he was really brave—are still open questions. '*Il est fou*,' said his father, who hated him, '*mais*

il est honnête homme.' This is Hervey's version, but in Horace Walpole's 'Reminiscences,' the word is '*fougueux*,' and whether the second syllable was omitted by the one or added by the other, is a further matter of debate. For the rest, King George was selfish, self-satisfied, unsympathetic and uninteresting. It may be that he would have appeared to greater advantage in the never-published 'Memoirs' of Bolingbroke and Carteret; but it is unlikely. He himself did not expect laudation from either quarter. The foregoing characteristics are mainly derived from Chesterfield, who painted him after 'a forty years' sitting'; and who, though his Royal Master dubbed him 'a little tea-table scoundrel,' and a 'dwarf-baboon'[1] (terms which indicate gifts of vituperation not hitherto scheduled), was, nevertheless, a keen and truthful delineator. These things being so, it is needless here to lard the lean record of his private life, dignified or undignified, by petty details from the 'Suffolk Correspondence,'

[1] Hervey's portrait of Chesterfield is not more complimentary. 'He was very short, disproportioned, thick, and clumsily made; had a broad, rough-featured, ugly face, with black teeth, and a head big enough for a Polyphemus' ('Memoirs of the Reign of George II,' 1848, i, 96). One scarcely recognizes him whom Johnson called the '*vainqueur de la terre*'!

or the *chronique scandaleuse* of 'coffin-faced' John Hervey—that 'Curll of Court,' as Pope calls him among other things, not without reason. Leigh Hunt light-heartedly fills his barren spaces with irrelevant gossip of the Georgian maid of honour —of Pitt's sister Anne,' as like him as '*deux gouttes de feu*'; of the charming and sensible Molly Lepel, to whom Hervey was already married; of the two handsome Bellendens, Madge and Mary; of Miss Hobart (afterwards Lady Suffolk) and all that '*lieta Brigata*' whom John Gay sings so lustily in his cheery 'Welcome to Pope from Greece.' The author of the 'Old Court Suburb' also manages to spin a long chapter out of the cruelly-clever 'Kensington drama' in which Hervey depicts the effect of a report of his own death upon the little Court circle—a document wholly admirable in its remorseless analysis of character, and its disclosure of Court perfidies, banalities, formalities, but far too long for our present purpose, which, after all, is no more than to describe the now vacant scene of action.

The structural additions made by Kent for the first George were continued under the second, and consisted mainly of a west wing intended as a nursery. But the alterations in the surrounding

grounds, due in great measure to the initiative of Caroline of Ansbach, were more radical and more extensive. After William's London and Anne's Wise, came the Bridgeman and Kent of their successors, under whose auspices stretches of lawn were substituted for 'scrolled-work' parterres, and groves and avenues took the place of 'verdant sculptures' and 'square precision.' Although Bridgeman still clipped his hedges, it was 'with a difference'; and he adopted, if he did not originate, the 'ha-ha' and sunk fence, the pictorial effect of which was practically to annex the outlying country to the enclosure. With Kent and the next regime, Queen Anne's trim gardens to the north and south successively disappeared; while to the east, tree-shaded walks and vistas into the park, began to open in all directions. Slopes were softened; hollows gently lifted; where now towers the Albert Memorial, a revolving temple rose from its 'specular Mount'; the Round Pond was evolved; the string of West Bourne Pools became the Serpentine (which, a literal bard remarks, is not 'serpentine'), and the Broad Walk was laid. Thus, by gradual and almost imperceptible degrees, came into existence those full-leaved and umbrageous Kensington Gardens, of whose 'lone open glade' and 'air-stirred forest,

fresh and clear,' Arnold in the sixties found it possible to sing:

> In the huge world, which roars hard by,
> Be others happy if they can!
> But in my helpless cradle I
> Was breathed on by the rural Pan,

lines that are as far removed from Tickell's 'glossy damasks' and 'showery bow' as the landscape garden is from the formal, or the romantic school from the classical.

But Matthew Arnold and the sixties are also a hundred years away from the death of George II, the date at which this paper ends. It would be easy to speak of some of the later tenants of the place—of the Duke of Sussex, who here assembled his fine library; of ill-starred Caroline of Brunswick, who, for a brief space, aired her peculiarities in its precincts; and of Queen Victoria's parents, the Duke and Duchess of Kent. To Queen Victoria herself, who was born in one of its rooms on the south-east, underneath the King's Gallery, we owe its present condition and partial accessibility. Her late Majesty determined that the house in which she first saw the light should not be allowed to fall to pieces, as, not so very long ago, seemed only too probable; and at her Diamond Jubilee, it was

decided by Parliament that it should be properly put in order, and that its state apartments, which since October 1760, when King George II died, had been closed and unoccupied, should be opened to the public. The repairs and restorations, which were most conscientiously and judiciously effected, completely realize the intention of the work, namely, the creation of 'an object-lesson in history and art.' These words are taken from the Preface to the 'Kensington Palace' of Mr. Ernest Law—an unpretentious little handbook which supplies, from official sources, not only much indispensable information as to the development of the building, but a full and interesting description of its present appearance and contents.

PERCY AND GOLDSMITH

'PRELATE and Poet'—these are the alliterative titles with which the Rev. Thomas Percy is dignified by his latest biographer, Miss Alice C. C. Gaussen. That he was a prelate may perhaps be held to 'explain itself'—as Goldsmith would say—since he died Bishop of Dromore. But it cannot be pretended that, either as priest or theologian, he was a prelate of marked distinction. No doubt, with many of his day, he was an accomplished scholar. He prepared a key to the New Testament; and he re-translated the 'Song of Solomon.' But he left no monumental work on the scale of Lowth or Butler; he printed but few sermons; and as in Overton and Relton's 'History of the Church in the Eighteenth Century' he is not even mentioned, it must be assumed that he took no conspicuous part either in Church affairs or in the Evangelical revival. As a poet pure and simple, his reputation—never very high—is now depressed. His 'famous' lyric 'O Nancy, wilt thou go with me?'—of which the motive is

to be found in Nat. Lee, and the opening couplet echoes Allan Ramsay—even if it were more original, could scarcely be held to rank as high as the pastorals of his friend Shenstone. In reality —for all that Burns called it a 'charming song' —it is not much better than the generality of those Orphic ditties which were nightly quavered or warbled, by Beard or Mrs. Bland, from the 'bloom-coloured' orchestra at Vauxhall. Of the 'Hermit of Warkworth,' a later and more academic effort, it is sufficient to quote the verdict of Wordsworth, certainly an unprejudiced critic, who condemned its diction as scarcely distinguishable from the glossy and unfeeling language of its day—a condemnation which must be held to be confirmed by Johnson's doubtful praise of it as 'pretty enough.' With regard to the 'Friar of Orders Gray,' familiar in most anthologies as Percy's most individual imitation, it has not only the ill-fortune to come after Goldsmith's 'Edwin and Angelina,' which it resembles; but it shares with that now somewhat discredited masterpiece the disadvantage of being neither completely freed from the old formal vocabulary, nor wholly surrendered to the unlessoned utterance of natural emotion. In addition to which, it is, as its author allows, and as Goldsmith calls it, a 'cento.'

To what then, it will be asked, is Percy's unquestioned position in English literature to be attributed? The answer is, that it must in large measure be traced to the singularly opportune appearance in 1765 of his 'Reliques of Ancient English Poetry.' It was not alone that this collection—based primarily on a ragged MS. book, rescued from a fire-lighting housemaid—consisted of fragments of hitherto unknown ballad minstrelsy, for these of themselves might have proved unmarketable: but coming as it did between the visions of Macpherson and the forgeries of Chatterton, and being moreover cleverly adapted to eighteenth-century tastes by its editor's connecting links and continuations, it supplied precisely what many of the public were thirsting to receive. Tired of the conventional cup of Pope, they were yet unfitted for Castalian over-proof, and the Percy infusion cheered without inebriating. To Johnson's sturdy conservatism, it is true, the newfangled fashion of archaic artlessness seemed—in spite of his friendship for Percy—no better than 'lifeless imbecility'; but to the coming generation, aflame with new ideas—to Coleridge and Southey, to Wordsworth and Scott, the 'Reliques,' even in their 'ballad-and-water' stage, offered by their opposition to almost every canon of the

reigning but not ruling Muse, a new and untravelled world of imaginative song. Listen to Scott as a boy: 'I overwhelmed my schoolfellows, and all who would hearken to me, with tragical recitations from the ballads of Bishop Percy. The first time, too, I could scrape a few shillings together, I bought unto myself a copy of these beloved volumes; nor do I believe I ever read a book so frequently, or with half the enthusiasm.' Since Scott so wrote, the original 'Percy folio' has been published,[1] with considerable readjustment of the Bishop's reputation, inasmuch as it is now generally admitted that the older fragments are immeasurably superior to the editorial restorations. Nevertheless, as critics have pointed out with perfect justice, it may be doubted if, without Percy's contemporary 'medium'—to use a studio term—these fragments would have secured their eighteenth-century currency. Whether they establish or do not establish Percy's personal poetic claim, their influence at a critical moment upon the study of our ancient English poetry, and the part they played in the preliminary stages of the subsequent revival inaugurated by the 'Lyrical Ballads,' cannot now be questioned or gainsaid.

[1] 'Bishop Percy's Folio Manuscript,' edited by John W. Hales and the late F. J. Furnivall, four vols., 1867-68.

This may appear a grudging estimate of the book that Sir George Douglas, in his brief 'Preface' to Miss Gaussen's labours, rightly terms an epoch-making work. Yet it may be observed that even Percy himself could hardly have been disturbed by it, since, either out of real modesty or false pride, he seems never to have cared greatly to be regarded as what M. Alceste in the 'Misanthrope' calls a *misérable auteur*. From the first he shrank shyly from needless publicity. His earliest efforts were studiously anonymous; and, at all events in later life, he professed to attach but slender importance to his more secular labours of the pen, the 'Reliques' in particular. The Bishop of Dromore, he told the advocates of that anthology in 1784, must not be connected with the 'sins and follies of his youth.' The Mitre had displaced the Muse; and he had come to doubt whether he had not wasted his time 'in bestowing any attention on a parcel of old ballads.'[1]

[1] This is confirmed by Miss L. M. Hawkins, who writes that when her father pressed the bishop to revise the 'Reliques,' he declined, saying 'that he had infinitely more pleasure in his success in having obtained from the Government, money to build two churches in his diocese, than he could ever derive from the reception of his "Reliques."' ('Anecdotes,' etc., 1822, i, 314.)

These are pronouncements which should find scant favour with those who believe the literary calling to be to the full as reputable, and even as responsible, as the clerical; and they would be more persuasive, if we did not know that the Bishop was quite contented that his son and nephew should devote their energies to following his lead. But this episcopal attitude on his part leaves us free—before entering on our immediate purpose—to limit ourselves to some preliminary account of him as a person of importance in his day, as an associate of persons of importance, and, minor foibles excepted, as a very worthy, learned, and dignified gentleman.

He was born at Bridgnorth in Shropshire, in a picturesque old house at the bottom of the Cartway—his grandfather and father being grocers. No less he claimed to be descended from the ancient Earls of Northumberland, and 'had his claims allow'd' by the family. After being educated at the local grammar-school, he obtained an exhibition, and matriculated at Christ Church. While at Oxford he became known to Gray, whose earliest English production, the 'Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College,' was printed by Dodsley in 1747, during the first year of Percy's Oxford residence. He seems even to have begun

recollections of Gray which, however, got no farther than a few lines; and, like the story in 'Hudibras,' broke off abruptly—in the middle of the Peterhouse water episode. At this date, from a note of Gray, Percy appears to have called himself Piercy. B.A. in 1750, and M.A. in 1753, he was presented by his College in the latter year to the living of Easton Maudit in Northamptonshire, to which, three years later, his neighbour Lord Sussex added the living of Wilby, both of which benefices he held until 1782, when he became Bishop of Dromore. At Easton Maudit, where (like Sterne and the 'Vicar of Wakefield') he had a thatched parsonage, and a pleasant garden to boot, with a turnpike-road hard by leading straight to London, he took up his abode in 1756, intending to divide his time, in the true *Quid-dulcius-otio-litterato* spirit, 'between books and pleasure.' As yet, the 'peculiar chosen female'—for he uses the objectionable term favoured, among others, by Borrow and the excellent Mr. Collins of 'Pride and Prejudice'—had not revealed herself; and a bachelor life seemed more desirable than marriage. But one cannot with impunity play at hay-making with the 'fair sex' (here he would have come under the condemnation of Swift!) in vicarage closes; and in April 1759, he married the Nancy

of his choice, Miss Anne Gutteridge, a very amiable, and, from her portrait, not unprepossessing young lady, who made him an excellent wife of the Mrs. Primrose type, albeit she did not complete the programme of his song by 'receiving his parting breath,' since he survived her for some years.

This, however, is to anticipate. At Easton Maudit six children were born; and, in spite of an admitted incompatibility between the Muses and matrimony, he dabbled in literature. At the end of 1761 he put forth 'Hau Kiou Choaun,' a translation of a Chinese novel which he dedicated to the Countess of Sussex; in 1762 succeeded 'Miscellaneous Pieces relating to the Chinese'; and in 1763 some versions of Runic Poetry. He also occupied himself in editions, never issued, of Buckingham and Surrey,—the latter a duty subsequently undertaken by Dr. Nott. In the summer of 1764 he was visited at Easton Maudit by Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Williams. At this time Percy was meditating the 'Reliques,' and tradition represents him as pacing a little terrace since known as 'Dr. Johnson's Walk' and discussing with his illustrious, but not entirely sympathetic, friend the publication of the collection. Johnson stayed several months at Easton Maudit, occupy-

ing himself, among other things, in reading right through Ubeda's 'Felixmarte of Hircania'—the 'stiff and dry' style of which can scarcely have increased the liveliness of his environment—and in feeding Mrs. Percy's ducks. He liked the lady, who, in a tempestuous moment, he declared had more sense than her husband; and he left behind him, as a memento, an ink-horn which is still preserved by Percy's descendants.

With 1765 came the first edition of 'Reliques,' already sufficiently dealt with. This led to the compiler's introduction to Sir Hugh Smithson, created, in the next year, first Duke of Northumberland. He had married Lady Betty Seymour, daughter of Lord Hertford, a very breezy, unconventional, and good-humoured *grande dame*, for whose amusement Goldsmith privately printed his 'Edwin and Angelina,' and who herself figures in Walpole's 'Titled Authors' as the gifted composer of some bouts-rimés on Lady Miller's Batheaston muffins. Percy later became tutor to the Duke's younger son, Lord Algernon Percy, and was subsequently appointed chaplain to the family. This 'unexpected favour from Heaven' must have sadly interrupted the Easton Maudit domesticities. For upwards of six months every year during fifteen years or more, he was absent at

Alnwick or Northumberland House on duty, and when, in 1769, he became chaplain to George III, this period was increased by enforced attendance at St. James's. Mrs. Percy herself was made nurse to Queen Victoria's father, the little Duke of Kent, which no doubt brought her to Kew; but, in the main, she cannot have seen much of the husband who continued to assure her (by letter) that she was 'the most beautiful and worthiest of women, the most excellent manager, and the friend of the poor and whole human race.'

At Alnwick the duties of Dr. Percy, as we may now call him, for he took his D.D. degree at Cambridge in 1770, were as multifarious as those of Scrub in the 'Beaux' Stratagem.' Besides being chaplain and tutor, he was librarian, secretary, genealogist, political agent, landscape gardener, art-collector, and ballad-maker-general. His functions must often have carried him to London, where, in 1768, he had been made a member of the famous 'Club,' and, though occasionally 'tossed and gored' by Johnson, he appears, on more than one occasion, to have succeeded in being as rude to Johnson as Johnson was rude to him. At the chaplain's table at St. James's he was frequently able to entertain his friends; and his name often occurs in contemporary memoirs as being

present at dinners and social gatherings. But through all his activities he still kept his eye on preferment, his enforced separation from his wife and children causing him, in his own words, 'innocently to make use of such human means as prudence suggested for the establishment of himself and his family in a more independent position'—a roundabout utterance which may be roughly translated into working the interest of his Ducal patron for all it was worth. His efforts were crowned with success in 1778, when he became Dean of Carlisle. Of his residence at Carlisle few memories survive, although Johnson was told that he was 'very *populous*'; and its chief event was the death from consumption of his only son Henry, a youth of much charm and promise. Then, in 1782, he was transferred to the see of Dromore in Down—'the smallest independent diocese in Ireland,' but notable from the fact that one of his predecessors had been Jeremy Taylor.

In 1770 he had followed up his early tastes by translating, still anonymously, Mallet's 'Northern Antiquities.' This, to which the poem of the 'Hermit of Warkworth' succeeded in the ensuing year, constitutes his last important literary work, for during the long period of his Irish episcopate, he published nothing but a sermon, and an 'Essay

on the Origin of the English Stage, particularly on the Historical Plays of Shakespeare,' 1793. His biographer's pages for this date are pleasantly sprinkled with gossip respecting 'Peep-of-Day-Boys' and 'Defenders,' and the excursions and alarms of French invasion. Through all these things, the Bishop's figure flits fitfully, if not vividly; and the record is varied by visits to Bath, to Brighton, and to London, where, in the last-named year, he sat a silent member of the 'Club' at its first meeting after the execution of Louis XVI, when, out of fifteen, Charles Fox was the only one unmoved. In 1795 his eldest daughter, Barbara, was married to Mr. Isted of Ecton, a delightful Northampton house, to which Percy often retired from distressful Ireland. Six years later a second daughter, Elizabeth, became the wife of the Hon. Pierce Meade, a son of Lord Clanwilliam. At Dromore, we must imagine the Bishop feeding his swans, gardening *à la* Shenstone, playing with his dogs, or, in the absence of Mrs. Percy, erecting a coloured bust of her in the garden, which by night became an enchanted, or illuminated statue. In 1806 she died; and two years afterwards also died the nephew who had succeeded to his son's place in Percy's affections. By this time the Bishop's eyesight, long failing,

had gone altogether, and in a few years more, on 30th September 1811, he passed away suddenly in the eighty-third year of his age. He was buried by the side of his wife under the transept of Dromore Cathedral.

Looking at Sir Joshua's portrait of Thomas Percy, in nightcap, gown, and bands, pressing the famous folio to his breast—a keen, lean, handsome face, reminding one not a little of Richardson's Prior—it is difficult to seize upon any definite traits beyond intelligence and refinement. As to the clerical characteristics suggested by the costume, no very explicit report is forthcoming. There is nothing of parish work in his Northampton cure; nothing of his ministrations as chaplain at Alnwick Castle; nothing at Carlisle but a praiseworthy intervention in the sale of objectionable books; nothing at Dromore but pastoral benevolence and a tolerant spirit, to which we may subjoin from his epitaph, as probably incontrovertible, that he discharged his duties 'with vigilance and zeal, instructing the ignorant, relieving the necessitous, and comforting the distressed' —in short that he was an exemplary specimen of the well-bred and well-to-do Georgian clergyman, with a considerable leaven of the courtier and diplomatist. In his social aspect he seems to have

been urbane and accessible; but it is not recorded that he shone as a raconteur or *diseur de bons mots*. Fanny Burney, an acute observer, who met him at Bath in 1791, found him 'perfectly easy and unassuming, very communicative and, though not very entertaining, because too prolix . . . otherwise intelligent and of good commerce.'[1] That he had a hot temper is admitted; and it is also to be inferred that he was distinctly master in his own house—a fact which helps to explain his adoration of his wife. For the rest, he was a scholar and book-lover, with a fine taste and considerable imitative faculty, added to a special inclination towards genealogy and antiquarian studies. On the whole, what detaches itself most permanently from the review of his 'highly respectable' personality, is his compilation of the 'Reliques' and his friendship with Goldsmith and Johnson.

As regards Johnson, beyond what has been said, Boswell has told us all that is needful. But Goldsmith's name reminds us that our attention was first drawn to the new biography of Percy by the hope that it might include fresh particulars concerning his other great con-

[1] 'Diary and Letters,' 1905, v. 31. Fanny thought Mrs. Percy 'uncultivated and ordinary,' but 'a good creature.'

temporary. Nor have we been altogether disappointed, although our first note must be one of dissent. In 1761, as already stated, Percy published his maiden literary effort, the anonymous version, partly by himself and partly by 'a Mr. Wilkinson,' of a four-volume Chinese novel, which —after the fashion of those eighteenth-century scholars who took their Greek from Madame Dacier—had been 'done into English' from the Portuguese. Forster, writing perhaps less cautiously than usual, thought that Goldsmith's old interest in the flowery people had been revived by the performance upon which 'his dignified acquaintance Mr. Percy' had been engaged. But as three-fourths of Goldsmith's 'Chinese Letters' appeared in the 'Public Ledger' in 1760, Miss Gaussen is driven to the conclusion that 'the idea was suggested to him (Goldsmith)' by reading Percy's book in manuscript. He may even have seen it in type, for Shenstone says in September 1761, that it had been 'printed months ago, but [was] not to be published before winter.'[1] Our point, however, is, that it is quite unnecessary to connect Goldsmith's labours with Percy's in any

[1] Nichols's 'Illustrations,' etc., 1848, vii, p. 222. As a matter of fact, 'Hau Kiou Choaun; or the Pleasing His-

way. For as early as 14th August 1758, three years before, Goldsmith had written to his friend Bob Bryanton of Ballymulvey, touching Chinese matters in general, and a particular Chinaman whom he should soon make 'talk like an Englishman'; and it is admitted that Goldsmith only met Percy for the first time on 21st February 1759. Dates are stubborn things!

There is, in truth, no reason why 'The Citizen of the World' should have been set in motion by any English predecessor. Goldsmith most probably and reasonably had in mind the 'Lettres Persanes' of Montesquieu. But more than nineteen years ago, we ventured to indicate, as a plausible *causa causans* for the 'Chinese Letters,' that sprightly epistle which, in 1757, Horace Walpole published through Graham, 'from Xo Ho [Soho?], a Chinese philosopher at London, to his friend *Lien Chi*, at Peking.' This, which rapidly went through several editions, was noticed very briefly in the 'Monthly Review' for May 1757, at which date, by an odd coincidence, Goldsmith was actually working for its pro-

tory,' appeared late in 1761 ('Gentleman's Magazine, xxxi, 605), after *all* Goldsmith's Chinese letters had been published in the 'Public Ledger,'—the last being dated 14th August in that year.

prietor, Ralph Griffiths; and *Lien Chi* Altangi is one of Goldsmith's Orientals. 'May 1757' has, besides, the advantage of being before, instead of after, August 1758, when Goldsmith wrote to Bob Bryanton. Such things, of course, are but 'trifles at best,'—as Goldsmith said of a later comparison with Percy. Still, whether it be ours or another's, in these hasty biographical days, a false inference cannot be killed too soon; and we decline to believe that Forster really held that Goldsmith owed anything to Percy. On the contrary, in the opening chapter of his second book, Forster distinctly suggests that the major part of Percy's works, 'Reliques' and all, *may* have originated in a remark made by Goldsmith in his very first effort in the 'Monthly Review' for April 1757.

On the next point we must express our gratitude to Miss Gaussen. One of the illustrations of her volume is a rare portrait of Goldsmith. It is not indeed unprocurable, as we ourselves possess a copy. There is at least another in the British Museum; and it occasionally appears in second-hand catalogues. But Miss Gaussen's facsimile is usefully authenticated in Percy's very legible script, as 'a Charicature of Dr. Goldsmith etched by Mr. Bunbury.' To Bunbury it has

usually been attributed, but without evidence. It is now plain that this is one of what the 'Jessamy Bride' described to Prior as her brother-in-law's 'caricatures.' There are two other known sketches of Goldsmith by Bunbury, both etched by James Bretherton; and the question remaining to be decided is, which of these constitutes that likeness which the above-mentioned Mrs. Gwyn also referred to as giving Goldsmith's head 'with admirable fidelity, as he actually lived among us.' One, a square plate, shows a stolid, inanimate, and bourgeois face; the other, in the 'Haunch of Venison'—though no doubt grotesquely treated—is, despite its bulbous forehead, long upper lip, and receding chin, instinct with character, vivacity, and eager good-humour. Forster, who knew nothing—or at all events says nothing—about the other sketches, triumphantly contrasts this latter with Sir Joshua's idealized portrait as an instance of 'the distinction between truth and a caricature of it.' But a slight caricature is often more veracious than a flattering likeness; and we cannot help believing that the 'Haunch of Venison' drawing presents the authentic and everyday Goldsmith familiar to his friends. In any case, it is much better known than Bretherton's other etching; and it is given besides on

Kearsly's title-page, not as a burlesque, but as a 'head.'

Percy's first meeting with Goldsmith in February 1759 took place at the old Temple Exchange Coffee-house, near Temple Bar, whence, by the way, Goldsmith had written his letter to Bob Bryanton of Ballymulvey. Here they were both guests of Percy's early friend, Dr. James Grainger of the 'Sugar Cane,' Goldsmith's colleague on the 'Monthly Review.' They met again at Dodsley's on the 26th; and in a day or two (3rd March) Percy paid that historical call at 12, Green Arbour Court, Little Old Bailey, which is in all the biographies. Two years later, on 25th May 1761, Percy visited Goldsmith at 6, Wine Office Court (which by a slip of the pen he calls Wine *Licence* Court); and they afterwards inspected the paintings at the Great Room in Spring Garden, where they must have seen Hogarth's famous 'Sigismunda' and 'Gate of Calais.' Percy is also alleged to have given Goldsmith some material for a magazine he was editing. But it can scarcely have been, as suggested, the 'Monthly Review,' which he never edited, and had long ceased to write in; and it must have been either the 'British' or the 'Lady's Magazine,' with which

he was at this date connected. Six days later (31st May) both Percy and Johnson visited Goldsmith together. Here again the meeting is historical; and Percy adds to his memorandum of the incident: 'N.B.—This is the first visit Johnson ever made to Goldy.' It is further stated that during June 1761 Percy frequently saw Goldsmith, 'who was then engaged in writing his "Vicar of Wakefield."' If there is Percy's warranty for this last particular, it is a material confirmation of the conclusion, already arrived at by internal evidence, that Goldsmith's novel was being composed in 1761-2, in the October of which latter year a third share in it was sold to Benjamin Collins, the Salisbury printer.

Miss Gaussen prints two unpublished letters from Goldsmith to the Percys. One, undated, but obviously written in or after 1768, is a simple notelet asking Mrs. Percy for two masquerade tickets, in which his eagerness leads him into grammatical confusion; the other precedes a projected visit to Easton Maudit, Percy's Northampton vicarage, a visit which, most probably, was never paid. They must have offered him the use of a room in their absence, for he asks whether there are any prying, troublesome neigh-

bours; whether there is a coach down, and the fare; whether he can take his books (which looks as if he was engaged on the 'Animated Nature'); whether he can get milk, meat, tea, and coals in the place—and so forth. In 1763-4-5 Percy sees him frequently at Islington, and in his first lodgings on the Library Staircase in the Temple. In 1768 Percy is at the first night (29th January) of 'The Good Natur'd Man,' and he was also at the ninth, or third author's night. Then a passing estrangement took place between them over the Chatterton forgeries, in which Goldsmith fervently believed.

We get glimpses again of Percy's visiting Goldsmith at Edgware, where he was writing his Natural History, and at his last home in Brick Court. Here, on 21st September 1772, Percy found him very ill in bed, and already resorting to Dr. James's Fever Powders. He was present, in January 1773, when Goldsmith read 'She Stoops to Conquer' to the Club, the play then bearing the name of 'The Old House, a New Inn'; and he subsequently attended not only a rehearsal, but also that famous first night, for an account of which his biographer, we think, relies perhaps too exclusively on the romanced recollections of Richard Cumberland. He went again on the

fourth night, having a seat in the Northumberland box. Here are the last of Percy's Goldsmith memoranda:

Thursday, 10th March [1774]. 'Dr. Goldsmith called on me—we dined together at the Turk's Head in Gerrard Street: *tête-à-tête*.'

'Monday, 28th March, I called on Dr. Goldsmith whom I found ill of a fever.'

'Sunday, 3rd April, I saw poor Dr. Goldsmith, who was dangerously ill. He just knew me.'

'Monday, 4th April, I went into Sussex. Poor Dr. Goldsmith died this day: having been in convulsions all night. On my return, on Saturday, 9th April, I saw poor Goldsmith's coffin; he was buried that day at five o'clock in the Temple Church.'

In the foregoing brief recapitulation of the relations of Percy and Goldsmith, one incident has been designedly reserved for this place. After Chatterton's death in 1770, Goldsmith 'one rainy day' called on Percy at Northumberland House, and begged him to become his biographer. He dictated to Percy 'many interesting particulars relating to his life,' with dates, and he subsequently handed to him several pieces in manuscript 'among a parcel of letters and papers, some

written by himself, and some addressed to him, with not much explanation.' What ensued must always be regarded as a painful story of dilatory dealing. For one reason or another, at Goldsmith's death, four years later, Percy had done nothing. Next came a scheme for a Life by Johnson, and an edition of Goldsmith's works. Difficulties however arose concerning the inclusion of 'She Stoops to Conquer.' Johnson, obstructed at the outset, speedily forgot all about the matter; and what was worse, lost many of the papers lent to him by Percy. Malone, who jackalled for him, lost others. Ten years afterwards, under a galvanic impulse of compassion for Goldsmith's starving relatives, Percy hastily issued proposals for an edition of Goldsmith's 'Miscellaneous Writings.' In the leisurely collection of material more time elapsed; but nothing was effected towards the preparation of a biography. Then Dr. Thomas Campbell, rector of Clones in Monaghan, offered his services as editor of what had been brought together. From the spring of 1790 to the autumn of 1791 he was engaged on his task. His outline memoir was then submitted to the Bishop, who decorated it with copious notes, which were afterwards worked into the text by his chaplain, Dr. Henry Boyd, the translator of Dante,

who also touched up Campbell's style. This took two more years. In 1795 Campbell died; vexatious disputes arose with the trade as to the exact proportion of the profits which were to go to Goldsmith's representatives; and 1796 arrived 'with everything still unsettled.' By this date Goldsmith had been dead for more than one and twenty years! When at length an unsatisfactory arrangement was made with the booksellers, to whom (in the words of George Steevens) Goldsmith's works had all along been 'staple commodities,' and a new editor had been appointed in the person of Cowper's friend, Samuel Rose, fresh complications took place. Finally Percy, who now discovered that he 'had particular reasons for not being himself Goldsmith's *ostensible* biographer,' withdrew altogether from the scheme; and in 1801 the much-manipulated 'Memoir' was issued, without his concurrence, at the head of four volumes of Goldsmith's 'Miscellaneous Works.' The gain to Goldsmith's relatives, few of whom were then alive, proved not only belated, but contemptible.

That Percy and Johnson should have so mismanaged and neglected a labour of love which either could have performed with special advantages, is deplorable. But there are compensations.

We can scarcely regret the circumstances which prompted the conscientious labours of Prior and Forster, and attracted the kindred pen of Washington Irving. To-day we probably know a great deal more of Oliver Goldsmith than was ever known to the editor of the 'Reliques' or the author of 'Rasselas.'

MR. CRADOCK OF GUMLEY

'DELASSONS-NOUS un peu à parler de M. de Pontmartin,' says Sainte-Beuve, at the outset of a causerie. Not that there is any connection between M. de Pontmartin and the subject of this paper; nor—let us hasten to add—between its writer and the keenest and finest of French literary critics. But 'Mr. Cradock of Gumley' has been continually turning up of late—in Boswell, in Forster's 'Goldsmith,' in Miss Gaussen's 'Percy,' with an air that indirectly invites recognition; and to 'relax oneself a little' seems the proper spirit in which to approach an individuality more curious than instructive—more amiable than illustrious. For Cradock, it must be confessed, was not a person of supreme distinction in letters. To have adapted a tragedy by Voltaire, which Voltaire himself came to stigmatize as 'un ouvrage fort médiocre'; to have written an 'epistolary novel' on the lines of the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' with digressions about landscape gardening; and to have compassed sundry prologues, epilogues and occasional verses, none very remark-

able:—these things are scarcely qualifications for a trip in Goldsmith's 'Fame Machine,' even though it should be added that their author, in his eighty-third year, published 'with a most flattering reception,' a five-act historical play 'on the subject of the Czar.' But if he was not the rose, he had lived in her vicinity. A country gentleman of good fortune and a local magnate; liberally educated; of cultivated tastes; a musician, a clever amateur actor, and a traveller in France before the Revolution, he also took an enthusiastic interest in the notabilities of his day. He knew Johnson and most of his circle; he was well acquainted with Garrick and Foote—with Mrs. Yates and Mrs. Cibber; he had mixed with people as different from each other as Bishop Hurd and 'Jemmy Twitcher'—as Otaheitan Omai and Laurence Shirley, Earl Ferrers. Concerning not a few of these he has left anecdotes in his 'Memoirs,' anecdotes which have found a permanent place in several authoritative biographies. It is therefore a permissible, and even a pardonable *délassement* to linger for a moment among the very miscellaneous recollections of 'Mr. Cradock of Gumley.'

His 'Memoirs,' which were printed in 1826-8, make four volumes, two published in his life-

time, two posthumous. The first, which is autobiographical, and the last, which supplements and illustrates the first, are the most interesting, the intermediate numbers being mainly occupied by his works and travels.[1] He was born on 9th January 1742, at Leicester, and went to the grammar school there. He lost his mother early; and when he was about seventeen, his father also died, leaving him ample means. As a boy he had been taken in his holidays to Bath and other places, where he had already developed a native taste for the stage; and in a later visit to Scarborough during his minority, he made the acquaintance of Sterne and the Cibbers. Then, as a preliminary to the University, he was placed at Mackworth in Derby with a private tutor, who was secretly a red-hot Jacobite. Soon after the Coronation of George III (22nd September 1761), of which he was a spectator, he went into residence at Emmanuel College, Cambridge. His turn was for declamation (or 'spouting' as it was called) rather than mathematics; and he had little

[1] A fuller edition in four volumes, with a Memoir by one of Cradock's executors, John Bowyer Nichols, the printer and antiquary, was issued in 1828. By the kindness of Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, we have been favoured with a copy of this, to which many MSS., illustrations, etc., have been added.

hope of his bachelor's degree when he left the University for London, where, in 1765, he was married at St. George's, Bloomsbury, to Miss Anna Francesca Stratford, a young lady of Warwickshire, at that time resident with her grandmother in Great Ormond Street. This event was almost immediately succeeded by the gift from the Duke of Newcastle, Chancellor of the University, of a Royal Degree of Master of Arts. Cradock's town residence was in Dean Street, Soho, an accident which later procured him, *in absentia*, the further distinction of having his windows broken by the mob in consequence of his neglect to illuminate on Wilkes's birthday (17th October).[1] For this expensive privilege, which piled his drawing-room with broken glass and cobble-stones, he consoled himself by composing a brief biography of the popular demagogue 'in the manner of Plutarch'—a *jeu d'esprit* which was promptly communicated to the Duke of Grafton, and (we are informed mysteriously) was 'not ungraciously received in a higher quarter.'

[1] These were apparently not 'birthday honours' alone. 'Here were . . . most of the windows in town broke, that had no lights *for Wilkes and Liberty*, who were thought to be inseparable' (Chesterfield's 'Letters,' 1774, ii, 529, under date of 12th April 1768).

A disregard for dates is the natural corollary to a dislike for mathematics. When Cradock went to live in Dean Street, we are not told; but he must have been some years in London in 1773, when a second edition of the Wilkes pamphlet was published. During this period he was no doubt assiduously cultivating his taste for music and the drama; assembling what ultimately grew into a splendid library, and improving his Leicestershire property. He tells us that after the above occurrence, he surrendered the lease of his town house, though but for the date 1773, we should have no inkling when. We hear vaguely of his being Sheriff of Leicester; of his organizing musical performances as steward of Leicester Infirmary; and he was also Deputy Lieutenant for the county. In these circumstances, it will be most convenient to set down at once the leading events of his life subsequent to his marriage, and afterwards to group under their respective classes a selection from the more interesting of his records. In 1768 he became an F.S.A.; and in 1769 took part in the Stratford Jubilee. 'Zobeide,' his Voltaire tragedy, was produced in 1771; his Richardson-cum-Goldsmith novelette, 'Village Memoirs,' in 1774. He travelled in North Wales in 1776-7; in

1783-6, in France and Holland. His wife died in 1816. In 1821 he published 'Fidelia; or, The Prevalence of Fashion,' another tale against duelling and gaming. Two years later his estate having become encumbered, and his means being reduced to a moderate annuity, he settled in London, where, after printing 'The Czar,' and preparing the first two volumes of his 'Memoirs' for the press, he died on 15th December 1826, in his eighty-fifth year, and was buried in the vault of St. Mary-le-Strand, near which he had spent his latter days.

Mr. Cradock's bias, even as a boy, had been stagewards, and with his theatrical reminiscences we may begin. Of some of the older luminaries, however, he could say no more than *vidi tantum*. Quin, for example, he had met once or twice at Bath in company with that actor's close ally, the parodist Hawkins Browne. But Quin, who died in 1766, the year after Cradock's marriage, had then long retired from the stage; and was subsisting in the Queen of the West chiefly upon his social qualities. In 1766, too, died another member of the old regime, Mrs. Cibber. Cradock greatly appreciated this actress, whom Garrick reckoned the rightful queen of tragedy, and he adds his testimony to her supremacy. 'She was

charming in every part she undertook,' he says; 'but she appeared to be identified with the melancholy fair Ophelia'—a sentiment which after her death he enforced in verse. He seems also to have known her accomplished and eccentric brother, Dr. Arne, of whose catch, 'Buzz, quoth the Blue Fly,' he was an ardent admirer. Mrs. Clive, who, in 1769, like the lady in the 'Bab Ballads' 'grew bulky, and quitted the stage,' he mentions, but cannot have known intimately. His chief acquaintances, on coming to town, were the members of the Theatrical Club which then met at Wright's Coffee House, in York Street, Covent Garden. Among these he speaks of Charles Holland, whom Churchill called 'Garrick at second hand,' and William Powell, who, but for his premature death, promised really to rival the same great man. Closer, however, for a time than with either of these were his relations with Samuel Foote, soon to be manager of the Little Theatre in the Haymarket, once memorable for the satiric successes of Fielding. Cradock claims to have called the attention of Foote to a story in the 'Diable Boiteux' of Lesage 'as a good subject for stage buffoonery.' Foote at first ridiculed Lesage and the suggestion; but subsequently re-

membered both in one of his most popular and most lucrative efforts, 'The Devil upon Two Sticks.' Cradock, in some sort, may be said to have returned the compliment, since he makes the maleficent influence in his 'Village Memoirs' one of those Indian parvenus whom Foote presently pilloried so successfully in the comedy of 'The Nabob.'

Not very many months before the appearance of 'The Nabob,' Cradock himself, by the good offices of Mrs. Yates, had made his debut as a dramatist. In 1767, Voltaire, then a septuagenarian, had produced, in his little private theatre at Ferney, a five-act tragedy called 'Les Scythes,' which he had written very rapidly, and acted in himself.[1] It was no great success, for his powers were manifestly declining; and he was wise enough not to attempt to re-model it. When he printed it, however, he spoke of it in his 'Preface' as a sketch which some younger man might work up. Cradock, into whose hands it came, under-

[1] Gibbon has described Voltaire's acting four years earlier. He thought him 'a very ranting unnatural performer'; but adds, 'Perhaps I was too much struck with the ridiculous figure of Voltaire at seventy, acting a Tartar Conqueror with a hollow broken voice, and making love to a very ugly niece of about fifty.' ('Corr.,' 1896, i, 43.)

took this venture. He translated it; altered it considerably throughout, especially in the fourth and fifth acts, and changed the title to 'Zobeide' —Voltaire's heroine being Obeide. He showed it to Mrs. Yates, who expressed a desire to undertake the leading female character. Thereupon the flattered and politic author promptly offered her the piece for her benefit, with the result that it was brought out at Covent Garden in the December of 1771. It was acted thirteen nights, which may be regarded as a success—at all events *d'estime*. To analyse the plot—or, as Arthur Murphy put it in his Epilogue—to

> Ramble with Voltaire to Eastern climes,
> To Scythian laws and antiquated times,

is needless. The Prologue was supplied by Goldsmith, who took care to accentuate the fact that the author was no 'mercenary trader.' But the crown of Cradock's satisfaction must have been the acknowledgment which reached him, two years later, from the only begetter of the piece, to whom he sent a printed copy:

> 9e 8bre 1773, à ferney.
>
> S^r
> Thanks to y^r muse a foreign copper shines
> Turn'd in to gold, and coin'd in sterling lines.

You have done to much honour to an old sick man of eighty.

I am vith the most sincere esteem and gratitude,

S^r y^r ob^dt Servt Voltaire.

Cradock should have known Mrs. Yates pretty well, for he speaks of having, at Lady Rochford's, acted Jaffier to her Belvidera in 'Venice Preserv'd.' With the exception of the aforementioned 'Czar,' 'Zobeide' seems to have been his solitary essay as a playwright. 'Zobeide,' however, brings us back again to Foote, in whose 'Piety in Pattens' both Mrs. Yates and Cradock were burlesqued. As the libretto of Foote's 'primitive puppet-show' was never printed, it is difficult to say exactly in what the oral burlesque consisted, though, according to Cradock, it found no favour with the audience. Yet regarded as a happy contribution to the campaign against Sentimental Comedy, that 'mawkish drab of spurious breed,'[1] imported from France, whom

[1] Not many weeks before, Goldsmith had defined sentimental comedy as 'a kind of *mulish* production, with all the defects of its opposite parents, and marked with sterility.' Like others of his good things, this seems to be no more than a neat resetting of an earlier dictum. Voltaire (Preface to 'Nanine') calls Romanesque comedy '*une espèce batarde . . . née de l'impuissance de faire une comédie et une tragedie veritable*" (16 June 1749).

Kelly and Cumberland had made popular, and Goldsmith had combated in the 'Good-Natur'd Man,' Foote's entertainment deserves to be remembered. Modelled on the popular Panton Street marionettes, it was acted entirely by wooden puppets—'not much larger than Garrick,' Foote maliciously told an inquisitive lady of quality; and it purported to exhibit the fortunes of a 'handsome housemaid,' a combination of Pamela and Mrs. Yates, 'who, by the mere effects of morality and virtue, raised herself to riches and honours.' Foote emphasized his attack on the reigning 'moral essay in dialogue' by a humorous preliminary address in which he made his purpose clear; and this has fortunately been preserved. After sketching the origin and progress of puppet shows, he wound up by saying that the audience would not discover much wit and humour in his new piece, since 'his brother authors had all agreed that it was highly improper, and beneath the dignity of a mixed assembly, to show any signs of joyful satisfaction; and that creating a laugh was forcing the higher order of an audience to a vulgar and mean use of their muscles'—for which reason, he explained, he had, like them, given up the sensual for the sentimental style. The first representation of the

'primitive puppet show' took place on 15th February, just a month before Goldsmith's 'She Stoops to Conquer' came out at Covent Garden; and to Foote therefore belongs the credit of having effectively 'scotched' the sentimental snake, upon which Goldsmith and Sheridan were to do further, if not final, execution. According to Cradock, both Goldsmith and Johnson were earmarked for burlesque in Foote's entertainment; but a timely announcement by the 'Leviathan of Literature' in Tom Davies's back parlour touching his fixed intention to provide himself with a retributive big stick, effectually averted the proposed indignity. To Cradock Foote made some doubtful apology; but either by accident or design, they met no more.

With Garrick—who, by the way, did not wholly escape the lash of the English Aristophanes—Cradock was fairly familiar. He was introduced to him as early as 1761, when he was acting, or preparing to act, the part of Oakly, the husband in Colman's 'Jealous Wife,' a play which, borrowing some details from Fielding, deserves the credit of partially anticipating 'The Clandestine Marriage' in its attempt to retain those old comic constituents of comedy which the sentimental craze was thrusting into the background. On the

strength of this introduction, Cradock, a year or two later, persuaded Garrick and his wife to visit him at Gumley, on which occasion he offered up a pair of ancestral carp to his distinguished guests. When, in 1766, 'The Clandestine Marriage' was produced, the part of Lord Ogleby, which Garrick affirmed he had taken from a Norfolk original, was—as is well known—admirably presented by that prince of stage old men, Thomas King. Garrick, nevertheless, while doing full justice to King's reading, protested privately that it was not *his* (*i.e.*, the author's) Lord Ogleby; and proposed that the play should be acted in the provinces, when Cradock, who somewhat resembled him in face and figure, and of whose histrionic abilities he had satisfied himself, was to double[1] the character of the pert valet Brush with that of Sir John Melvil, while he (Roscius, to wit) gave the true copy of the super-

[1] In another part of his record, Cradock says he was to take *three* characters, and the place of acting was to be the first Lord Holland's 'Formian Villa' at Kingsgate in Kent. This was burned down soon after, prompting the (for Gray) ferocious impromptu, beginning:

'Old, and abandoned by each venal friend,
Here Holland formed the pious resolution
To smuggle a few years, and strive to mend
A broken character and constitution.'

annuated beau. The comedy was to alternate with a tragedy, 'Hamlet,' in which Cradock was to assume the title-rôle, and Garrick was to take the Ghost, as he had done for Holland's benefit. All this, for obscure reasons, came to naught. But Cradock's contemplated functions in the scheme certainly justify his recording (in capitals) that 'Garrick spoke with great satisfaction of my acting,' which—it should perhaps be added—was, like Holland's and Powell's, closely imitated from Garrick's own. 'From frequently reading with, and attending Garrick (says Cradock), I became a very exact *copyist*'; and he goes on to say that another frustrate scheme was that, in honour of Garrick and Johnson, he should play Archer in the 'Beaux' Stratagem' at Lichfield, where the scene of the comedy is laid. This—according to Cradock—was the historic occasion on which Goldsmith expressed a desire to act the part of Scrub.

Cradock, as we have said, attended the Stratford Jubilee in 1769, when, in the guise of Garter King-at-Arms, he had the honour of dancing a minuet with Mrs. Garrick. He was also present at some of Garrick's farewell performances—*e.g.*, of 'Lear' and of 'Richard III.' The actor's health was then failing, and his physical infirmities made

the latter assumption especially trying. 'I dread the fight and the fall,' he said. 'I am afterwards in agonies.' But he had 'gained his fame by Richard,' and was determined 'to end with it.' Nevertheless, though he astonished King George by the activity with which he ran about the field, he was eventually obliged to make his adieux in the less arduous part of Don Felix in 'The Wonder.' This Cradock did not see. Cradock tells a good many other anecdotes of Garrick, but we can only find room for one, which, besides being characteristic of an amiable weakness, is also less known than some of the rest. Once, when Cradock was a guest at St. James's Coffee-house—it was on the memorable occasion when Johnson, retorting to Burke's unwelcome comment on his appetite, said, 'There is a time of life, Sir, when a man requires the repairs of a table'—Garrick arrived very late. He 'came in, full dressed, made many apologies for being so much later than he intended, but he had been unexpectedly detained at the House of Lords, and Lord Camden had absolutely insisted upon setting him down at the door of the hotel in his own carriage. Johnson said nothing, but he looked a volume.'

A passage in Boswell effectively supports this little story, both as regards Garrick's relations to

Camden, and Johnson's attitude to each. Garrick had invited Boswell to breakfast, and on his arrival said to him: 'Pray now, did you—did you meet a little lawyer turning the corner, eh?' 'No, Sir' (said Boswell). 'Pray what do you mean by the question?' 'Why' (replied Garrick, with affected indifference, 'yet as if standing on tiptoe'), 'Lord Camden has this moment left me. We have had a long walk together.' Boswell, of course, hastened to retail this to Johnson, whose remorseless comment was: 'Well, Sir, Garrick talked very properly. Lord Camden *was a little lawyer* to be associating so familiarly with a player.' Camden and Garrick were, however, genuinely attached to one another; and when Garrick was nearing his last days, the Lord Chancellor wrote warmly of their long connection, and of his continued regard for his theatrical friend.

Tried by the rigid chronological tests of Dr. Birkbeck Hill, Cradock's octogenarian recollections do not always emerge victoriously. One story of Percy's preaching a charity sermon, based on the fourth of Johnson's 'Idlers,' and then sending Cradock to Johnson to explain matters, is certainly discredited if, according to Dr. Hill, the sermon was preached seven years before Cradock first met Johnson at all. As to that first meeting, we have

fortunately the corroborative testimony of Boswell, who gives us what Cradock does not, the precise date—12th April 1776. Like Boswell's own first interview, it took place at Davies the bookseller's in Russell Street, and Boswell was present. Cradock had been thoughtfully forewarned of Johnson's peculiarities, and particularly cautioned not to commit the heinous error of quitting the dinner-table prematurely for the play. The talk ran upon tragedy and Aristotle. Johnson was unusually brilliant—so brilliant that (we learn from Boswell) Cradock whispered to his neighbour, 'O that his words were written in a book!' But, under opposition, he began to 'rear' and wax 'loud,' until Cradock judiciously saved the situation by taking a deferential tone, as a consequence of which he had the satisfaction of being assured in a whisper, either by Davies or Boswell, that he was safely 'landed' in the Doctor's good graces.

Fortunately, many of Cradock's anecdotes are not affected by the time-touchstone, and being besides in agreement with Johnson's known habit of mind, are less open to suspicion. The great man's barbarous treatment of books, for example, is no controverted thing. Once Cradock, going to Bolt Court with Percy, found him 'rolling upon the

floor,' surrounded by volumes, which had just been brought to him—an incident which suggests the ardour of the student rather than the reverence of the bibliophile. On this occasion he was absorbed by 'a Runic bible,' which must also have interested Percy. Readers of Mme. D'Arblay will recall how speedily Garrick's priceless 'Petrarca' pounced over the Doctor's head during a fit of abstraction; and another story here relates to some works perhaps equally dear to their possessor. Calling once on Garrick in Southampton Street, Johnson strayed by mischance into a private cabinet adjoining the study, which was filled with elegantly-clad presentation copies of novels and light literature. He 'read first a bit of one, then another, and threw all down; so that before the host arrived, the floor was strewed with splendid octavos.' Garrick, as may be guessed, was 'exceedingly angry'; but Johnson, always pitiless to the petty side of his old pupil, only said magisterially: 'I was determined to examine some of your valuables, which I find consist of three sorts —*stuff*, *trash*, *and nonsense*.' In his old age, from ill-health and the growing habit of procrastination, it became hazardous to entrust him with anything rare or valuable. This was the case with a volume of MSS., 'magnificently bound,' which contained

poems by James I, and of which Cradock had procured the loan from Lord Harborough. Writing about the book shortly afterwards, he was dismayed to find that Johnson had no recollection of receiving it. But George Steevens, whom Cradock nervously consulted (and who rated him soundly for lending it), suggested that it might be lying *perdu* in a mysterious sealed packet then, to his knowledge, under Johnson's inkstand. And so, indeed, it proved. When Johnson died, Cradock promptly applied to the executors; and the precious consignment was forthwith discovered, unopened, exactly where Steevens had detected it two years earlier.

At Johnson's death, Cradock was on the Continent, as he wrote from Marseilles. When starting on his travels in October 1783, he had taken leave of his old friend, who was visibly touched. 'I wish I could accompany you,' he had said, 'for I dread the effects of this climate during the ensuing winter.' Cradock had always found him civil; and 'had derived from him numerous advantages.' 'Of all men I ever knew'—he says elsewhere—'Dr. Johnson was the most instructive.' But he can only have known him in the later years of his life, if he first made his acquaintance at Davies' in 1776.

There are but two more references to Johnson that need be borrowed from Cradock's budget. Johnson, it will be remembered, writing to Langton of Percy's 'Hermit of Warkworth' in March 1771, had faintly commended it as 'pretty enough.' This could not, however, prevent him from mimicking its adoption of the ballad manner, made popular by the 'Reliques':

> I put my hat upon my head,
> And walked into the Strand,
> And there I met another man,
> With his hat in his hand.

'Modern imitations of ancient ballads,' says Boswell, always roused his ridicule; but that this quatrain was directly prompted by Percy is clear from a letter of Garrick to Cradock, asking him whether he had seen Johnson's criticism on the 'Hermit.' 'It is already over half the town'—adds this irrepressible scandal-monger. Another Cradock anecdote is preserved, not indeed by Cradock himself, but in a note of his friend Nichols. Once Cradock and George Steevens accompanied Johnson to Marybone Gardens where they saw 'La Serva Padrona' ('The Maid Mistress'), a popular musical entertainment translated from the Italian of Paisiello by Storace. Steevens thought the scheme—an old fellow cheated and deluded

by his servant—'quite foolish and unnatural.' Johnson instantly replied, 'Sir, it is *not unnatural*, it is a scene that is acted in my family every day of my life.' His hearers understood him to refer, not so much to the despotic heroine of the burletta, as to the perpetual wrangling of his two housekeepers and pensioners at Bolt Court—his rival Roxana and Statira, as he grimly styled them after Nat. Lee's termagants—Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Desmoulins. 'To-day Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Desmoulins had a scold'—he tells Mrs. Thrale in October 1778—'Williams was going away, but I bid her *not turn tail*, and she came back, and rather got the upper hand.'

During his connection with Johnson, Cradock could never have known Goldsmith, since Goldsmith died before that connection began. And he knew Goldsmith for even a shorter time than Johnson. But Cradock was only twelve years junior to the author of the 'Deserted Village'; and their relations were probably more unconstrained. Most of Cradock's anecdotes have been adopted by Goldsmith's biographers. It is from Cradock that we get the oft-cited lament: 'While you are nibbling about elegant phrases, I am obliged to write half a volume'; the complacent: 'As to my "Hermit" that poem, Cradock, can-

not be amended'; and, above all, the delightful proposition for improving Gray's 'Elegy' by putting out 'an idle word in every line.' As thus:

> The curfew tolls the knell of day,
> The lowing herd winds o'er the lea,
> The ploughman homeward plods his way,—

and so forth. In an excellent article in the 'Edinburgh Review,'[1] Lord Lytton ingeniously exploded this piece of profanation by shearing down Shakespeare's 'gaudy, babbling, and remorseless day,' on the same principle, to a bare 'the day.' What is oddest—perhaps one should add, most human—about Goldsmith's criticism is, that his own 'Hermit' above-mentioned is itself by no means exempt from those decorative superfluities which—to distinguish them from more inevitable adjuncts—are usually known as "gradus" epithets. It is Cradock also who is responsible for what, if not the only, is perhaps the most unvarnished statement about Goldsmith's unhappy tendency to gaming. 'The greatest fault of Dr. Goldsmith,' he says, 'was, that if he had thirty pounds in his pocket, he would go into certain companies in the country, and in hopes of doubling the sum, would generally return to town without any part of it.'

[1] Vol. 88 (1848), p. 205.

Whether Cradock first made Goldsmith's acquaintance through the Yates's, or through Goldsmith's friend, Lord Clare of the 'Haunch of Venison,' we know not. But the acquaintance seems to have been cemented, if not commenced, by the prologue to 'Zobeide,' which was originally written for Yates, and was sent to Lord Clare's Essex seat of Gosfield Hall, where Cradock was staying. A few weeks later, we find Goldsmith and Cradock collaborating upon another work which may perhaps owe its origin to Lord Clare, the 'Threnodia Augustalis' in memory of his lordship's 'old political mistress and patron,' the widow of Frederick, Prince of Wales. Cradock apparently rendered Goldsmith some vague services in the musical adaptation of this very occasional performance, which Chalmers first reprinted in 1810 from a copy given by its author to Cradock. Cradock also claims to have 'altered' 'She Stoops to Conquer'—a pretension which must be taken with a qualifying grain of salt. But he undoubtedly saw it before it was in type, for in returning it to the author he subjoined 'a ludicrous address to the Town by Tony Lumpkin,' which—much abridged—Goldsmith added to the printed play with the note, 'This came too late to be Spoken.' Cradock, however, describes it as a mere *jeu d'esprit*,

not intended for the public. Whether Goldsmith ever actually visited Cradock in his Leicester home is uncertain. He undoubtedly proposed to do so. 'I am determined,' he said, 'to come down into the country, and make some stay with you, and I will build you an ice-house.' To the visit, Cradock readily assented; but met the rest of the suggestion by a polite circumlocution.

Upon another occasion Cradock relates how Goldsmith, unwilling to return prematurely from Windsor, enlisted his services and those of Percy to correct some proofs for 'Animated Nature.' Neither of them knew anything of birds, Percy declaring that he could scarce tell a goose from a swan; but they managed to accomplish their task respectably. Cradock's most interesting memories, however, refer to a period not long before Goldsmith's death, when his health was broken, and his growing embarrassments were preying on his spirits. Already, as we learn from Percy, he had been seriously ill in September 1772. In the autumn of the year following, Cradock came to London, and saw him frequently in the mornings. He found him much changed, 'and at times very low.' He endeavoured to induce him to publish 'The Traveller' and 'The Deserted Village' by subscription, with notes—the object being to ob-

tain some immediate and much needed monetary relief for the author—a proposition which, he says, Goldsmith rather suffered than encouraged. Goldsmith showed him at this time the now lost prospectus of his projected 'Dictionary of Arts and Sciences,' an effort which he himself regarded as belonging to his best work, and which, if we may believe Cradock, must have been characterized by all the 'inspired common-sense' which distinguishes the 'Preface' to the 'Survey of Experimental Philosophy.' The day before Cradock left town, Goldsmith dined with him in his Norfolk Street lodging; but took little of the 'neat repast' which had been sent in from the famous 'Crown and Anchor' in the Strand. 'He endeavoured to talk and remark, as usual, but all was force.' When they parted at midnight by the Temple Gate it was for the last time, for Goldsmith's death was not far off. But with the Temple is connected the only other Goldsmith anecdote we shall reproduce from his Leicestershire friend. There were two poor Miss Gunns, sisters and milliners, at the corner of Temple Lane, who had the strongest confidence in their Brick Court customer. 'O Sir!'—they told Cradock 'most feelingly'—'sooner persuade him to let us work for him, gratis, than suffer him to

apply to any other; we are sure that he will pay us if he can.' Well might Johnson exclaim: 'Was ever poet so trusted before!'

The Goldsmith and Johnson stories form the bulk of Cradock's literary recollections, and his references to other contemporary writers are few and unimportant. Sterne, it has been said, he had met as a boy at Scarborough. But in London he could have seen little of him, for Sterne died in 1768, and is only once mentioned again. 'He never possessed any equal spirits,' writes Cradock of Yorick, 'he was always either in the cellar or the garret.' Knowing that Garrick had a real regard for him, Cradock said to him at Drury Lane Theatre that he was surprised he had not undertaken to write a Comedy. Sterne 'seemed quite struck, and after a pause, with tears in his eyes, replied, "I fear I do not possess the proper talent for it, and I am utterly unacquainted with the business of the stage."' As Cradock adds that, at this time, Sterne was in difficulties, we may assume the date to have been 1766, when he had not yet recruited his fortunes with the last volume of 'Tristram Shandy,' and the publication, by subscription, of a fresh instalment of his sermons. Apropos of 'Tristram,' Cradock tells the following, which he says he told to Sterne. A gentleman,

asking for an amusing book, was recommended to try the philological 'Hermes' of Fielding's friend, James Harris of Salisbury. Conceiving it to be a novel, he could make no more of it than the old lady who found the story in Johnson's 'Dictionary' disconnected: and he returned it with the cold comment that he thought 'all these imitations of "Tristram Shandy" fell short of the original!'

The mention of Fielding reminds us that Cradock contributes yet one more item to the 'Tom Jones' legend. Fielding, he tells us, was intimate with the Boothbys of Tooley Park, in Leicestershire; 'and it is supposed that more than one character in his excellent novel of "Tom Jones" was drawn from thence.' After this, we are not surprised to hear that the beauty of this family, Mrs. Boothby, was the model for Sophia Western, a suggestion which shows that the book must already have been more talked about than read, since Fielding's heroine, upon his own showing, was his first wife.[1] Of Gibbon, Cradock says nothing worth repeating; and of Gray little

[1] These relations of Fielding with the Boothbys gain a certain piquancy from the fact that, in some *post*-Richardsonian editions of 'Pamela,' some one has ingeniously filled in 'Mr. B's' name on several occasions as 'Mr. Boothby.' Fielding, it will be remembered, had completed it in 'Joseph Andrews' as 'Mr. Booby.'

beyond the fact that he (Cradock) was present when Gray's last poetical composition, the Ode written for the installation of the Duke of Grafton (Augustus Henry Fitzroy) as Chancellor of the University of Cambridge—an effort which was Gray's spontaneous return to the Duke for making him Professor of Modern History—was performed in the Senate House. Cradock adds that he gave a number of anecdotes of Gray to Johnson for his 'Lives of the Poets.' Unhappily, the Doctor was tired of his task; and like other contributions of the kind, they were either neglected or lost.

But Cradock on Literature and the Drama alone has exhausted our space; and we must pass over Hackman and Miss Ray, Lord Sandwich and Her Grace of Kingston, Bishop Hurd and Dr. Parr, with half a dozen other notorieties we had marked for comment. The 'Travels,' again, deserve more than casual mention, since the most cursory inspection reveals seductive references to Cagliostro and the 'Diamond Necklace,'[1] Beau-

[1] 'As we left Paris for Flanders and Holland, the disconsolate Cardinal [de Rohan] was pointed out to us, as an object of the last despair, leaning over the battlements of the ever-to-be-abhorred Bastille.' ('Memoirs,' 1826, ii, 282.) Louis-René, Prince de Rohan, was a leading actor in the 'Affaire du Collier.'

marchais and the 'Mariage de Figaro,' Choiseul, Lauzun, Buffon, galley-slaves, improvisatori, scaramouches and a host of subjects equally delectable. We have, however, sufficiently fulfilled our purpose, which was mainly to direct attention to a record now wellnigh forgotten. Had Cradock written it at fifty instead of eighty, he might perhaps have escaped the charges of confusion and inaccuracy which Forster (who nevertheless uses his material) lays at his door. But, even as they stand, his Memoirs are probably as trustworthy as many more pretentious chronicles.

MME. VIGÉE-LEBRUN

THE 'Souvenirs' of Mme. Louise-Élizabeth Vigée-Lebrun were published in 1835-37, when she was more than eighty. One of her English reviewers, who, though unacquainted with her himself, must have known those who knew her, describes her as a 'most delightful old lady.' 'She is still,' he says—quoting a common friend—'gifted with all the qualities of her youth; her conversation is rendered still more interesting from having read and seen a great deal, and she is one of the happiest specimens of those good times, when grace, affability, and polished manners were appreciated in society.' The words suggest a type more familiar a hundred years ago than now. One thinks instinctively of Mme. du Deffand and Lady Hervey, of the Miss Berrys, of Mme. D'Arblay and her venerable friend Mrs. Delany. The type, it is true, is more French than English;[1] but it is always distinguishable

[1] It may be noted that, of the English ladies here named, four had been especially susceptible to French influences. H. F. Chorley frankly compared the Berrys to 'ancient Frenchwomen.' Gibbon speaks of Lady Hervey's 'prefer-

for its good breeding and good nature, its social charm, and its fund of anecdote. To this class Mme. Lebrun belongs—with a difference which is in her favour. For while the ladies specified, with the exception of Mme. D'Arblay, relied exclusively upon their conversational talents and traditions, Mme. Lebrun was also a portrait-painter of note, whose works are numerous and well-esteemed. Her picture of herself and her daughter, and her delightful 'Girl with the Muff,' both in the Louvre, are among the classics of the studio; her 'La Paix qui ramène l'Abondance,' in the same collection, is a triumph in its allegorical kind; and her 'Chapeau de Paille,' at the National Gallery, no unworthy pendant to the famous Rubens by which it was prompted.[1] Her personal charms, as it shows, were considerable; and she had marked ability as a musician, a vocalist, and an amateur actor. She is moreover a most attractive memoir writer. She has plenty to say, and says it in an easy and unpretentious way. Her style im-

ence and even affectation of the manners, the language, and the literature of France'; and Fanny Burney married a Frenchman.

[1] Susanna Fourment, also at Trafalgar Square. It may be added that Mme. Lebrun's is a true *chapeau de paille*; that in the Rubens is obvious felt (*poil?*).

presses you with its sincerity; and if occasionally she speaks of herself, her egotism is not the self-conscious complacency of Mme. de Genlis, but rather the frank expression of a candour which has nothing to conceal.

Her recollections, which at first take the form of letters to her '*bien bonne amie*,' Princess Kourakin, and, after that lady's death, are continued as 'Souvenirs,' begin with her childhood. Born at Paris, in the Rue Coquillière, on the 16th April 1755, she was the only daughter of Louis Vigée, a painter of modest pretensions, and of his wife Jeanne Maissin. Of Louis Vigée, a follower at some distance of Watteau and the pastellist Latour, only two anecdotes remain, of which one is popular enough to have been attributed to others. Noticing, with some impatience, that a lady sitter was grimacing vigorously to make her mouth seem smaller, he observed drily that, if she preferred it, he could depict her without any mouth at all. Another thing his daughter records is of graver significance. Returning on one occasion from a dinner party where he had met Diderot, d'Alembert and Helvétius, he observed despondingly to his wife, that from all he could gather, 'the world would soon be turned upside down.' This depressing forecast, which

Mme. Lebrun was afterwards so painfully to verify, must have been uttered before 1768, for in the May of that year he died. He left his family, which included a son born ten years before, so ill-provided for that his widow, a handsome woman, felt constrained to marry again ("*se vit obligée de se remarier*"); and she married disastrously. Her second husband, supposed a rich jeweller, proved a miserable skinflint, who, not content with denying the necessaries of life to those dependent on him, put the crown to his sordid economies by wearing his predecessor's clothes, without even altering them to fit him. His step-daughter, by this time thirteen or fourteen, and already becoming remarkable for her natural artistic gifts, seems to have felt this latter indignity even more acutely than the fact that he also remorselessly impounded her earnings. Nor was this all. Conceiving (like the Arnolphe he was!) that his wife and step-daughter were too attractive to the *flâneurs* of the Champs Elysées, he transported them for the week-ends to a dilapidated *bicoque*, or shanty, at Chaillot, where, had it not been for the compassionate friends who occasionally took her on expeditions to Sceaux, Marly-le-Roi and other show-places in the neighbourhood, Mlle. Vigée must have

died of dullness. By the time she was twenty she had painted several portraits; and a well-timed presentation to the French Academy of posthumous likenesses of La Bruyère and the Abbé Fleury procured her not only the official thanks of that body, but a personal visit from its secretary, d'Alembert—'a dry and cold little man, exquisitely polite.' Five months later, and moved thereto mainly by the desire to escape from her '*vilain beau-père*,' she married, almost as unfortunately as her mother. Her husband, a son of Pierre Lebrun, and himself a painter picture-dealer, was, it is true, not unpleasing. But he was also a man of dissolute habits, and a gambler besides, in which latter capacity he squandered his wife's earnings with so little compunction that, when she quitted France a dozen years afterwards —although, in the interval, she had made more than a million of francs—she could scarcely command an income of twenty. The pair had one daughter, born in February 1780, and often painted by her mother. There was not much romance in all this; but with such sentimentalities Mme. Lebrun had, luckily for herself, been unfamiliar, since it was not until after her marriage that she was allowed to read her first novel, Richardson's 'Clarissa.'

By 1776, the year of that marriage, she had nevertheless become well known as an artist, and her modest atelier in the large house where M. Lebrun had his showrooms, was often crowded by aristocratic sitters and visitors. Her husband, greedy of further gain, persuaded her to take pupils. She was, however, far too young to manage students often much older than herself, and the scheme did not succeed. By and by royalty added itself to her distinguished clients. In this same year 1776 one of her sitters was 'Monsieur,' the King's brother, afterwards Louis XVIII, who, in addition to the small talk in which he excelled, was wont to enliven his *séances* by singing, much out of tune, songs that were sometimes as much out of taste. 'How do you think I sing, Mme. Lebrun?' he one day inquired. 'Like a Prince, Monseigneur!' was the discreet and admirable reply. As time went on, Mme. Lebrun painted all the royal family, with the exception of M. d'Artois. But her favourite and most frequent model was the Queen, who first sat to her in 1779. Her description of that unfortunate lady, then in the full splendour of her youth and beauty, is doubly valuable, not only as the report of a sympathetic admirer, but also of an 'expert' observer:

'Marie-Antoinette was tall, admirably proportioned, and plump without being too much so. Her arms were superb; her hands small and perfectly formed; her feet charming. She walked better than any woman in France, carrying her head very high, with a majesty that announced a sovereign in the midst of her court, and yet without in any way by that majesty modifying her habitually gentle and benevolent aspect. . . . Her features were not at all regular; she inherited from her family the long and narrow oval peculiar to the Austrian nation. Her eyes were by no means large; their colour was almost blue; her expression was mild and agreeable; her nose clear-cut and pretty; and her mouth was not too large, though the lips were somewhat full. But the most remarkable thing in her face, was her magnificent complexion. Never have I seen any so brilliant, and brilliant is the word, for her skin was so transparent that it took no shade. . . . As to her conversation, it would be difficult for me to give an idea of all its grace, and all its amenity; I do not think Queen Marie-Antoinette ever missed an opportunity of saying something agreeable to those who had the honour to approach her."

At one of these sittings, Mme. Lebrun ven-

tured to observe upon the advantage in dignity which the Queen enjoyed from her manner of holding her head—a compliment which drew from her the smiling answer, 'If I were not Queen, they would say I had an insolent air—would they not?' Upon another occasion, the artist endeavoured to persuade her to part her hair in the middle, so as to lessen the exceptional height of her forehead—a device which had been successfully adopted by the beautiful Duchesse de Grammont-Caderousse. But Marie Antoinette laughingly refused. 'I should be the last to follow this fashion,' she said, 'for I do not wish it to be reported that I invented it to hide my high forehead.' Mme. Lebrun often painted her subsequently, the best-known example being the group now at Versailles, in which she appears with Mme. Royale, the first Dauphin, and the baby Duc de Normandie, later the ill-fated Louis XVII. After the Dauphin's death in 1789, the Queen could not endure to look at the picture; and it was put out of sight, a circumstance to which, in the troublous times to come, it probably owed its preservation, as it would certainly have been slashed to ribbons by one mob or another. Mme. Lebrun's last likeness of the Queen was posthumous, being a memory-portrait which she

sent from St. Petersburg in 1800 to the Duchesse d'Angoulême.[1]

But we must return to Mme. Lebrun herself. In 1782 her husband carried her to Flanders, where at Brussels she visited the famous gallery of the Prince de Ligne, and where her studies of Rubens set her upon emulating the afore-mentioned 'Chapeau de Paille,' which had not then left Antwerp for its English home. In 1783, Joseph Vernet, who, after her father's death, had always been her friend and counsellor, proposed her as a Member of the Academy of Painting; and after some slight opposition, she was elected, her diploma picture being that 'La Paix qui ramène l'Abondance' in the Louvre, to which reference has already been made. In September of the same year she was one of the favoured few who witnessed, in M. de Vaudreuil's great room at Gennevilliers, the preliminary performance of the afterwards celebrated 'Mariage de Figaro'—a work which, looking to the random shafts it levelled at the Court, no good courtier could regard as other than "ill-conceived." And this brings us to another aspect of her abilities. Long before, her growing social reputation had earned her a visit of curiosity from that *mère des philosophes*

[1] *See* 'Cléry's Journal,' *post*, p. 266.

and rival of Mme. de Deffand, Mme. Geoffrin; and by this date she had practically a *salon* of her own—a *salon* which the Chevalier de Champcenetz—mouthpiece of malice as he was—chose to describe as censurably sumptuous. 'Mme. Lebrun,' he wrote, 'has gilded panels. She lights her fire with bank-notes; and only burns aloe-wood.' As a matter of fact, her apartments were restricted to a little antechamber, and a bedroom doing duty as a sitting-room. But hither she contrived to attract the pick of her contemporaries. Court and town, *grandes dames* and *grands seigneurs*, men of mark in letters and the arts, all flocked—she tells us—to her *réunions*. Lekain, with his terrible eyebrows; Talma, as yet but an awkward *jeune premier*; Grétry and Sacchini, composers; Garat and Mme. Todi, singers; violinists such as Viotti, Maestrino, and Prince Henry of Prussia; pianists such as Hullmandel and Cramer the elder; poets like Lebrun-*Pindare* and the French Virgil, Delille—alternated with countesses and actresses, artists and *petits-maîtres*, in short, with everything that Paris could produce in the way of wit and talent. Of these, again, a favoured few were admitted to a subsequent supper of a simple and primitive kind which lasted until midnight. A fowl, a fish, a dish of vegetables and a salad generally made up the

menu;[1] and if there was not enough, the guests were still contented. When chairs failed, they cheerfully sat upon the floor; and sometimes, as in the case of the Marshal de Noailles, who was old and unwieldy, found it difficult to get up again.

One of these informal gatherings, the so-called 'Greek supper,' obtained an unsolicited notoriety. Sitting one evening in expectation of her first guests, and listening to her brother's reading of the Abbé Barthélemy's recently published 'Voyage du Jeune Anacharsis en Grèce,' it presently occurred to her to give an Attic character to her little entertainment. The cook was straightway summoned, and ordered to prepare, *secundum artem*, specially classic sauces[2] for the eel and pullet of the evening. Some Etruscan vases were borrowed from a compliant collector on the premises; a large screen was decorated with drapery for a background; and the earliest comers, several very pretty women, were hastily costumed *à la*

[1] In this she must have followed the lead of Mme. Geoffrin, of whose suppers Marmontel says, '*La bonne chère en était succincte; c'était communément un poulet, des épinards, une omelette.*'

[2] Probably some variation of grated cheese, garlic, vinegar and leek. (Barthélemy, vol. ii, ch. 25, has a most learned account *Des Maisons et des Repas des Athéniens.*)

grecque out of the studio wardrobe. Lebrun-*Pindare*, arriving opportunely, was at once unpowdered, divested of his side curls, crowned as Anacreon with a property laurel-wreath, and robed in a purple mantle belonging to the Count de Parois, the accommodating owner of the pottery. The Marquis de Cubières (who must not be confused with his contemptible brother, *Dorat*-Cubières),[1] following next, was speedily Hellenized, and made to send for his guitar, which his taste for the antique had apparently already prompted him to gild like a lyre. Other guests were similarly 'translated.' For Mme. Lebrun herself, it needed but the addition of a chaplet of flowers and a veil to her customary white dress, to convert her into the Aspasia of the minute; and when, at ten, M. de Vaudreuil and M. Boutin arrived for supper, they were amazed to find themselves in a company of latter-day Athenians, singing a chorus of Gluck to the accompaniment of the golden guitar of Cubières. A *supplément* had been made to the regulation bill-of-fare in the form of a cake confected with currants and honey; and a flask of old Cypriot wine, which had been a present, completed the illusion. Lebrun-*Pindare* declaimed a selection of his own translations from Anacreon, and the

[1] *See* 'Cléry's Journal,' *post*, p. 250.

proceedings passed off with triumphant success. Though the hostess wisely refrained from any attempt to repeat this fortunate impromptu, her circumspection did not prevent rumour from exaggerating its details. At Versailles, the 'Supper in the Manner of the Ancients' was said to have cost twenty thousand francs. This—on the principle of Byrom's 'Three Black Crows'—at Rome became forty; at Vienna, sixty; and at St. Petersburg, eighty thousand. Naturally, the frugal King grumbled at such reckless prodigality. But the Marquis de Cubières, who had been present, was able to reassure him. As a matter of fact, the entire expense had not exceeded fifteen francs.

Anacreon's wreath had last been used for a picture of the young Prince Lubomirski, which, with the publication of 'Anacharsis,' fixes the year of the above incident as 1788—the year before the taking of the Bastille. By this date public opinion was in a ferment, and people everywhere were either dreading or desiring the coming cataclysm. Calumnies and scandals of all sorts were afloat, and, as a prominent personage, Mme. Lebrun did not escape them. She had already, without the slightest ground, been accused of being the mistress of Calonne, the *contrôleur-général*; she had been also accused, with equal injustice, of letting Boucher's

pupil, Ménageot, paint her pictures;[1] and as time went on, her intimate relations with the Court rendered her an object of suspicion to the populace. She was repeatedly threatened; and finally, owing to perpetual alarms, which made it difficult for her to pursue her profession with security, she prepared to quit France. Her decision was confirmed by seeing the famous Pamela (afterwards Lady Edward Fitzgerald) careering on horseback through the Paris streets, followed by two grooms in the Orleans livery, and applauded by an excited mob, crying exultingly, '*Voilà, voilà celle qu'il nous faudrait pour reine!*' This, she naturally thought, portended the end of all things; and, terrified exceedingly, made ready to take flight for Rome. Acting on the advice of two friendly national guards, she decided to travel, not in her own carriage, but by the common stage. Her daughter, then nine years old, and her daughter's governess, accompanied her—M. Lebrun remaining behind. Disguised as poor people, they started at midnight on the very day the mob had conducted the King and Queen from Versailles to Paris. Their chief fellow-passengers were a malodorous thief, who openly boasted of his misdeeds; and a fervid Grenoble Jacobin, who,

[1] Ménageot's masterpiece, in an entirely different manner, is the well-known *Death of Leonardo da Vinci*.

whenever the crowd stopped the diligence for news from the capital, harangued violently against the *Boulanger* and the *Boulangère—i.e.* Louis XVI and the Queen. What was worse, this dangerous demagogue had seen Mme. Lebrun's picture of herself and child in the Salon, though fortunately he did not recognize her. But she was recognized as soon as she had fairly crossed the frontier at Pont Beauvoisin, and set foot in Savoy. Climbing Mont Cenis, a postilion accosted her. 'Madame should take a mule,' said he; 'walking is too fatiguing for a lady such as she is.' She answered that she was a workwoman, well accustomed to walk. But the postilion knew better. 'You are Mme. Lebrun,' he rejoined, 'who paints beautifully, and we are all rejoiced to know you are far from those wicked people.'

To follow Mme. Lebrun's wanderings for the next few years in anything like detail would be impracticable. Wherever she went she found friends. At Turin she was welcomed by the engraver Porporati, whom she had known at Paris. Porporati's account of art in the town, where he was a professor, was not encouraging, since he told her that a very great personage, learning his occupation, had brought him a seal to cut! At Parma she was entranced by the *Notte* of Correggio, afterwards

for a time at Paris, and now at Dresden. She seems to have been profoundly impressed, not only by Correggio himself, whose influence is thought to be discernible in her subsequent works, but by the superiority of Christian themes to Pagan fables. Passing through Modena she came to Bologna, where, at that time, the French were only allowed to remain one night. She was in despair, when a papal functionary, garbed in black like Beaumarchais' 'Bartholo,' arrived to announce that she might stay as long as she pleased. What was more, the Bolognese made her a member of their Academy and Institute. This was in November 1789. From Bologna she proceeded to Florence, revelling in the Pitti Palace; from Florence, to Rome. Like some other travellers, she was disappointed with the Tiber. At Rome she found her old friend Ménageot, now Director of the Academy of St. Luke, to which her own father had belonged. Here Girodet was already distinguished; and she was presented by the students with the palette of the last of the Drouais, David's pupil, Jean-Germain, the painter of that *Marius at Minturnæ* which won the praise of Goethe. Drouais had died at three-and-twenty in the preceding year. At Rome, too, she visited Angelica Kauffmann, one of whose pictures she had admired at Florence.

'Miss Angel,' at this date, was about fifty; but, although re-married, had never quite recovered the shock of her first ill-omened alliance with the impostor, de Horn. Her visitor found her amiable, clever, and thoroughly instructed in her art, but without a particle of enthusiasm. Mme. Lebrun had many sitters at Rome, and she remained there eight months, when she removed to Naples. At Naples she spent most of her evenings at the Russian Ambassador's. She also saw much of the English Ambassador, Sir William Hamilton; and painted, in the character of a Bacchante, a portrait of Emma Hart, afterwards his wife. At Naples also she produced one of her best portraits—that of the composer Giovanni Paisiello. From Naples she went back to Rome, and then once more returned to Naples. Finally she quitted the Eternal City in tears, passing successively to Florence again, to Venice, to Milan, and eventually to Vienna, where, in 1793, she heard from her brother of the deaths of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette.

At Vienna, where for a space Mme. Lebrun made her home near Marie Antoinette's former friend, the Duchesse de Polignac, whose death from grief followed hard upon that of the Queen, she continued to reside, engaged, among other things, upon a portrait of the beautiful Princess

of Lichtenstein as Iris. Concerning this performance it may be mentioned, as indicative of the capricious delicacy of those days, that strong objection was made by the model's friends to her being represented with bare feet. So much was this regarded as an artistic oversight, that the prince her husband, in deference to criticism, was accustomed to place under the portrait an elegant pair of shoes, which he pretended must have fallen off. In April 1795, after a stay in Austria of two years and a half, Mme. Lebrun determined to go to Russia. She had every hope that a sojourn in a capital so friendly to the arts as St. Petersburg would speedily complete the fortune she hoped to secure before she went back to her native country, then on the eve of the Directoire; and she had, moreover, been led to believe that she would be favourably received by Catharine II, to whom she was introduced by the French Ambassador, Esterhazy. This is how she describes the Empress, then sixty-seven, and not far from her death: 'I was at first extremely surprised to find her very small [a surprise which she subsequently experienced on her first sight of Napoleon]. I had pictured her to myself as a prodigiously large woman, as great as her renown. She was very stout; but she had still a fine face,

to which her white hair, turned up, made an admirable frame. Genius seemed to sit on her broad and very high forehead. Her eyes were soft and keen; her nose exactly Grecian; her colour excessively high, and her physiognomy very mobile. She said to me at once in a voice full of kindness, but nevertheless somewhat thick, "I am charmed, Madame, to receive you here; your reputation has preceded you. I am very fond of the arts, painting especially. I am not a connoisseur, but an amateur." Everything she added during this interview, which lasted some time, with regard to her desire that I should like Russia well enough to make a long stay there, bore the impress of so great a benevolence that my timidity disappeared, and when I took leave of her Majesty, I was completely reassured.' But she had committed one terrible crime in the eyes of Esterhazy. She had neglected to kiss the Empress's hand, which had been specially ungloved for the purpose!

'*C'est vraiment une bonne femme*,' had said the Comte de Choiseul-Gouffier, referring to Catharina Alexiewna. Mme. Lebrun, remembering history, had found some difficulty in accepting the epithet. But the Empress treated her with uniform kindness, and even indulgence, and she certainly saw

her best side. She painted the Grand Duchesses Alexandrina and Helen, Paul's daughters; and the beautiful Grand Duchess Elizabeth, afterwards the wife of the Emperor Alexander. She was to have painted Catharine herself, and the day for the first sitting had been fixed a week later, when apoplexy, precipitated, it may be, by the failure of the negotiations for the marriage of Alexandrina to the young King of Sweden—put an end to everything. The 'eccentric'[1] Emperor Paul succeeded to the throne; and Mme. Lebrun gives a graphic picture, as seen from her window, of that extraordinary double funeral in which the disinterred ashes of the new autocrat's father were buried by the body of his mother: 'The time of the ceremony came: the coffin of Peter III, on which his son had placed a crown, was transported pompously next to that of Catharine, and both were then borne together to the citadel, that of Peter going first, for Paul desired to cast a slight upon his mother's remains. . . . The coffin of the deceased Emperor was preceded by a guardsman, clad from head to foot in gold armour [who afterwards died of fatigue]. The one who went

[1] This is Bonaparte's word, and might well have been stronger.

before that of the Empress wore only steel; and the assassins of Peter III, by his son's order, were compelled to bear his pall. Paul followed the procession on foot, bare-headed, with his wife, and the entire court, who were very numerous, and in deep mourning. The ladies had long trains, and were enveloped in huge black veils. In this guise, they had to walk through the snow, in bitter weather, to the fortress [and cathedral], which is a long way off, on the other side of the Neva. At the return, some of the ladies I saw were nearly dying of cold and fatigue.'

The accession of Paul made little difference in Mme. Lebrun's plans, and she continued to reside in Russia, where she had opulent clients. The St. Petersburg Academy elected her to its body, a circumstance which incidentally acquaints us with the rather extraordinary costume adopted by lady members. This, she says, consisted of a riding-habit ('*habit d'amazone*'), a little violet vest, a yellow petticoat, and a black-feathered hat. But about this time she suffered her worst misfortune since her marriage. Her daughter, whom she idolized as Mme. de Sévigné did Mme. de Grignan, fell in love with an entirely second-rate and penniless M. Nigris. After exhausting all arguments against the match, the consent of

M. Lebrun, then in Paris, was obtained, and the marriage portion swallowed up the bulk of Mme. Lebrun's Russian savings. As she had feared, the union was not happy. In 1800, to restore her shattered health, she went to Moscow. Four months later, returning to St. Petersburg, she heard of the assassination of the Emperor Paul. His son and successor, Alexander I, was well disposed to her, and fortune seemed again in sight. But while she always regarded Russia as her 'second country,' she was hungering for her first country, France. She had been struck off the list of *émigrés*; and, after pausing at Berlin and Dresden, she turned at last towards Paris.

It was in the autumn of 1801, after a twelve years' exile, that Mme. Lebrun arrived at her house, No. 4, Rue du Gros-Chenet, where she was welcomed with tears by her brother and M. Lebrun. The latter, whom she had freely financed during her absence, had pleasingly decorated her *appartement*, a delicate, if costly, attention which was no less than her due. Nothing could however detract from the delight of once more touching her natal soil, notwithstanding the sombre traces of revolution—the *liberté*, *fraternité*, *ou la mort* on every wall, the new fashion of separating the men and women in the *soirées*, and the funereal

'black coats and black hair,' which contrasted so gloomily with the powder and parti-colour she remembered in the past. But old friends soon rallied round her. Greuze and Ménageot called upon her. The urgent need of a ball-dress was happily adjusted by making up an embroidered Indian muslin which had once been given to her by Mme. Du Barry; the Comédie française put her on their free list; and Mme. Bonaparte brought her an invitation to breakfast with the First Consul,—one of whose grand parades on the Place du Louvre she witnessed. Besides meeting former acquaintances, such as Mme. Campan, now transferred to the Bonapartes, and Delille, blind and feeble, but still a delightful companion, she made fresh ones—Ducis, the adapter of Shakespeare; Gérard, the painter of Mme. Récamier; the beautiful Mme. Récamier herself, and her rival, the equally beautiful Spaniard, Thérésia Cabarrus, then the wife of Tallien, and later, by a third marriage, Princesse de Chimay. For a time the old pre-revolutionary suppers were revived, at which Gérard, replacing Cubières, sang *Malbrouk* —'like a Prince.' Plays also were occasionally acted in M. Lebrun's gallery. But as time went on, Mme. Lebrun found the Paris of the Consulate too thickly haunted by melancholy memories, and

she took refuge in a country house at Meudon, much to the advantage of her health. A return to the capital, however, brought back all her depression, and she resolved to dissipate it entirely by travel.

In April 1802 she left Paris for London with a companion, but without knowing a word of English, a defect which she endeavoured to obviate by engaging an English maid. But the English maid did nothing all day but eat bread and butter, and was promptly dispensed with. After travelling from Dover with her diamonds in her stockings for fear of highwaymen, she went to Brunet's Hotel in Leicester Square. Thence she moved into lodgings in Beck (? Beak) Street, and finally settled in Maddox Street. Her first impressions of England were not favourable. She had a passion for fresh air, and consequently disliked the foggy climate; the natives distressed her by their frigid taciturnity; she was frightened by the frequent 'boxing' in the streets; and appalled by the tedium of the 'routs' to which she was at once invited, where she was stifled in a standing crowd without ever getting within measurable distance of the hostess. Yet she must have grown gradually reconciled to her environment, for she stayed here three years, making

many excursions to Bath, Brighton, Tunbridge Wells, Matlock, and so forth. In the Isle of Wight, which she visited with the Margravine of Ansbach (Lady Craven), she could almost have settled down. Nor did she neglect the environs of London; she went to Hampton Court; she watched George III promenading the terrace at Windsor; she visited at Twickenham her old friend of Gennevilliers, M. de Vaudreuil. Vaudreuil introduced her to the Duc d'Orléans, Louis Philippe, then living at Orleans House with his brothers, the Comte de Beaujolais and the Duc de Montpensier. With the last-named, who died at Twickenham in 1807, she sometimes went sketching. But her memory must have failed her when she says that, showing her the view from Richmond Hill, he also showed her, in a neighbouring '*prairie*,' the trunk of a tree under which Milton sat when he composed 'Paradise Lost.' Other members of the French Royal Family whom she met in England were M. d'Artois and his son, the Duc de Berri. She was at the theatre when, in March 1804, the news arrived of Bonaparte's murder at Vincennes of the last of the Condés, the Duc d'Enghien; and she was afterwards visited by his inconsolable father, the Duc de Bourbon.

In 1802, Reynolds had been ten years dead. But Mme. Lebrun had ample opportunities of studying his pictures, which she greatly admired, particularly the 'Infant Samuel,' perhaps all the more because of an anecdote which was reported to her. When her portrait of Calonne had come to England, Reynolds went to see it at the Custom House, and to some one who commented upon its reported price, £3,200,[1] had generously replied that he himself could not have done it so well if they had given him £4,000. In default of Sir Joshua, Mme. Lebrun visited West, then in the height of his popularity. Fox called upon her, but she missed him. She was more fortunate with Mrs. Siddons whom she had seen as 'Mrs. Beverley' in Moore's 'Gamester,' and with whose beautiful voice and expressive silences she was charmed. As at Paris, she contrived, in her damp Maddox Street rooms, to have soirées, to which the beautiful Mme. Grassini (whom she painted)[2] and Mrs. Billington, then the two best singers of English opera, lent the music of their voices.

[1] She does not correct this; but she elsewhere says that Calonne only gave her 4,000 francs, in a box worth about 26 louis.—('Seventh Letter to the Princess Kourakin.')

[2] This portrait is now in the Museum at Avignon, to which the artist left it by will.

These entertainments must have been a success, for that eminent *cognoscente*, the Prince of Wales, was good enough to say that 'he looked in elsewhere; but there he stayed,'—which reads like a recollection of a line of Prior.[1] The Prince seems to have appreciated Mme. Lebrun, who painted a three-quarters picture of him for Mrs. Fitzherbert. His patronage was very useful to her, for when the other *émigrés*, who had not lived more than a year in England, were hurried back to France at the rupture of the Treaty of Amiens, he obtained the King's permission for Mme. Lebrun to remain in this country and travel where she liked. No wonder that she dilates upon his handsome presence and becoming Apollo wig!

It is time, however, to abridge the account, not only of Mme. Lebrun's English experiences, but also of her further career. Shortly after Bonaparte had been proclaimed Emperor, she returned to France to meet her daughter, who had arrived from Russia—without her husband. Mme. Catalani, whose portrait Mme. Lebrun painted, was then the rage in Paris; and she found a fresh interest in a new exponent of Racine, Mlle. Duchesnois, to whom her brother had given lessons in declama-

[1] 'They were but my Visits; but Thou art my Home.'
'A Better Answer (*i.e.*, to Cloe, Jealous.).'

tion. She also painted Bonaparte's sister Caroline (Mme. Murat) by command of the Emperor—a task not without *tracas*, owing to the vagaries of the sitter. In 1808-9 she visited Switzerland, commemorating her travels in a sequence of letters to the Countess Potocka. Save for the fact that she visited Voltaire's house at Ferney, and painted Mme. de Staël at Coppet as 'Corinne,' these records are only mildly interesting. When she got back, she bought a little country house at Louveciennes, a village on the Seine, not far from the familiar Marly Woods, and that now wrecked and ruined Pavillon where she had formerly painted Mme. Du Barry. Here she usually spent eight months of the year. In 1813 M. Lebrun died. In 1814 she was plundered by the Allies; but with the later overthrow of Bonaparte and the restoration of the Bourbons, her life no longer touches history. In 1819, she lost her daughter; in 1820, her brother. After this, she made her last *voyage* of recuperation—to Bordeaux; and the close of her memories discovers her living in tranquillity, tended carefully by two nieces, one of whom, Mme. J. Tripier-Le Franc, was an artist like herself.

Mme. Lebrun's 'Souvenirs' proper, as distinguished from her earlier letters to the Princess

Kourakin, must have been written subsequent to 1831, when the Princess died. Probably they belong to 1834-35, since they refer to the death, in June of the latter year, of the artist Gros, a life-long friend, whom in his childhood she had painted. In 1835 she was eighty. She still practised her calling, for she had passed that age when she depicted the legitimist Poujoulat. But her powers were waning. Jean Gigoux, the popular illustrator of 'Gil Blas,' says in his 'Causeries' that her work had lost much of its ancient charm; but that she herself had retained all the grace, and even the gay vivacity of her youth. As an octogenarian she still resembled her picture of more than forty years before. Her *salon* continued to be assiduously frequented by beautiful women and distinguished men, to whom she never wearied in talking of Marie Antoinette. Once Gigoux heard her exchanging reminiscences of Danton and Philippe-Egalité with the elder Berryer (who was also writing his rather dull 'Memoirs'), as if they were speaking of yesterday. An editorial postscript to the 'Souvenirs' gives a few further particulars. She died at Paris, in her eighty-eighth year, in the Rue Saint-Lazare; and she was buried at Louveciennes, to the old thirteenth-century church of which she had presented a picture of St. Geneviève,

which procured for her a metrical tribute from Mme. de Genlis. Not many of her six hundred and sixty portraits had gained harbourage in the public galleries of France during her chequered lifetime; and it was by the pious generosity of her heirs that her own likeness, and the 'Girl with the Muff,' found their final resting-place in the Louvre.

SIR JOHN HAWKINS, KNIGHT

IF, to quote a rough-and-ready definition, an 'agreeable' man is a man that agrees with you, then Sir John Hawkins, otherwise known as 'the Knight,' must have been exceptionally ill-qualified for any such characterization. Unless he is grossly belied, in neither of the accepted senses of the term can he be said to have 'agreed' with his contemporaries. Johnson, using a word which, like 'derange,' he excluded from his 'Dictionary,' spoke of him to Mrs. Thrale and Fanny Burney in 1778 as 'most *unclubable*'—such being the exact opposite of the caressing epithet he coined for Hawkins's rival, Boswell. He further described him fantastically as follows: 'I believe him to be an honest man at the bottom; but to be sure he is penurious, and he is mean, and it must be owned he has a degree of brutality, and a tendency to savageness, that cannot easily be defended.' The charge of meanness, Miss Burney explains, seems to have been based upon Hawkins's refusal, when a member of a club to

which he and Johnson had formerly belonged, to pay his share of the common supper on the ground that he never ate it. Johnson was, however, by far the most indulgent of 'the Knight's' critics. In a letter to Twining, Dr. Burney roundly accuses Hawkins of burying Johnson in the cheapest possible manner. And Malone, in the 'Maloniana,' collects a larger chaplet of dispraise. Percy, he tells us, 'concurred with every other person I have heard speak of Hawkins, in saying that he was a most detestable fellow.' Samuel Dyer, another witness, declared that Hawkins was 'a man of the most mischievous, uncharitable, and malignant disposition'; while Sir Joshua (*apud* Malone) regarded him as one who, 'though he assumed great outward sanctity, was not only mean and grovelling in disposition, but absolutely dishonest.' Reynolds also strongly condemned his behaviour as Johnson's executor, particularly his shabbiness in charging his coach hire when attending the meetings. Last comes Boswell, who, though he admits that, in consequence of Hawkins's death, he had suppressed much that he could—'an he would'—have said, still lays stress on his 'malevolence,' and the rigid formality of his character.

At this date, to refute such a body of adverse

testimony would be difficult, even were it desirable. But, in the spirit of that charitable teaching which enjoins us to comprehend rather than condemn, it is only fair to note that most of the witnesses cited were by no means unprejudiced. Johnson, moreover, was humorously exaggerating. 'We all laughed, as he meant we should,' says Miss Burney, in chronicling his words; and Mrs. Thrale had previously bracketed Hawkins with Garrick as one of those whom Johnson suffered nobody to abuse but himself—certainly an indirect, if embarrassing, evidence of his regard. Dyer disliked Hawkins as a precisian, and Hawkins disliked Dyer as a materialist. Percy's account was mere hearsay from Dyer. Reynolds, a generous but unbusinesslike man, had, with Hawkins, been Johnson's executor; and he had fretted over Hawkins's ultra-legal conduct of affairs. Boswell was not merely a rival biographer, but his vanity had been sorely wounded by the curt way in which Hawkins, in his 'Life of Johnson,' had spoken of him as 'Mr. James Boswell, a native of Scotland,'—a compliment which he had been at pains to return by calling Hawkins, when later enumerating the members of the Ivy Lane Club, no more than 'Mr. John Hawkins, an attorney.' Probably

Hawkins's gravest sins are summed up in Johnson's epithet. It is clear that he never can have been what Goldsmith styles a 'choice spirit.' Parsimony and pomposity find no favour at convivial meetings; nor 'when the Rose reigns' is the part of 'rigid Cato' a popular impersonation. Nevertheless, the fact that Hawkins was elected an original member both of the 'Club' and of its Ivy Lane predecessor must be allowed as proof of the possession on his part of some modicum at least of those intellectual qualities which Johnson regarded as indispensable in his companions. And he was clearly not lacking in ability, as even Percy admits. Besides being a creditable citizen and an excellent magistrate, he was well and accurately informed on many subjects.[1] As an enthusiastic fisherman, he prepared and annotated what is virtually the 'pioneer'

[1] 'I remember his [Percy's] saying, when he had joined us one morning in St. James's Park, "I love to ask you a question, Sir John, for if you cannot tell me what I want to know, you can always tell me where to search for it."' ('Anecdotes' etc. by Lætitia Maria Hawkins, 1822, p. 315). This book, and the two subsequent volumes of 'Memoirs,' etc., 1824, are full of interesting, if somewhat spiteful, ana. Miss Hawkins lived many years at 2, Sion Row, Twickenham, where she died in November 1835, aged 75. There is a tablet to her memory in Twickenham Church.

edition of Walton and Cotton's 'Angler'; as a lover of music, he compiled a history of that art, which is a storehouse of laboriously collected information; and finally, as Johnson's sometime associate and executor, he wrote a life of the Doctor which, in spite of the supreme and overshadowing effect of Boswell's later book, is still worth reading for the out of the way particulars it preserves concerning the seamier side of eighteenth century life and letters. If it is not possible, on general grounds, to make a very sympathetic study of its author, it should not be difficult to do him rather more justice than has hitherto fallen to his share.

The Hawkinses claimed direct descent from that bluff old Elizabethan admiral whom Kingsley, at the close of 'Westward Ho!' shows us, in the Pelican Inn at Plymouth, testifying vigorously against croakers—a hearty English practice which, it is to be hoped, will not be suffered to die out. But the family must have declined since the Armada days, for in March 1719, when our Sir John Hawkins was born, his father, like Richardson's, was a house-carpenter, who, however, afterwards rose to be a surveyor and builder. His son, who had been taught by Hoppus (of the 'Measurer'), intended at first to follow in his

footsteps. But he had acquired some knowledge of Latin, and was eventually articled to John Scott, a Bishopsgate attorney—'a hard taskmaster and a penurious housekeeper,' who must, if we believe Malone and the rest, have communicated some of his idiosyncrasy to his subordinate. Under what Miss Hawkins calls 'the variegated tyranny' of this employer,[1] Hawkins continued his self-education; and eventually began to dabble in letters, sending papers and verses to Sylvanus Urban. Moralist from the outset, his earliest prose effort is said to have been an untraced essay on 'Swearing.' His next, on 'Honesty,' appeared in the 'Gentleman's' for March 1739, to which Johnson was contributing his life of the Dutch savant Boerhaave; and it is characteristic of the argumentative spirit attributed to Hawkins that it provoked a controversy, 'continued through the magazines for several succeeding months.' Music next attracted his attention. He became a member of the Madrigal Society, and the earlier Academy of Ancient Music; and he began to write cantatas for Vauxhall and Ranelagh, which were set by John Stanley, the blind organist of the Temple Church. In 1749, being by that time fairly well known

[1] 'Anecdotes,' etc., by L. M. Hawkins, 1822, p. 125.

as a lawyer and a man of taste, he was invited by Johnson, whose acquaintance he must have made in connection with Cave's magazine, to join the club then held at the King's Head in Ivy Lane, Paternoster Row. Four years later he married a 'fortune,' in the person of Miss Sidney Storer, of Highgate—a fortune subsequently much increased by the death of his brother-in-law. Boswell maliciously alleged that Miss Storer was an old woman, whose money was her attraction. This is untrue; for she was not only very pretty, but several years younger than Hawkins, who was thirty-four. His marriage made him comfortably independent. Selling his business in Austin Friars, he bought a spacious country-house at Twickenham which included a concert-room; leased a town residence in Hatton Garden (then overlooking the pleasant plains of Pentonville!); and settled down to devote himself permanently to his two hobbies, music and fishing.

That in such circumstances he should return to letters was perhaps inevitable, as also that his first considerable effort should be an edition of Walton, who was then not so well known as now. Ten years earlier a certain egregious Moses Browne, a Clerkenwell 'pen-cutter,' author of 'Piscatory Eclogues' and later Vicar of Olney,

had put forth an 'Angler' on the old arrogant eighteenth-century lines. In other words, he had freely 'edited' it, chopping and suppressing, pruning and improving, to suit his own fancy and the fashion of George II. He brought out a fresh edition just a year before Hawkins entered the field in 1760. Hawkins, however, in advance of his age, adopted the wiser method of sticking closely to his text. What Browne had omitted he restored. He added a painstaking life of Walton, procured from Oldys another of Walton's adopted son Cotton, decorated his pages with designs by Hayman's pupil, Samuel Wale, and altogether achieved a compilation—in Johnson's words—'very diligently collected and very elegantly composed.' As might have been anticipated, it involved him in acrimonious controversy with Browne, who accused him—much as Prior accused John Forster in the matter of Goldsmith—of plagiarism and borrowing of material. But, like Forster, Hawkins eventually effaced his predecessor, as he deserved to do. In a later issue he substituted a new life of Cotton by himself for that drawn up by Oldys, and made other improvements. That he was originally attracted to his task by Browne is not unlikely; but in the opinion of the late Thomas Westwood, whom

Walton himself must assuredly have regarded as a competent judge, the first credit of worthily reviving Walton's masterpiece, and of making the first serious attempt at a biography of its author, belongs to Hawkins.[1]

Many editors—too many editors—have now followed in this field, and a large literature has grown up around the book which Charles Lamb declared would 'sweeten a man's temper at any time to read.' And it was not, as might be supposed, with Richard Marriot's original octavo of 1653, but with Hawkins's version that Lamb was most familiar. Interspersed among the old Titian and Leonardo prints that hung round the little sitting-room in his Enfield lodgings, came a sequence of India ink copies from Wale's designs[2] by Lamb's adopted daughter, Emma Isola. Lamb also possessed a battered early copy of Hawkins himself, which he had picked up—not

[1] 'Chronicle of the "Compleat Angler" of Izaak Walton and Charles Cotton,' 1864, pp. 25, 28.

[2] Wale's designs were first engraved by the unfortunate Ryland, who was hanged for forgery in 1783. Miss Isola's copies of them were from Baxter's reprint, for which they were re-engraved by Philip Audinet. Where are these relics now? The pleasant account of Emma Isola by Ellen Moxon, in the 'Bookman' for December 1909, contains nothing on the subject.

so much of a pennyworth as he expected—in 'some ramshackled repository of marine stores.' The quoted words are Westwood's, who, as a boy, was for a space Lamb's housemate at Enfield,[1] with free right of access to his 'ragged regiment' of books. The Hawkins of 1760 was a special favourite with young Westwood, who was wont to read it 'on the forked branch of an ancient apple-tree, in the little overgrown orchard' at the back of the house, whence he was just high enough to watch below him Elia's 'quaint, scholastic figure,' pacing backwards and forwards, on what Hood called 'almost immaterial legs'; while, by craning his neck, he could dimly catch in the distance the marshy levels of Walton's river Lea. One owes a lasting debt of gratitude to 'the Knight' for originating such a memory!

In 1760 Hawkins had been a year at Twickenham, and had made the acquaintance, at Strawberry Hill, of his virtuoso neighbour, Horace Walpole, who does not seem to have felt for him the repugnance manifested by some of the authorities already quoted, although Horace himself was as opposed to angling as Byron and Leigh Hunt. Writing to Sir David Dalrymple, in June, he refers to the new edition of Walton 'by Mr.

[1] His father was Lamb's landlord.

Hawkins, a very worthy gentleman in my neighbourhood, who, I could wish, did not think angling so very *innocent* an amusement.' In the following year, upon the recommendation of another Twickenham resident, Paul Whitehead, Hawkins was made a Justice of Peace for Middlesex, and immediately became an active magistrate. According to Walpole, although 'a very honest moral man,' he was extremely 'obstinate and contentious,' qualities which made him 'hated by the lower class' and 'troublesome to the gentry.' But about his judicial capacity there can be no doubt. He wrote a pamphlet on the highways, coupling with it a suggested Bill, which later became law; and he afterwards successfully opposed a scheme for penalizing the county in order to pay for the rebuilding of Newgate, an exploit which led to his being chosen (like Fielding before him) Chairman of Quarter Sessions at Hicks's Hall. Like Fielding again, he wrote a memorable Charge to the Grand Jury; and he showed such energy and decision in dealing with the Wilkes riots of 1768-9—especially at Brentford and Moorfields—that he was subsequently knighted by George III. On this occasion he was introduced to his Majesty by the Earl of Rochford, then Secretary of State for the Northern Depart-

ment, as 'the best magistrate in the kingdom'—a recommendation which may perhaps be held to preclude any great popularity.

But petty litigation, the suppression of disorder, and the glories of going to Hicks's Hall in a coach and four, do not seem to have entirely diverted Hawkins from the cultivation of the severer Muses. Shortly after the appearance of the edition of the 'Complete Angler,' Walpole had suggested to him that he should undertake the 'History of Music'—a subject then very much in the air both at home and abroad. For this task he was not without rudimentary qualifications. He was a painstaking inquirer; he had—as we have seen—been an early member of the Madrigal Society; he was interested in the Academy of Ancient Music, and he had known one of its founders, the learned theorist John Christopher Pepusch, organist of the Charterhouse, and husband of the famous singer, Margarita de l'Epine. Indeed a great deal of Hawkins's material was derived from the collections he had formerly purchased from Pepusch, and transferred in after years to the British Museum. He was also largely indebted to that canorous minor canon, the Rev. William Gostling of Canterbury, who turned Hogarth's 'Five Days' Tour' into Hudibrastics. His

labours must have begun as early as January 1761, in which month Walpole writes to Mann at Florence for a number of Italian books on music, specially intended for his Twickenham neighbour. Hawkins worked assiduously at his task for several years, continuing it with increased ardour after his knighthood, when he visited the Bodleian and other libraries, copying portraits and consulting authorities.

In 1776 the book at last appeared, in five quarto volumes, and in December of that year Walpole thus writes of it to Lady Ossory: 'I have been three days at Strawberry, and have not seen a creature but Sir John Hawkins's five volumes, the two last of which, thumping as they are, I literally did read in two days. They are old books to all intents and purposes, very old books; and what is new, is like old books, too, that is, full of minute facts that delight antiquaries; nay, if there had never been such things as parts and taste, this work would please everybody. The first volume is extremely worth looking *at*, for the curious facsimiles of old music and old instruments, and so is the second. The third is very heavy; the two last will amuse you, I think, exceedingly, at least they do me.' And then, in his light but penetrating way, he goes on to touch

upon some of Sir John's 'anfractuosities': 'My friend, Sir John, is a matter-of-fact man, and does now and then stoop very low in quest of game. Then he is so exceedingly religious and grave as to abhor mirth, except if it is printed in the old black letter, and then he calls the most vulgar ballad pleasant and full of humour. He thinks nothing can be sublime but an anthem, and Handel's choruses heaven upon earth. However, he writes with great moderation, temper, and good sense, and the book is a very valuable one. I have begged his austerity to relax on one point, for he ranks comedy with farce and pantomime. Now I hold a perfect comedy to be the perfection of human composition, and believe firmly that fifty "Iliads" and "Æneids" could be written sooner than such a character as Falstaff's. Sir John says that Dr. Wallis discovered that they who are not charmed with music want a nerve in their brain. This would be dangerous anatomy. I should swear Sir John wants the comic nerve. . . .'[1]

There is more in this of Hawkins's character than in all Malone's anthology of abuse.

In a letter of six days later to Cole the antiquary, Walpole predicts that the book would not

[1] Toynbee's 'Walpole's Letters,' ix (1904), pp. 445-6.

sell rapidly, and it did not. Its bulk was against it, as much as its style; and it was 'cruelly and unwarrantably' attacked in the 'St. James's Chronicle' by that scourge of authors, 'the asp, George Steevens.' Moreover, as in the case of the Walton, there was another Richmond in the field. In the same year appeared the first volume of Dr. Burney's 'General History of Music,' which was strong where Hawkins was weak. Dr. Burney, besides being the 'clever dog' that Johnson called him, was a professional; and he was a far better writer than his rival, though he was hasty in his judgments, and not always thorough. But he had a bustling, genial personality; and, for the time, the popular voice put the first instalment of the work above the completed labours of Hawkins. A contemporary rhymester contrasted the pair as follows:

> Have you Sir John Hawkins' histr'y?
> Some folks think it quite a myst'ry.
> Music filled his wondrous brain;
> How d'ye like him? Is it plain?
> Both I've read, and must agree,
> That Burney's Hist'ry pleases me.
> Sir John Hawkins,—Sir John Hawkins,
> How d'ye like him? how d'ye like him?
> Burney's Hist'ry—Burney's Hist'ry,
> Burney's Hist'ry pleases me.

Report affirmed that these artless verses, in which, as the sagacious reader will perceive, 'Burney's History' must be read as *Burn his* (*i.e.* Hawkins's) *History*, ruined the sale of the rival book. But Report, as frequently, is at fault. Whenever they were written, they were not set by Dr. Callcott as a 'Glee for three Voices' until 1789, when Burney's book was finished.[1] They then obtained the prize of the Catch Club. In the event, however, the tortoise won the race. Burney's brilliant volumes never passed into a second edition, while Hawkins was reprinted by Novello as late as 1875.

During the years covered by the compiling of the 'History of Music,' Hawkins's only other literary occupation, except some notes contributed to the Shakespeare of Johnson and Steevens, which bear his name,[2] was an anonymous 'Account of the Academy of Ancient Music,' undertaken and circulated

[1] So indeed the verses imply by their '*Both* I've read' (see 'Early Diary of Frances Burney,' 1907, ii, p. 29 *n.*).

[2] These secured his admission into that pack of 'black-letter-dogs' who, under guise of commentators, hunt Actaeon-Shakespeare to death in the first part of the 'Pursuits of Literature':

> '*Asbolus* Hawkins, a grim shaggy hound,
> In musick growls, and beats the bushes round.

A note says that the last four words are 'descriptive of Sir John Hawkins's "History of Musick"; in which, however, there

to prevent the dissolution of that institution. The most important event of this period, however, was his brief connection with the famous 'Club' later known as the Literary Club, established in 1764, of which he was one of the nine original members, the others being Reynolds (the founder), Johnson, Burke, Dr. Nugent (Burke's father-in-law), Goldsmith, Chamier, Beauclerk, and Langton. To these was afterwards added Samuel Dyer, a former member of the Ivy Lane Club. They met on Mondays at the Turk's Head in Gerrard Street, Soho. 'Our discourse,'—writes Hawkins in his 'Life of Johnson'—'was miscellaneous, but chiefly literary. Politics, the most vulgar of all topics [!], were alone excluded. On that subject most of us were of the same opinion. The British lion was licking his wounds [this was after the Seven Years' War], and we drank to the peace of old England.' Hawkins's membership, like Dyer's, was no doubt primarily due to his earlier relations with the Ivy Lane gathering; but his attendances seem speedily to have grown irregular. 'Hawkins is remiss,'

is much valuable information, as in all his other works, so unjustly censured in my opinion. Sir John's principal fault was *digression* from his subject; but if you excuse that, you are well repaid by the information you receive' (p. 98, tenth ed. 1799).

writes Johnson two years later to Langton; and in 1768 he ceased to attend altogether. Percy, who succeeded to the vacancy, and whose account is confirmed by Reynolds, asserts that 'the Knight' displeased the members by discourtesy to Burke, and that they testified their sense of this in such a way as to bring about his resignation. Hawkins, of course, professes to have withdrawn of his own accord; and the 'œconomy of his family,' to a man living part of the year at Twickenham, might well have been incompatible with the unseasonable hours, though he also hints darkly (in his second edition) at the threatened subversion of the society by undesirable accessions to its numbers. According to his daughter, he also resented the monopolizing of the conversation by Burke and Johnson; and, as was perhaps to be expected from a very magisterial magistrate and man of means, regarded the former, at this date, as no more than an 'Irish adventurer.' But whether he 'seceded' from, or whether he was turned out of the Gerrard Street community, the conflicting constructions placed on that mishap by those concerned, present an odd kind of resemblance to the inimitable but unpublished chapter of 'Edwin Drood' which recounts 'How Mr. Sapsea ceased to be a member of the Eight Club.'[1]

[1] Forster's 'Life of Dickens,' Bk. XI, ch. ii.

If these things affected his relations with Johnson, the fact has not been recorded. Boswell, who only became known to the great man in 1763, says: 'I never saw Sir John Hawkins in Dr. Johnson's company, I think, but once, and I am sure not above twice.' Boswell manifestly does not choose to believe they were ever really intimate, an opinion which is echoed by Malone. But there are plenty of evidences of Johnson's visits to Hawkins, and of Hawkins's visits to Johnson. No doubt few letters passed between them, if we are to judge by the small number which have been preserved. Johnson's friendship with 'the Knight,' however, went back to 1749, and perhaps much earlier, when they were both contributors to Cave's magazine; and the Ivy Lane Club itself was established more than fifteen years before Boswell first saw Johnson in Davies' shop. Hawkins, too, was one of those members of the Ivy Lane Club who, at Johnson's instance, had celebrated the success of Mrs. Lenox's 'Harriot Stuart' in 1751 by an all-night sitting at the Devil Tavern to the accompaniment of hot apple-pie and bay-leaves, and there is no record that he was either expelled or withdrew from the association before it broke up in 1756. In 1783, long after he had left the Literary Club, we find Johnson still writing to him kindly to pro-

pose that the surviving members of the Ivy Lane Club should dine together 'for old sake's sake'; and they did in effect so dine more than once, breaking up, however, far too early for the sick and solitary old man. A year later, when Johnson was visibly failing, and Boswell, whose vanity had been wounded by some reproof, was sulking in Scotland, Johnson wrote again to Hawkins from Lichfield, begging him to visit him at Bolt Court, 'and give him the benefit of his advice and the consolation of his company.' In the following month he died, before Boswell, unfortunately for himself, had regained his equanimity. It was consequently Hawkins who was prominently about Johnson in his last days; Hawkins, who eventually induced him to make his will; and Hawkins, who became the most active of his three executors.

For those who credit all the bedside gossip, some of 'the Knight's' exertions in this capacity must have been—to say the least—'obnoxious to censure.' He was suspected, among other things, of surreptitiously appropriating a quarto manuscript volume containing some valuable autobiographical recollections by Johnson, an act which was at once officiously reported to the invalid, who was much disturbed by it. But Hawkins promptly justified himself by so adroit a penitential letter explaining

he had simply intended to preserve the volume from a possible depredator (who is understood to have been George Steevens), that Johnson not only unreservedly accepted his explanation, but praised the manner of it to Langton. The occurrence, however, maliciously heightened, gave great amusement to the quidnuncs.[1] Another incident, probably also transformed by tittle-tattle, took place in connection with Johnson's watch,—a rather valuable tortoise-shell timekeeper by Mudge and Dutton, for which in 1768 the Doctor had paid seventeen guineas. This relic, Malone asserts, Hawkins wished to secure as a solatium for his services as executor; and, no doubt, he meant to pay for it. But his colleagues regarded it as properly reverting to the residuary legatee, Johnson's servant, Francis Barber, a black man, to whom, rather against Hawkins's judgment, Johnson had left the bulk of his property. Hawkins naturally says nothing of this matter; and Barber got the watch, which he sold later to a Lichfield canon. The story, how-

[1] It may be added that the volume, or volumes, for there were two, were objects of much anxious solicitude to the Doctor's friends. Boswell himself confessed to Johnson that he had been sorely tempted to steal them, and never see him more. 'Upon my enquiring how this would have affected him, "Sir" (said he), "I believe I should have gone mad."' The books were apparently destroyed.

ever, decorated to fancy, went abroad; and Porson later made it the theme of a witty but now forgotten squib in the 'Gentleman's Magazine.' Another charge, already referred to, is that Hawkins caused Johnson, from motives of economy, to be 'unworthily interred' in the Abbey by omitting the anthem and choral service at his funeral, a thing for which the Dean and Chapter were subsequently blamed in the public prints. But here Hawkins could scarcely have acted without the concurrence of his co-executors, Reynolds and Scott; and, as we are expressly informed, the expenses amounted to more than £200.[1]

According to Miss Hawkins, Sir John, having resolved soon after the death of Johnson to write his biography, was almost simultaneously invited, on behalf of the London booksellers, to undertake that task as an introduction to an edition of the Doctor's complete works. For this he was to receive two hundred pounds. He accepted the proposal, and began forthwith. As in the cases of the Walton and the 'History of Music,' his theme was occupying, or had recently occupied, other persons, who were all of them unlikely to be well disposed to an executor with special privileges. Mrs. Thrale was preparing her lively, if not very trustworthy,

[1] 'Gentleman's Magazine,' 1785, p. 86.

'Anecdotes'; Boswell, his 'Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides,' with its admirable conversations; and further, with Malone's aid and counsel, he was making way with that larger 'Life' he had announced as in progress. Cook, Tyers, Shaw, and Towers had all their turns and advocates. Added to these things, Hawkins, with obvious advantages, had obvious defects. He had no constructive power. He was terribly discursive; and his discursiveness was aggravated by the old custom of unbroken narrative. Anything sent him off the track. As the 'Monthly Review' said, with more vivacity than usually belonged to Mr. Griffiths's meritorious publication, 'he talks at large . . . of music, politics, legal decisions, and the arches of Blackfriars bridge.' It was surely needless, even as an illustration of Johnson's Demosthenic manner, to fill twenty pages with the reprint of speeches that were never spoken; or to reproduce long extracts from the Harleian Catalogue which were not by Johnson at all. Also, it was equally irrelevant, apropos of Chesterfield, to discuss at length the morality of the famous 'Letters.' Then, it must be admitted, 'the Knight' has an unhappy knack of saying uncomfortable things. 'Souvent jusque sur le trottoir Il donne ses coups de boutoir.' No doubt his utterances express his

honest opinion, or what he regarded as his righteous indignation; and, from his point of view, they are, if arguable, intelligible. But 'nunc non erat his locus'—as his classic contemporaries complained: it is 'not honesty to have them thus set down.' He offended some readers at the outset, by subserviently referring, in his Dedication to the King, to the royal bounty which had raised Johnson from indigence, whereas George III only honoured himself by bestowing it. To speak of the 'feebleness and inanity' of Addison's style, with whatever unction of compliment to his sentiments and humour, is sheer stupidity; to talk of Pitt's 'yelping pertinacity,' eight years after Lord Chatham had been laid in an honourable grave, is a clumsily gratuitous instance of 'nil nisi malum.' Nor was it necessary, in the interests of propriety, to run amuck through the great fictionists of the time. All this tended to increase the hostility of the critics, with the result that the book was more mercilessly anatomized than any volume of its kind. The 'Monthly Review,' to which the author had been a contributor, gave it four articles; and throughout the whole of 1787 the 'Gentleman's' kept up a dropping fire of criticism, including the already mentioned paper by Porson.

But at this time of day, apart from merits or

demerits, there is no doubt the 'Life of Johnson' was not fairly treated. That much of its material was unassailable, the 'Monthly Review,' by omitting the digressions, sufficiently demonstrated. It contrived to construct from Hawkins a continuous Memoir which, even now, gives an excellent account of its subject. If Hawkins made mistakes, they have long ago been corrected; and all his competitors made mistakes at the outset. It is not, however, with Hawkins's 'life' that we are at present so much concerned. The abiding and original side of his labours is just those divagations and superfluities which disturbed the orderly eighteenth century spirit. Even Boswell, shaking a rival wig over the 'unpardonable inaccuracies,' is forced to admit that the book 'contains a collection of curious anecdotes and observations, which few men but its author could have brought together.' It is to these 'curious anecdotes' that the reader, who knows all that he cares to know about Johnson, now turns. He likes to hear of Dodd and Savage and Cave; of Boyse and Amhurst and Ralph and the other 'authors by profession'; of Clubs and Taverns, of Mrs. Cornelys and the Cock Lane Ghost, of Bookshops and Booksellers; of the rivalry of the 'Gentleman's' and the 'London'

magazines; and he may even bring himself to bear, in pliant moments, with 'instances of learned men who have been taken into the families of the Great,' or disquisitions on the architecture of the bridges of London. And if 'the Knight' has his arid tracts, he has also his occasional flower-knots. This is his account of Johnson's conception of that parliamentary oratory under the second George which, from his Exeter Street garret, he reported but never heard: 'The characteristic of the one assembly we know is Dignity: the privilege of the other Freedom of Expression. To speak of the first, when a member thereof endowed with wisdom, gravity, and experience, is made to rise, the stile which Johnson gives him is nervous, his matter weighty, and his arguments convincing; and when a mere popular orator takes up a debate, his eloquence is by him represented in a glare of false rhetoric, specious reasoning, an affectation of wit, and a disposition to trifle with subjects the most interesting.' One rubs one's eyes as one reads, and wonders whether the senatorial standards of 'that enlightened age in which we live' really differ materially from those of the 'Hurgoes' and 'Clinabs' of Johnson's Magna Lilliputia!

A second edition of the 'Life,' modified to

some extent, followed at the close of 1787. Scarcely any of it was sold—says Malone. In 1784, a fire at the house in Queen Square, Westminster (once Admiral Vernon's), to which Hawkins had moved from Hatton Garden, destroyed his library, and for a space interrupted his labours. After a temporary sojourn in Orchard Street, he took up his abode in the Broad Sanctuary. Here, in May 1789, he died of an apoplectic seizure, and was buried in the Abbey Cloisters, under a stone which, by his express wish, bore no more than his initials, his age, and the date of his death. In Chalmers's biographical sketch of him, whence these last particulars are derived, there follows a very laudatory summary of character, which, unfortunately, is somewhat discounted from its having been communicated by the family. That, in addition to the ordinary lapidary epithets, he was 'a sincere Christian (as, notwithstanding the calumnies of his enemies, can be abundantly testified by the evidence of many persons now living),' there is no need to doubt; or further that he was—to quote another writer—a person of unquestioned worth and integrity. But these things, when accompanied by difficulties of manner, are much affected by the point of view. The man who, in the grave

atmosphere of the then growing 'Clapham Sect,' would seem a pattern, might, to the Literary Club, be simply insupportable. His dignity, particularly if it were emphasized by the drawling speech indicated in the popular epitaph,[1] might easily be mistaken for pomposity; his thrift, for meanness; his rectitude, for austerity; his sanctity, for sanctimoniousness. Yet, with all this, he could still—as Johnson said—be 'an honest man at the bottom.' His worst fault, probably, lay, not so much in his frigid Puritanism and hide-bound temperament, as in his 'plentiful lack' of that saving solvent in social intercourse—a sense of humour. His clever neighbour at Strawberry was right in suspecting that he 'wanted the comic nerve.' There is no cure for such cases; and no consolation save the wise caution of Johnson: 'Never believe extraordinary characters which you hear of people. Depend upon it, Sir, they are exaggerated.' That is worth bearing in mind, even if the Doctor, who was a humourist himself, should contradict it flatly within twenty-four hours.

[1] 'Here lies Sir John Hawkins
In his shoes and *staukins*.'

LAUREATE WHITEHEAD

SENSITIVE Mr. James Boswell, whose vanity was wounded by the inadequate mention made of his name in Hawkins's 'Life of Johnson,' seems to have been equally annoyed at a 'sneering observation' in Mason's 'Memoirs' of Whitehead. What the observation in question was, he does not vouchsafe to tell us;[1] but from his context he must have considered that Mason had indirectly disparaged the importance, in biography, of letters and conversations. These last were Boswell's strong point; and as he had said in the 'Dedication' of the 'Tour to the Hebrides,' he regarded them as 'the most valuable part' of his work. 'Mason's Life of Gray'—he wrote to Temple in February 1788—'is excellent, because it is interspersed with letters which show us the *man*. His Life of Whitehead is not a life at all, for there is neither a letter nor a saying from first to last. I am absolutely certain that my mode of

[1] Nor is it easy to trace it in Mason himself, whose main attack seems directed at Johnson's 'Life of Gray.'

biography, which gives not only a *History* of Johnson's *visible* progress through the world, and of his publications, but a *view* of his mind in his letters and conversations, is the most perfect that can be conceived, and will be more of a Life than any work that has ever yet appeared.' Three years later, in the opening pages of that Life, he returns to the same idea: 'That the conversation of a celebrated man, if his talents have been exerted in conversation, will best display his character, is, I trust, too well established in the judgment of mankind, to be at all shaken by the sneering observation of Mr. Mason, in his 'Memoirs of Mr. William Whitehead,' in which there is literally no *Life*, but a mere dry narrative of facts. I do not think it was quite necessary to attempt a depreciation of what is universally esteemed, because it was not to be found in the immediate object of the ingenious writer's pen; for in truth, from a man so still and so tame, as to be contented to pass many years as the domestick companion or a superannuated lord and lady [which is Boswell's disrespectful description of the third Earl and Countess of Jersey], conversation worth recording could no more be expected, than from a Chinese mandarin on a chimney-piece, or the fantastick figures on a gilt leather skreen.'

Boswell's attitude is Boswellian, and not a little undignified, since he has by far the best of the argument. His conception of biography is unassailable; and where to epistolary material is added the material of conversation, the combination cannot fail to succeed. It is true that the reproduction of conversation, when not stenographic, has its suspected side, as the lynx-eyed Croker, with whom distrust was congenital, discovered in reviewing the *Diary* of Mme. D'Arblay. He doubted her ability 'to give, verbatim, all the details of long conversations—sometimes many days old—which the readiest pen and the quickest apprehension could not have done even on the instant'; and it may be conceded, notwithstanding Dr. Burney's declaration that his daughter 'carried bird-lime in her brains,' that one sometimes hesitates a little at those lengthy 'theatricalized' dialogues, to which, as in a play, the names of the speakers are prefixed. But with Boswell, the case is otherwise. His memory was to the full as retentive as Fanny Burney's. He had extraordinary mimetic power; and could probably have reproduced Johnson's deliberate sonority and strongly-marked characteristics as effectively as Garrick. He had attentively studied his model's peculiarities of manner; and from the memoranda

of a dinner party or a night's intercourse (for he wrote no shorthand), could reconstruct a condensed record, which in its main lines should be vivid enough to deceive, by its absolute verisimilitude, even those who had been present. That he did not profess to make it literal, is clear from his repeated attempts—as he became gradually 'impregnated with the Johnsonian æther'—to Johnsonize it more exactly. In short, the man and the material had met. Mason, writing of Whitehead with meagre data, and with no correspondence, could naturally only depreciate methods of which he was unable to avail himself. But though his subject was a small one, it was not without interest; and if not ample enough for an extended biography, is still not too minute for a brief paper, particularly as the laureates of the eighteenth century, perhaps by reason of their office, have not always received the modest recognition which, as literary figures, they sometimes merit.

William Whitehead, here to be considered, whose quiet and unobtrusive personality must not be confused with that of his far less worshipful namesake, Paul Whitehead, the crony of Wilkes and Monk of Medmenham, was of humble origin, even humbler origin than Richardson and Sir John

Hawkins. He was born in 1715, his father being a baker of St. Botolph's Parish, Cambridge, who served Pembroke Hall. He must have been well-to-do, for he gave his elder son a liberal education. By the interest of Lord Montfort (then Mr. Bromley), he obtained for his second son, born fifteen years later, a nomination to Winchester. Two years afterwards he died, in embarrassed circumstances, having frittered away his means in the fantastic decoration of a country house in the neighbouring village of Grantchester, which long went by the name of 'Whitehead's Folly.' His son William nevertheless continued at Winchester, then under Dr. Burton, who seems to have appreciated his pupil's early metrical exercises so much that he eventually came to 'speak of them with rapture.' From poetry the boy turned to the drama, producing at sixteen an entire comedy. He is also said to have acted a female part in the 'Andria' of Terence, and certainly played Marcia in a school representation of Addison's 'Cato'—rôles which may be held to imply something of that gentle and effeminate character which is attributed to him. In 1733, when Peterborough, then seventy-five, and within two years of his end, visited Winchester from Bevis Mount with Pope, he gave ten guineas to

the boys for prizes; and Pope suggested that they should take 'Mordanto's' own exploits in the Peninsula as a theme for a 'copy of verses.' This must have been a time when at Winchester, in Whitehead's later words—'the Muses revell'd most,' for no fewer than six of the competitors took guinea prizes, Whitehead being one. The remainder of the money was laid out in subscriptions for other boys to 'Friar Pine's' incised 'Horace,' then beginning to be issued. At William of Wykeham's College Whitehead also attained a respectable, though not an extraordinary facility as a writer of Latin verse, and he was even commissioned by Pope to try his skill at a translation of the first Epistle of the 'Essay on Man.' But although the task was performed, there is no record that it rivalled Johnson's rendering of the 'Messiah.' Perhaps it was less easy to interpret what the author himself had failed to comprehend.

Whitehead's record at Winchester is that of a rather delicate boy, fonder of the poets and Mrs. De la Rivière Manley's 'New Atalantis,' than of 'urging the flying ball' of Gray, while either from delicacy or prudence (his biographer is not sure which), he sought his companions among the more refined and better-born of his schoolmates. When, in September 1735, the

time came for his election to New College, Oxford, although he had been school tutor to a nobleman's son and a prepositor, his name, 'through the force of superior interest,' was placed so low upon the list that it was impossible for him to succeed. He consequently left Winchester with no greater advantage than a good education. At this point, however, the accident of his birth stood him in stead. Some scholarships specially open to the orphan sons of bakers had been founded at Clare Hall by a certain Thomas Pyke, who had himself been what Derrick called a 'Master of the Rolls,' and one of these scholarships Whitehead's mother obtained. It was worth but four shillings a week, which, though it meant more than it does now, was still far from making him easy. Yet it is to his credit that his narrow circumstances seem never to have affected his popularity. As a versifier whom Pope had praised, he was still memorable; and his address and amiability speedily recommended him to many prominent persons. Charles Townsend, Ogden of the 'Sermons,' Hurd, afterwards the Bishop, Mason's uncle, Dr. Balguy, are among the names of those who not only noticed him at this date, but remained his friends for life; and when, in 1736, Frederick, Prince of Wales, was married to

his clever wife, the Princess Augusta, Whitehead was one of the choir of academic singing-birds—a choir including Gray and West and Horace Walpole—which burst into loyal jubilation. Three years later, he graduated B.A. and in 1742 he became a Fellow of his College.

Whitehead printed his contribution to the 'Gratulatio' in his first volume, but he afterwards withdrew it from publication. Of the verses which roused the facile plaudits of Dr. Burton nothing seems to have survived save a passable 'Vision of Solomon' in ten-line stanzas; and an address to his mother, obviously inspired, as Mason points out, by Pope's birthday offering to Martha Blount. Pope, indeed, at this date, was very much in Whitehead's thoughts. His first published production at Cambridge was a sequence of Popesque heroics on 'The Danger of Writing Verse.' It contains mildly aphoristic lines such as

> What 's born in leisure men of leisure read

(which by the way is arguable); and couplets such as

> Or, deeply vers'd in flatt'ry's wily ways,
> Flow in full reams of undistinguish'd praise,

which happily reflect their admired model, while

there is a commendable energy in the ensuing outburst over licence:

> Curs'd be their verse, and blasted all their bays,
> Whose sensual lure th' unconscious ear betrays;
> Wounds the young breast, ere Virtue spreads her shield,
> And takes, not wins, the scarce disputed field.
> Though specious rhet'ric each loose thought refine,
> Though music charm in every labour'd line,
> The dangerous verse, to full perfection grown,
> BAVIUS might blush, and QUARLES disdain to own.

The last words show that Whitehead followed his master in disdaining Quarles, with whom both were probably but imperfectly acquainted. But he scarcely attained the admirable perspicuity of Pope; and if, as alleged, Pope praised 'The Danger of Writing Verse,' it must have been that he recognized in its author a creditable pupil rather than a dangerous rival. In Whitehead's next effort, a versification of the Atys and Adrastus episode in Herodotus (Atys, it should be mentioned, was accidentally killed by Adrastus in hunting the Mysian boar), Pope still dominates the writer; and in a third performance, 'Ann Boleyn to Henry VIIIth,' based upon her famous last letter from the Tower, as printed by Addison in the 'Spectator,' 'Eloisa to Abelard' is plainly in his mind. But it was a bold attempt to dilute

in verse what Shakespeare (*pace* Mr. Addison) could scarcely have bettered for truth and unfeigned poignancy; and it is ill reading the rhymed paraphrase after the prose original. Whitehead is far more at home in another poem 'On Ridicule,' published in the same year, which has several telling passages on the nice conduct of that risible faculty which, we are assured by the author of 'Horæ Subsecivæ,' constitutes, with the possession of a chin and the convolution of the brain known as the *hippocampus minor*, our chief distinction from the brute creation. Here is an easily recognizable class of laughers:

> Fond of one art, most men the rest forgo;
> And all 's ridiculous, but what they know.
> Freely they censure lands they ne'er explore,
> With tales they learn'd from coasters on the shore.
> As Afric's petty kings, perhaps, who hear
> Of distant states from some weak traveller,
> Imperfect hints with eager ears devour,
> And sneer at Europe's fate, and Britain's power.

And here is a wise warning, even now,—

> 'Tis dangerous, too, in these licentious times,
> Howe'er severe the smile, to sport with crimes . . .
> When TULLY'S tongue the Roman CLODIUS draws,
> How laughing satire weakens MILO'S cause!
> Each pictur'd vice so impudently bad,
> The crimes turn frolics, and the villain mad;

Rapes, murders, incest, treasons, mirth create,
And Rome scarce hates the author of her fate.

It is consolatory, too, to find that Whitehead does not share the views of Sir John Hawkins as to the 'feebleness and inanity' of Addison's style.

See, with what grace instructive satire flows
Politely keen, in CLIO'S [1] numbered prose!
That great example should our zeal excite,
And censors learn from ADDISON to write.

In the first version of this poem, Whitehead included Lucian and Cervantes as legitimate models in the art of ridicule, but he withdrew them afterwards, as well as some other masters, in order that Addison might reign alone.

A poem to Lord Ashburnham on 'Nobility' completes Whitehead's academic output; and his next function was that of tutor to a son of the third Earl of Jersey. As his fellowship was not prejudiced by such an employment, he removed in 1745 to his patron's house in Berkeley Square. Besides his pupil, Viscount Villiers, he had the education of a friend of the family named Stephens. But his duties left him ample leisure to cultivate an already-formed taste for the stage,

[1] C. L. I. O.—were initials which Addison appended to his 'Spectators.'

and he promptly set about a ballad-farce called the 'Edinburgh Ball,' based on the '45, and ridiculing the Pretender. This, however, despite its manifest 'actuality,' was neither printed nor performed. Two years afterwards he was evidently preluding to more serious efforts. He must have become known to Dr. Benjamin Hoadly, on whose 'Suspicious Husband,' which Garrick had popularized by his rendering of 'Ranger,' he wrote some commendatory verses; and he also addressed an octosyllabic epistle to 'Roscius' himself, who had just been appointed joint patentee with Lacy of Drury Lane. Both Thalia and Melpomene are made to combine in praising Garrick; and both seem needlessly preoccupied by their recollections of Pope on Swift.[1] 'O thou' —says Melpomene—

> O thou, whom Nature taught the art
> To pierce, to cleave, to tear the heart,
> Whatever name delight thy ear,
> OTHELLO, RICHARD, HAMLET, LEAR;—

to which Thalia replies—

> O thou, where'er thou fix thy praise,
> BRUTE, DRUGGER, FRIBBLE, RANGER, BAYS!

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[1] O thou! whatever Title please thine ear,
Dean, Drapier, Bickerstaff, or Gulliver!
('Dunciad,' i, 20.)

O join with her [1] in my behalf,
And teach an audience when to laugh.
So shall buffoons with shame repair
To draw in fools at Smithfield fair,
And real humour charm the age,
Though FALSTAFF should forsake the stage.—

the last line being a palpable reference to the approaching retirement of Quin to Bath, where he was to enter on his closing vocation of wit and bon-vivant. But Whitehead is nothing if not didactic, and he winds up with an appeal to the all-powerful manager to purify the stage.

A nation's taste depends on you:
—Perhaps a nation's virtue too,—

he is reminded; and he is diplomatically enjoined to

Consult your own good sense in all,
Be deaf to fashion's fickle call,
Nor e'er descend from reason's laws
To court, what you command, applause.

If, with this admonition, we cannot positively connect the subsequent production at Drury Lane of Whitehead's first play, 'The Roman Father,' we must at least admit that 'it followed hard upon.' 'The Roman Father' was a careful academic adaptation of the story of the Horatii

[1] Mrs. Pritchard.

and Curiatii which Corneille had taken from Livy, with omissions and extensions to suit the English cast, greater prominence being given to the father of the hero, a part which was sustained by Garrick, Horatia, his daughter, being played by Mrs. Pritchard, who had also been thoughtfully eulogized in the Garrick epistle. The piece was produced in February 1750, and had a *succès d'estime*. But Whitehead is his own severest critic in his 'Prologue,' spoken by 'silver-tongued' Barry, the handsome interpreter of young Horatius:—

> Our bard has play'd a most adventurous part,
> And turn'd upon himself the critic's art:
> Stripp'd each luxuriant plume from Fancy's wings,
> And torn up similes like vulgar things:
> Nay even each moral, *sentimental*, stroke,
> Where not the character, but poet spoke,
> He lopp'd, as foreign to his chaste design,
> Nor spar'd an useless, tho' a golden line.

It is hazardous for an author to suggest to his public an obvious objection; and in Whitehead's case, his classic restraint and economy of rhetorical ornament were not redeemed by any exceptional vigour of expression. In a second tragedy, 'Creusa, Queen of Athens,' adapted from the 'Ion' of Euripides, and brought out

at Drury Lane four years later, he achieved a greater literary, if a less popular triumph. Garrick again took a leading character, Mrs. Pritchard was the Queen, and Miss Macklin the boy Ilyssus, who had been substituted for the Ion of the model. Concerning the acting merits of 'Creusa,' Garrick's two biographers, Murphy and Davies, are at issue. It may be mentioned, however, that Walpole—not always so contemptible a judge as Macaulay supposes—had no doubts.[1] 'It is the only new tragedy'—Horace tells Chute—'that I ever saw and really liked. The plot is most interesting, and though so complicated, quite clear and natural. The circumstance of so much distress being brought on by characters, every one good, yet acting consistently with their principles towards the misfortunes of the drama, is quite new and pleasing.' To-day, perhaps, what is most vital about the play is the second or occasional epilogue spoken by Mrs. Pritchard, and written by the author at the general election which followed the death, in March 1754, of Henry Pelham. It sketches a feminine House of Commons, where, placed for once 'in good *St. Stephen's* pews,' women should straightway proceed to enforce early marriages,

[1] Toynbee's 'Walpole's Letters,' iii (1903), 228-9.

prohibit gaming, double-tax wine, and take the duty off all imports of 'blonds and laces, French hoops, French silks, French cambricks, and—French faces.' 'Creusa' and 'The Roman Father' were Whitehead's only acted offerings to Melpomene; and with the record that they brought him enough to pay his father's still outstanding debts, we may dismiss his contributions to 'the buskin'd stage.' But, as we shall find later, he made a further essay in comedy.

Up to the period now reached, and despite the distractions of stagecraft, his pen had not been idle in other ways, and had exercised itself in various directions. Of verses that can be dated, the chief is an highly ornate 'Ode to the Nymph of Bristol Spring' (St. Vincent's Well), an attempt, in Thomsonian blank verse, to emulate the hymns of Homer and Callimachus. Another piece, on 'Friendship,' attracted the commendation of Gray, though more for its execution than its theme, in which the critic discovered a latent note of satire. A third piece, 'The Sweepers,' recalls the 'Splendid Shilling' of Philips, but is more a memory of Gay's 'Trivia' than a parody of Milton. These things, however, with 'La Fontaine' tales, epistles in octosyllabics, and the rest, serve to prove that the writer was more

capable than some of his contemporaries, of varying, not only his measures, but his matter. He also contributed three papers to Moore's just established 'World,' which exhibit a pleasing facility in that 'other harmony of prose.' One is levelled at the stupidity and obscenity of the contemporary novel—charges from which he is careful to exempt both Richardson and Fielding. Another is a sensible protest against the effeminacy of male beauty; a third rallies agreeably the then fashionable 'Chinese manner' in building and furniture, which was apparently[1] already supplanting pseudo-Gothic. In 1754 Whitehead collected his verses into a volume; and in June of the same year left England in the capacity of 'Governor' or travelling tutor to his pupil, Lord Villiers, and Lord Harcourt's son, Lord Nuneham. Making their way through Flanders, the trio paused for a while at Rheims (like Gray and Walpole before them) in order to study French; and next moving to Leipzig, devoted seven months to 'Droit Publique' under Professor Mascou, then very old, but still capable of reading his

[1] We say 'apparently,' because at this date, 1753, the apostle of Gothic, Horace Walpole, was still continuing, by slow stages, to convert Mrs. Chenevix's little country-box at Twickenham into a 'Gothic castle."

lectures. From Leipzig they went on to Dresden, reaching Hanover in 1755, at the very time when George II was paying his last visit to his beloved Electorate before the Seven Years' War. At Hanover they happened upon Whitehead's future biographer, Mason, who was domestic chaplain to the Earl of Holdernesse, Secretary of State for the Northern Department. To this connection belongs a poetical address by Whitehead to Mason, in which the former, rather unexpectedly, considering his antecedents, enjoins his friend not to 'loiter life away,' but to devote himself to an active career. From Hanover the party passed to Vienna, and finally entered Italy. The declaration of war prevented their traversing France on their homeward journey; but after crossing the Alps, and visiting Switzerland, Germany, and Holland, they finally landed at Harwich in September 1756.[1]

Their experiences exhibit the 'Grand Tour' at its best—not as the 'premature, and indigested *Travel*' against which the excellent Dr. Brown inveighs in his 'inestimable *Estimate*'; but

[1] In Mr. Ralph Straus's opportune and interesting study of 'Robert Dodsley,' Lane, 1909, are printed two letters from Whitehead to the bookseller. From one of these, sent from Leipzig in April 1755, it appears that Garrick had revived 'Creusa.'

rather—as conceived by Sidney and John Evelyn—in the light of an apprenticeship to the business of life. Whitehead was an ideal 'Governor'; and his companions were docile and genuinely attached to him. One result of their wanderings was, perhaps of necessity, the production on the tutor's part of poetical *impressions de voyage*. There is an opening 'Ode to the Tiber' on entering the Campagna; but the majority of the pieces are elegies after the model of Gray, a circumstance which has perhaps led to their being more neglected than they deserve to be.

One of these last, written on the Mausoleum of Augustus (then a garden belonging to the Marchese di Corre), in which young Lord Villiers is invited to emulate Marcellus, has a stanza that faintly suggests a quatrain of the Rubáiyát:

> In every shrub, in every flow'ret's bloom,
> That paints with different hues yon smiling plain,
> Some Hero's ashes issue from the tomb,
> And live a vegetative life again.

Is not this Omar's

> I sometimes think that never blows so red
> The Rose as where some buried Caesar bled;
> That every Hyacinth the Garden wears
> Dropt in her Lap from some once lovely Head?

In another elegy, also written at Rome, White-

head addresses his other pupil, Lord Nuneham; and in his final lines indicates the true function of a patrician man of taste:—

Whate'er of Greece in sculptur'd brass survives,
Whate'er of Rome in mould'ring arcs remains,
Whate'er of Genius on the canvass lives,
Or flows in polish'd verse, or airy strains,

Be these thy leisure; to the chosen few,
Who dare excel, thy fost'ring aid afford;
Their arts, their magic powers, with honours due
Exalt; but *be* thyself what they record.

It was quite in accordance with these useful precepts, that while he was at Rome, Whitehead was appointed, by the good offices of his noble patrons, to 'two genteel patent places, usually united,' namely, those of Secretary and Register of the Order of the Bath. He was thus removed sufficiently beyond the necessity of pleasing in order to live; and shortly afterwards, when Colley Cibber died, he became also Poet Laureate.

The vacancy had first been offered, through Lord John Cavendish, the Lord Chamberlain's brother, to Gray, by whom it was declined. 'I hope'—his biographer Mason makes him say—'I hope you couched my refusal to Lord John Cavendish in as respectful terms as possible, and with all due acknowledgments to the Duke [of

Devonshire].' This is an excellent example of the latitude of eighteenth-century editing; for Gray did not utter a single word that has been quoted. On the contrary, he wrote a very Gray-like and rather petulant letter to Mason. He 'knew very well,' he said, 'the bland emollient saponaceous qualities both of sack and silver,' but while he did not pretend to blame any one else that had 'not the same sensations,' he would 'rather be sergeant trumpeter or pin-maker to the palace.' . . . 'The office itself,' he added, 'has always humbled the professor hitherto, . . . if he were a poor writer by making him more conspicuous, and if he were a good one by setting him at war with the little fry of his own profession, for there are poets little enough to envy even a poet laureate.' Looking to Cibber, and the Eusdens and Tates who had preceded him, Gray's attitude is intelligible. But Whitehead had 'not the same sensations,' nor had some of his friends. Richard Owen Cambridge, indeed, in a congratulatory poem, declared that 'every envious voice was hushed'—

> Tho' by prescriptive right prepar'd
> To libel the selected bard—

an ideal condition of things which is surely too good to be true. Be this as it may, Whitehead set himself 'to play the game.' He had not, like

Gray, been proffered exemption from the duties, and he manfully disregarded Mason's advice to employ an occasional 'ghost.' From November 1758 to the end of his life he continued to produce his 'quit-rent odes' and 'pepper-corns of praise' with exemplary industry; and it must be honestly admitted, despite the verdict of Johnson (who thought the difference between bad and good in these matters too trifling for discrimination), with far greater ability than had characterized the perfunctory efforts of his forerunners. As Gray had predicted, and as Cambridge had really expected, he did not escape the hostility of the 'little fry,' who, however amiable they may have seemed at the outset, were unwearied in denouncing his performances in office. To such assaults he was not careful to reply. But in some verses entitled 'A Pathetic Apology for all Laureates, past, present, and to come,' composed not long before his death, he shows that he fully appreciated the tribulations of those whose

> —Muse, *oblig'd* by sack and pension,
> Without a subject, or invention—
> Must certain words in order set,
> As innocent as a Gazette;
> Must some half-meaning half disguise,
> And utter neither truth nor lies.—

a definition which, if it can scarcely be said to magnify his office, has, at all events, the authority of prolonged experience.[1]

When he returned to England from the Continent, Whitehead had reached that middle-age beyond which, in ordinary circumstances, a new career is not embarked upon. For many years to come he lived with Lord Jersey, no longer as a tutor, but as a companion to his pupil's father and mother, now advanced in years. The difficulties which in other cases have arisen from such an arrangement were materially modified by Whitehead's own tact and amiability, and by the perfect taste and delicacy with which he was treated by the 'superannuated lord and lady' at whom Boswell thought it necessary to jeer. Lord Harcourt also gave him a standing invitation to Nuneham. It must have been either at Nuneham or Middleton Park that he prepared his solitary comedy, the 'School for Lovers,' based upon Fontenelle's unacted 'Le Testament.' Perhaps

[1] Gray was more generous to Whitehead than some of his contemporaries. 'Do you know I like both Whitehead's Odes'—he writes to Mason in January 1759—'in great measure, but nobody else does.' Elsewhere he says, 'they are far better than anything he ever wrote.' He also liked the verses to Garrick.

because of Whitehead's repudiation of sentimentality in the Prologue to the 'Roman Father,' Mason shrank from classing the piece with the *comédie larmoyante* already established in France,[1] and soon to be transferred to this country. But Whitehead's admission in his own never-spoken 'Prologue' is here conclusive. His work, he says, professes to 'play politely with your hopes and fears, And sometimes smiles provoke, and sometimes tears'—a distinction which plainly indicates a leaning to the new *comédie mixte*, rather than that elder manner which relied exclusively upon the ridicule of vice and folly. As in the 'Roman Father,' he also aimed at 'pure simplicity.' His plot, turning on the time-honoured embarrassments of ward and guardian, is almost bald; his pathos is not infectious; his humour (in which he was by no means deficient) is 'polite' to the vanishing point. Consequently his Dorilants and Caelias, his Modelys and Aramintas are not more exhilarating than the superfine puppets later set

[1] In Dialogue XIV of the 'Dialogues of the Dead' (1760), Lyttelton makes Pope say: 'It is a wonderful thing, that in France the 'Comick Muse' should be 'the gravest lady in the nation . . . Now she weeps over vice instead of showing it to mankind, as I think she generally ought to do, in ridiculous lights' ('Works,' 1776, ii, 199).

in motion by Kelly and Cumberland. But Garrick, who when he chose could float or finesse anything, played once more the leading part, being excellently seconded by Palmer and O'Brien, while for women there were Mrs. Cibber (acting at fifty a girl of fifteen!), Mrs. Clive, and Mrs. Yates, any one of whom, by herself, could have secured attention to any piece not absolutely contemptible. And 'contemptible' the 'School for Lovers' could not be called. It had literary style, good manners, and good sense. But it was undeniably tame. It wanted the historical piano which Mr. Harry Foker's prototype maliciously recommended to Thackeray. And it is not difficult to understand why, when Garrick a few years later proposed Whitehead as final arbiter in the matter of the production of 'The Good-Natur'd Man,' Goldsmith indignantly refused to submit his work to a critic whose views of comedy differed so fundamentally from his own.[1]

Concurrently with the appearance in book form

[1] Garrick mentions the 'School for Lovers' in the 'Farmer's Return from Town,' 1762, a bright little interlude he wrote for Mrs. Pritchard's benefit. 'The "Cratticks" grumbled,' says the farmer;—'I'll tell you for whoy, They wanted to laugh—and were ready to croy.' Descanting delightfully, in 'A Drawing of Garrick,' on the fron-

of the 'School for Lovers'—that is to say, in March 1762—Whitehead published a 'Charge to the Poets,' which is, in some sort, a sequel to his earlier 'Danger of Writing Verse.' Considering the traditional irritability of the class addressed, the title was not tactful, especially from a laureate; nor was it extenuated by the motto, '*Quasi ex cathedra loquitur*.' But the poem is far better than its predecessor, more skilfully versified, more connected in thought, and full of excellent things, many of which are as true to-day as they were under George III.

'To you,' the poet cries:

> To you, ye guardians of the sacred fount,
> Deans and Archdeacons of the double mount,
> That thro' our realms intestine broils may cease,
> My first, and last advice is, 'Keep the peace!'
> What is't to you, that half the Town admire
> False sense, false strength, false softness, or false fire?
> Through Heav'n's void concave let the meteors blaze,
> He hurts his own, who wounds another's bays.
> What is't to you, that numbers place your name
> First, fifth, or twentieth, in the lists of fame?

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tispiece which Hogarth designed for his friend's play, Mr. Sidney Colvin takes an opportunity of making some valuable references to Whitehead and his works ('Fasciculus Johanni Willis Clark dicatus,' 1909, pp. 412-418).

Old Time will settle all your claims at once,
Record the genius, and forget the dunce.

Again, of critics:

If fools traduce you, and your works decry,
As many fools will rate your worth too high;
Then balance the account, and fairly take
The cool report which men of judgment make.
In writing, as in life, he foils the foe,
Who, conscious of his strength, forgives the blow.
They court the insult who but seem afraid:
And then, by answering, you promote the trade,
And give them, what their own weak claims deny,
A chance for future laughter, or a sigh.

And again:

A life of writing, unless wondrous short,
No wit can brace, no genius can support.
Some soberer province for your business choose,
Be that your helmet, and your plume the Muse—

which are prettier metaphors than Sir Walter's staff and crutch, and briefer than Coleridge's amplification.[1] Other passages show a catholic toleration for varieties of taste. The conclusion of

[1] 'Let literature be an honourable *augmentation* to your arms, but not constitute the coat, or fill the escutcheon!' ('Biographia Literaria,' ch. xi). Coleridge must have read the 'Charge,' for in the same chapter he speaks of it as perhaps the best of Whitehead's works.

the poet is 'That Verse and Virtue are their own reward'—a sentiment which, with the change of 'literature' for 'verse,' has been attributed to the arch-pessimist Chesterfield.

The 'Charge to the Poets' brought upon Whitehead the reckless and indiscriminate cudgel of Churchill. In his desultory 'Ghost,' the second part of which appeared simultaneously with the 'Charge,' he had glanced incidentally at 'placid Whitehead.' In the third book, published some nine months later, he attacked him in force. But the blustering octosyllabics of the 'Ghost' do not show the 'Bruiser' at his best. He hits, fairly enough, some of Whitehead's obvious characteristics—his deference to tradition, his dislike of emphasis, his lack of vigour, and so forth—all of which, of course, have harsher names in the satirist's haphazard invective. It is easy, for instance, to transform judicious reticence into a kind of 'letting-I-dare-not-wait-upon-I-would' sort of timidity by representing the poet as one who

> —Champion swore in Virtue's cause,
> 'Gainst Vice his *tiny bodkin* draws,
> But to no part of *Prudence* stranger,
> First blunts the point for fear of danger.

Much, however, that Churchill says, is mere 'rhyme and rattle'; and it is quite possible that

but for the mention of 'subject Bards' in the 'Charge,' and the appearance of Whitehead as a writer of serious comedy, he would have neglected him altogether.

Acting upon his own precept, Whitehead did not 'promote the trade' by replying to Churchill's diatribe,[1] although after his death some fragmentary couplets on the subject were found among his papers which show that he recognized both the strength and the weakness of his short-lived assailant. He himself continued to write, producing in 1770 'A Trip to Scotland,' an anonymous farce, which had not only considerable humour, but considerable success at Drury Lane. In 1774 he took a conventional farewell to the Muse with a new edition of his works. But the most popular of his pieces with the anthologist, a 'tale for married people' entitled 'Variety,' followed two years later. This, in the manner of Prior, or Gay, is a neatly finished and cleverly constructed little *conte*, of which the moral is excellent and the style irreproachable. To this, again, succeeded 'The Goat's Beard,' an elabora-

[1] In spite of statements to the contrary, it was never repeated. Churchill mentions Whitehead's name once or twice, and gives him and his comedy a couplet in 'The Journey.' But that is all.

tion of a very compact fable of Phaedrus turning on the rivalry of the sexes. It is more learned and more laboured, but scarcely so happy. Both these pieces appeared without his name. His last publication was an address to the Duchess of Queensberry, Prior's ever-green 'Kitty,' then more than seventy. At her Grace's desire, in a metre that dances like Prior's own, it gaily satirizes the enormities of feminine costume. Failing quotation from the longer efforts mentioned above, here is its description of the contemporary coiffure:

Don't let your curls fall with that natural bend,
But stretch them up tight till each hair stands on end.
One, two, nay three cushions, like Cybele's towers;
Then a few ells of gauze, and some baskets of flow'rs.
These bottles of nectar will serve for perfumes.
Go pluck the fledg'd Cupids, and bring me their plumes.
If that's not enough, you may strip all the fowls,
My doves, JUNO's peacocks, and PALLAS's owls;
And stay, from JOVE's eagle, if napping you take him,
You may snatch a few quills—but be sure you don't wake him.

This is no caricature of the 'heads' of 1775. Its author went on with his official Odes for ten years longer, and, in fact, was engaged on one of them in his last hours. For some time he had, by

his own desire, withdrawn from Lord Jersey's household, with which, however, he still preserved the friendliest relations; and he was living in lodgings in Charles Street, Grosvenor Square, when he died suddenly on 14th April 1785, in his seventieth year. He was buried in South Audley Street Chapel, where lie also the remains of Wilkes and of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. There is a portrait of him by W. Doughty in the Dyce Collection at South Kensington.

In a contemptuous list of the chief writers in the 'World,' drawn up as a corrective to Horace Walpole's praise of some of its contributors, Macaulay speaks of Whitehead (whom he calls Whithed) as 'the most accomplished tuft-hunter of his time.' He also reproaches him with being forgotten. This is surely too severe. To be a tuft-hunter—although no social recommendation—need not disqualify a man for poetry. As for being forgotten, that has happened to many estimable persons, and will doubtless happen to many more. Whitehead was, of course, in no sense 'strenuous'—possibly he was constitutionally of languid vitality. He liked ease and quiet. He liked refined and well-bred people; he liked the leisurely amenity and the large air of great houses in the country. In middle-age he was fortunate

enough to find an asylum with noble friends to whom he could be agreeable without subserviency, and by whom he was esteemed without being patronized. He was probably a delightful companion to his 'superannuated lord and lady,' and to all their circle. Being a bachelor, he injured no one by his lack of ambition. In regard to his verses, what is most observable is the extent of his qualifications, and the moderate standard of his achievement. He was a good classical scholar; he had travelled intelligently; he was apparently well-read in Continental literature. He could write heroics like Pope's, blank-verse like Thomson's, anapaests like Prior's, elegies like Gray's. He had considerable humour, and a convenient gift of epigram. Dull he certainly was not—whatever Churchill might say. But he seems always to have been afraid to depart from tradition—to let himself go. He imitates where he should originate. He is 'always good and never better.' His facility is great, his taste cultivated, and his tone—for his time—exceptionally discreet. Why, with this equipment, he did not do greater things, may safely be left to the Timothy Tittles and Dick Minims of criticism who are always lamenting that a sunflower is not a rose—or the converse. Meanwhile, it is satisfactory to think sympathetic-

ally of that placid, sauntering, summer-day life in the gardens of Middleton Park or Nuneham, where 'Farmer George's' Laureate sometimes meditated a birthday ode, and sometimes turned an inscription for an urn or a sundial.

LYTTELTON AS MAN OF LETTERS

READERS who are accustomed to the milder methods of modern criticism would be interested to consult the 'Quarterly Review' for 1847 on the 'Memoirs and Correspondence of George, Lord Lyttelton.' Macaulay, it may be remembered, was in the habit of robustiously 'dusting the jackets' of some of those who were submitted to his regime in the 'Edinburgh.' But the fashion of his rival in the buff organ—it was, of course, the redoubtable and Right Honourable John Wilson Croker—wellnigh warrants the employment of a more ferocious transatlantic figure. He 'just wipes the floor' with his unfortunate victim, whose minutest errors seem to have been inspected through a magnifier of what Sam Weller calls 'hextra power.' 'Loose and incoherent style,' 'blunder, ignorance, misstatement, and bad taste,' 'slovenly piece of biography,' 'most imbecile and bungling of compilations'—these are some of the flowers of speech which the terrible 'Rigby' scatters *benigno cornu*. Whether the

'Memoirs' suffered materially from this barbarous usage, we know not. But there are no traces of a second edition in the British Museum Catalogue; and as the book not only contains much valuable material but apparently constitutes the only life of Lyttelton, it may be pardonable to revert to its subject. Perhaps it would be more exact to say a part of its subject, since Lyttelton, as a political figure, would now be difficult to revive. It is true that he was the sometime favourite of Frederick, Prince of Wales; the friend and connection of the elder Pitt; the 'declared enemy' of Sir Robert Walpole. But he was neither an eminent speaker nor a great administrator (as Chancellor of the Exchequer he was admittedly over-parted): and when, at seven-and-forty, he 'rested'—as Johnson says—'from political turbulence in the House of Lords,' he had added no memorable name to the annals of English statecraft. Luckily—in Johnson's words once more—'politicks did not so much engage him as to withhold his thoughts from things of more importance.' He wrote 'Persian Letters' (after Montesquieu); he wrote 'Dialogues of the Dead' (after Lucian); both of which found an honourable place in Harrison's 'British Classicks.' He wrote a compact and closely-reasoned pamphlet on the 'Con-

version of St. Paul'; he wrote an extraordinarily conscientious and laborious 'History of Henry II.' He also composed a sufficient number of minor poems to secure his admission to those wonderful 'Lives of the Poets' which tolerated Stepney and Fenton while they gave grudging praise to Milton and Gray. He was the patron and friend of Fielding and Thomson; he was 'ironed' by Chesterfield, and he was libelled by Smollett. These things—it is submitted—are distinctions which should serve to justify some passing inquiry into his personality as a man of letters.

The eldest of the six sons of Sir Thomas Lyttelton, Bart., of Hagley, in Worcestershire, he was born on 17th January 1709, his mother being a daughter of Sir Richard Temple of Stowe, afterwards Pope's Lord Cobham. He was educated at Eton, where he was an oppidan, which means that the books contain no records of him. But as we now know his contemporary Fielding was there in 1721-2, it is probable that, being somewhat younger, he began to attend about this date. Other of his contemporaries were William Pitt, afterwards Earl of Chatham, whose elder brother, Thomas Pitt of Boconnoc, eventually married Lyttelton's sister; Charles Hanbury, later Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, and Henry Fox, first

Lord Holland. Gilbert West, Lyttelton's cousin, had probably quitted Eton before Lyttelton arrived there, as West matriculated at Christ Church in 1722. According to Johnson, Lyttelton was early distinguished for ability, so much so that his exercises were 'recommended as models to his schoolfellows.' He is also stated to have sketched, if not elaborated, at Eton some of his best verses, the 'Soliloquy of a Beauty in the Country,' which certainly exhibits unusual precocity for a lad of seventeen, his age when he went up to Oxford. It has obvious affinities with Pope's earlier epistle to Teresa Blount on leaving Town. 'Ah, what avails it,' sighs the heroine, 'to be young and fair: To move with negligence, to dress with care?'

> With every grace of nature or of art,
> We cannot break one stubborn country heart;
> The brutes, insensible, our powers defy:
> To love, exceeds a 'squire's capacity.

She is evidently terribly bored:

> In stupid indolence my life is spent,
> Supinely calm, and dully innocent:
> Unblest I wear my useless time away;
> Sleep (wretched maid!) all night, and dream all day;
> Now with mamma at tedious whist I play;
> Now without scandal drink insipid tea;
> Or in the garden breathe the country air,
> Secure from meeting any tempter there!

all of which unmistakably indicates what has been felicitously called the 'intolerable ennui of a waveless calm'; and from one of the author's later letters to his father, perhaps not inaccurately reproduces some of the domestic routine of Hagley. But though headed in his works 'Written at Eaton School,' the verses were not printed till long afterwards, and were doubtless revised in the interval.

Lyttelton matriculated at Christ Church in February 1726. There is no record of his university life; and he left Oxford in a couple of years, without taking a degree. It is possible that many of his poems belong to this procreant time; but the only published piece, 'Blenheim,' that is, the palace not the battle, appeared in 1728. Its Miltonic blank verse has no particular merit, and it neither rivals Addison nor Philips. But it pleased the 'terrible Old Sarah,' whom it indirectly likened to Eve, which may certainly be accepted as evidence of imagination. By the time it was in type the author was already well advanced in the regulation Grand Tour. His first tarrying-place was Lunéville in the then independent Duchy of Lorraine. But despite letters of introduction from Sir Robert Walpole to the Prince de Craon, and despite the civilities of the reigning

Duke, Lyttelton speedily wearied of his environment. In the leading amusements, hunting and the interminable quadrille, he took no part; the English residents were an 'unimproving society' who would not let him learn French, while the scrupulous punctilio of a petty court was intolerable to one who by nature was unusually absorbed and absent. He consequently obtained his father's leave to move to Soissons, where a congress was then engaged in the negotiations which, a year later, ended in the Treaty of Seville. One of the English plenipotentiaries was Stephen Poyntz, formerly Envoy to Sweden, with whom he became domesticated, and to some extent instructed in matters diplomatic. What was more, he began to make rapid progress in French, writing frequently in that language to his father. He was in Paris at the general jubilation for the birth of the Dauphin on 4th September 1729. 'The expressions of their [the Parisians'] joy,' he says, 'are admirable: one fellow gives notice to the publick, that he designs to draw teeth for a week together on the Pont Neuf gratis.'[1] From Soissons he passed in the following October to Geneva, stopping on his way, like every one else, at the Convent of the Chartreuse. Then he went on to

[1] Letter of 8th September [1729].

Turin, Genoa, Venice, and Rome, from which place his last letter is dated in May 1730. His correspondence has little of the incidents of travel —indeed, he specially disclaims the keeping of a journal and the copying of inscriptions. But one of his letters, written from Lyons in October 1729, contains a careful summary of the state of France under the young King Louis XV and his minister Cardinal Fleury—a sketch which, by its references to the abject slavery of the people, the swarms of idle ecclesiastics, the demands of military service, the chimerical class distinctions, and the grinding poverty of the country in general, seems, even at this early date, to anticipate and presage the coming storm of revolution.[1]

In a rhymed epistle written from Paris to Dr. Ayscough, Lyttelton had already not inaptly sketched the contemporary French characteristics:

[1] Twenty-four years later comes a more definite note from Chesterfield: 'All the symptoms, which I have ever met with in history, previous to great changes and revolutions in government, now exist, and daily increase, in France.' (Letter to his Son, 25th December 1753.) Later, July 1760, things were slowly growing worse. 'The French,' said Goldsmith, . . . 'are imperceptibly vindicating themselves into freedom. . . . I cannot help fancying that the genius of freedom has entered that kingdom in disguise. If they have but three weak monarchs more, successively

A nation here I pity and admire,
Whom noblest sentiments of glory fire,
Yet taught, by custom's force, and bigot fear,
To serve with pride, and boast the yoke they bear:
Whose nobles, born to cringe, and to command,
In courts a mean, in camps a generous band;
From each low tool of power, content receive
Those laws, their dreaded arms to Europe give:
Whose people (vain in want, in bondage blest;
Though plunder'd, gay; industrious, though opprest)
With happy follies rise above their fate.
The jest and envy of each wiser state.[1]

This was not the writer's only production in verse during the Grand Tour. In the same year he addressed a commendatory epistle to his friend Mr. Poyntz; and from Rome he sent, through his father, another to Pope. In this, after some prefatory compliment, the spirit of Virgil is invoked to dissuade Pope from Satire—'the least attractive' of the Muses. Upon this matter

on the throne, the mask will be laid aside, and the country will certainly once more be free.' ('Citizen of the World,' letter lvi.) There was but one weak monarch, and yet it was twenty-nine years to the taking of the Bastille.

[1] After transcribing this passage in its place it was pleasant to find that it had been chosen for commendation by no less a personage than Voltaire. 'These verses,' he wrote to Lyttelton in May 1750, 'deserve a good translator, and they should be learn'd by every frenchman.'

Lyttelton had already delivered himself in an earlier letter. 'I am sorry he wrote the "Dunciad,"' he says; and in sending the poem to Sir Thomas, he refers to 'the good piece of advice' he has ventured to give, he hopes opportunely. If not taken, it was, at all events, not taken amiss, for Pope made several subsequent references to his young friend, all of them kind. Moreover, he even condescended to correct four eclogues which, under the title of the 'Progress of Love,' Lyttelton printed in 1732. But they are not their poet's masterpieces; and belong distinctly—as much as their model, Pope's own 'Pastorals'—to the artificial growths of Parnassus. One can well imagine old Johnson blinking scornfully into that sham Arcadia, with its Delias and Damons. They 'cant,' he says, 'of shepherds and flocks, and crooks dressed with flowers'—things which, to be sure, were never to be encountered in Fleet Street. Lyttelton is far better in the 'Advice to a Lady,' of a year earlier. This is full of good sense, although the superior tone assumed by 'mere man,' if approved by Dorothy Osborne or Mary Evelyn, would scarcely commend itself in the present day:

> Let e'en your *prudence* wear the pleasing dress
> Of care for *him*, and anxious *tenderness*.

From kind concern about his weal or woe,
Let each domestick duty seem to flow.
The *household sceptre* if he bids you bear,
Make it your pride his *servant* to appear:
Endearing thus the common acts of life,
The *mistress* still shall charm him in the *wife*,
And wrinkled age shall unobserv'd come on,
Before his eye perceives one beauty gone;
E'en o'er your cold, your ever-sacred urn,
His constant flame shall unextinguish'd burn.

From the last couplet the poet evidently expected the pattern spouse to predecease her husband, an arrangement which would scarcely have found favour with Mrs. Bennet of 'Pride and Prejudice.' Johnson justly praises the 'Advice to a Lady,' but it is not difficult to understand how its somewhat tutorial note prompted the witty summary, or 'pocket version,' of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu:

Be plain in dress, and sober in your diet:
In short, my deary, kiss me and be quiet.

Unless we class Lyttelton's letters as prose works, his earliest published effort in this way was a 'little treatise' entitled 'Observations on the Life of Cicero,' which appeared in 1731, and passed through two editions. Joseph Warton, who knew the author, thought highly of this essay; and indeed, preferred its 'dispassionate

and impartial character of Tully' to those later and more pretentious volumes of Conyers Middleton which Lord Hervey so carefully purged of 'low words and collegiate phrases.'[1] But Lyttelton's first prose production of importance is the 'Letters from a Persian in England to his Friend at Ispahan.' These, some of which, from a sentence in his opening letter to his father, must have been sketched before he went abroad, are avowed imitations of Montesquieu, whom he had known in England previous to 1734, and to this date the majority of them probably belong. According to Warton, in later life their author felt they contained 'principles and remarks which he wished to retract and alter,' and he would willingly have withdrawn them from his works. But not lightly is the written word recalled: and the booksellers did not let them die, for all their evidences of that 'spirit of Whiggism' which his continental experiences of arbitrary power had confirmed, and which made him, on his return, the favourite of the Prince of Wales and the sworn foe of his father's patron, Walpole. In general, they present much

[1] Acting upon a polite suggestion of Middleton, Lyttelton afterwards returned to this subject in some 'Observations on the Roman History' which are included in vol. i of the third edition of his 'Works,' 1776.

the same features as most of the imitations prompted by Montesquieu's famous book. The author visits the various places of amusement, marvels at the sensuous effeminacy of the Italian Opera, the brutalities of the bear-garden, the forlorn condition of the poor debtor, the craze for cards, the prevalence of intrigue, the immorality of stage plays—and so forth. Other letters deal with political corruption, the humours of elections, the inequality of Parliamentary representation, the apathy of the clergy. Some of the points raised are still in debate, as the functions of the House of Lords and the shortcomings of a too-exclusively-classical education. In the thirty-eighth letter there is an illustration, which, whether borrowed or not, has become popular. Speaking of the supplies granted by the Commons to the Government, it is said 'that when these gifts are most liberal, they have a natural tendency, like plentiful exhalations drawn from the earth, to fall again upon the place from whence they came.' Elsewhere, there is a compliment to Pope: 'We have a *very great poet* now *alive*, who may boast of one glory to which no member of the French Academy can pretend, viz., that he never flattered any man *in power*, but has bestowed immortal praises upon *those* whom, for fear of offending men *in power*, if they

had lived in France, under the same circumstances, no poet would have dared to praise.' Pope must have recollected this when, two years later, he spoke, in the 'Imitations of Horace,' of 'young Lyttelton' as 'still true to Virtue and as warm as true.' It is perhaps a natural thing to contrast the 'Persian Letters' with the later 'Citizen of the World'; and to wonder why one is forgotten and the other remembered. The reason is not far to seek. If Goldsmith's book had been no more than the ordinary observations of an intelligent and educated spectator, it would scarcely be the classic it remains. But the 'Citizen' has humour and fancy and genius, of which there is nothing in Lyttelton. His portraits of his father (letter xxxvi), and of Bishop Hough of Worcester (letter lvi), already celebrated in the 'Epistle to Ayscough, are filial and friendly; but they are not the 'Man in Black,' or the unapproachable 'Beau Tibbs.' The most to be said of the 'Persian Letters' is, that they are common-sense comments on contemporary ethics, politics, and philosophy; and that, for so young a man, they are exceptionally mature.

The 'Persian Letters' appeared in 1735; and up to that date Lyttelton's metrical productions, subsequent to the 'Advice to a Lady,' had been

confined to versions of Horace and Tibullus, and conventional invocations of a real or imaginary 'Delia,' one of which last with the burden 'Tell me, my heart, if this be love?' should have been popular as a song.[1] To this period also belongs an epigram—in the Greek sense—which has found its way into some of the anthologies:

> None without hope e'er lov'd the brightest fair:
> But Love can hope, where Reason would despair.

From 1735, however, until his marriage seven years later to Miss Lucy Fortescue, most of his poetry was addressed to this lady, and several of the pieces, though purely occasional, have a grace which seems born of genuine impulse. A little octave, too, of this date, addressed to Gilbert West, of Wickham, is justly commended by Mr. Courthope as exhibiting something of the simplicity which was to be a leading feature of the coming Nature-worship. Lyttelton's wife, to whom he was devotedly attached, died in January 1747; and what was generally accounted his best poem is the long monody he consecrated to her memory.

[1] Hood, at all events, remembered it in one of his queer little sketches for 'Whims and Oddities.' Another song, 'The heavy hours are almost past,' is said to have been a favourite with Fox. (Rogers's 'Table Talk,' 1856, p. 95.)

Of this, the best latter-day report must be that, like the obsequious curate's egg, it is 'excellent in parts.' Gray, a critic from whom, in any age, it is difficult to differ, regarded it as at times 'too stiff and poetical,' by which latter epithet he no doubt meant to deprecate the employment, in a piece aiming above all at unfeigned expression, of classical accessory and conventional ornament. 'Nature and sorrow, and tenderness, are the true genius of such things'—he wrote unanswerably to Walpole; and these he found in some degree, particularly in the fourth stanza, which every one consequently quotes after him. But that which immediately follows, its awkward closing couplet excepted, is nearly as good:

O shades of Hagley, where is now your boast?
Your bright inhabitant is lost.
You she preferr'd to all the gay resorts
Where female vanity might wish to shine,
The pomp of cities, and the pride of courts.
Her modest beauties shunn'd the publick eye:
To your sequester'd dales
And flower-embroider'd vales
From an admiring world she chose to fly:
With Nature there retir'd, and Nature's God,
The silent paths of wisdom trod,
And banish'd every passion from her breast,
But those, the gentlest and the best,

> Whose holy flames with energy divine
> The virtuous heart enliven and improve,
> The conjugal and the maternal love.

With the death of Mrs. Lyttelton has sometimes been connected her husband's next prose work, the pamphlet entitled 'Observations on the Conversion and Apostleship of St. Paul'; and it is perhaps not an unreasonable conjecture that his bereavement should have turned his thoughts in more serious directions. But from a letter which he addressed to Thomson the poet in May 1747, it is clear that the 'Observations' were composed several months before Mrs. Lyttelton died. 'I writt it' (the pamphlet), he says, 'in Kew Lane [where Thomson lived] last year, and I writt it with a particular view to your satisfaction. You have therefore a double right to it, and I wish to God it may appear to you as convincing as it does to me, and bring you to add the faith to the heart of a Christian.' This is not inconsistent with the statement made in the opening lines that the 'Observations' arose out of a late discussion with Gilbert West, in which Lyttelton had contended that the conversion and apostleship of St. Paul alone, taken by themselves, were sufficient to prove Christianity a divine revelation, though

it perhaps supports Johnson's allegation in West's life that 'at Wickham, Lyttelton received that conviction which produced his "Dissertation on St. Paul."' What seems to have happened is this. Both West and his cousin, having come in early life under the influence of Bolingbroke and Lord Cobham, had felt difficulties of belief. West, indeed, admitted that for a season he had actually gone over to the hostile camp; but Lyttelton, he declared, had made 'little or no progress in those pernicious principles.' However, about 1746 they had both been attentively studying the 'evidences and doctrines of Christianity.' In West's case these investigations produced his 'Observations on the Resurrection,' which appeared in December 1746, and were followed in 1747 by Lyttelton's 'Observations on the Conversion of St. Paul.' Both works long retained a distinguished place in theological literature, but it is with Lyttelton's that we are here most concerned.[1] Warburton thought it 'the noblest and most masterly argument for the truth of Christianity that any age had produced'; while

[1] The author of the 'Pursuits of Literature,' 10th ed., 1799, p. 203, includes Lyttelton, along with Butler and Paley, in a list of eight books indispensable to students of Theology.

Johnson declared, with equal fervour, that it was 'a treatise to which infidelity had never been able to fabricate a specious answer.' West's far bulkier volume procured him an Oxford Doctorate of Laws; and from Spence's 'Anecdotes' we learn that Lyttelton was concurrently offered a similar distinction. He however declined it on the ground that his work was anonymous, contenting himself with the commendations of his friends, and the heartfelt gratification of his father.

By his father's death in 1751 he became Sir George; and five years later, with the break-up of the Newcastle ministry, he was created Baron Lyttelton of Frankley, near Hagley. This ends his official life as a politician; and his chief literary productions during the seventeen years which remained to him were three in number. The first is a couple of letters, included in the third volume of his works, describing a visit to Wales in 1756, and addressed to that notorious Archibald Bower whose dishonest 'History of the Popes' was exposed by Goldsmith's 'scourge of impostors,' Dr. Douglas. Lyttelton, however, if he did not believe Bower, seems to have thought better of him than most people, and could never be induced to disown him. The chief merit of the letters is their note of genuine enthusiasm

for natural beauty. The 'Dialogues of the Dead,' his next work, is avowedly reminiscent of Lucian, Fénelon and Fontenelle; but it is his best effort, for all that Walpole profanely called it 'Dead Dialogues,' and despite Landor and the admirable 'New Lucian' of the late Henry Duff Traill, may still be read with interest. What particular faint praise Johnson intended to convey by saying that the dialogues are 'rather effusions than compositions' must depend on some subtle distinction between pouring and mixing which escapes us; but they are certainly fluent and clear, and could only have been 'effused' by a writer of exceptional taste and scholarship. To-day some of the shades evoked are more than shadowy. But it is still good to read of the 'Roi Soleil' discoursing with Peter the Great on their relative systems of sovereignty; to listen to staunch old Chancellor Oxenstiern upbraiding Christina of Sweden for abdicating the throne of Gustavus Adolphus in order to consort with a parcel of painters and poetasters; or to admire at Apicius and the epicure Dartineuf (Dodsley's master and Pope's ham-pie 'Darty') comparing the merits of Juvenal's muraena with those of the Severn lamprey, and smacking ghostly lips over the 'apolaustic gulosities' of Lucullus and Æsopus

the player. Dartineuf and Apicius are finally lamenting that they had lived too early for West Indian turtle, when they are roughly recalled by Mercury to the virtues of Spartan 'black broth' and an appetite. As might be expected, several of the dialogues turn upon literary topics. There is an edifying discourse between 'Dr. Swift' and 'Mr. Addison,' touching the curious freak of fortune which made one a divine and the other a minister of State, with some collateral digression on their relative forms of humour; there is another between Locke the dogmatizer and Bayle the doubter. Virgil and Horace interchange compliments until they are interrupted by the creaking pedantries of Scaliger, who has to be summarily put in his proper place by a reminder from the wand of the shepherd of souls. But the longest and ablest colloquy is between Boileau and Pope, who review the literature of their respective countries. This was a theme in which Lyttelton was at home. What is said of Shakespeare and Molière, of Milton and Pope's 'Homer,' of the true function of history, of the new French *comédie mixte*, is undeniable, while the sentiment with which Pope winds up might stand for a definition of intellectual *entente cordiale*: 'I would have them [the French] be perpetual

competitors with the English in manly wit and substantial learning. But let the competition be friendly. There is nothing which so contracts and debases the mind as national envy. True wit, like true virtue, naturally loves it own image, in whatever place it is found.'[1]

One result of the 'Dialogues of the Dead,' was to embroil the author with some of the living. Voltaire, on receipt of the volume —and writing in English—warmly contested the allegation placed in the mouth of Pope ('Dialogue' xiv, p. 134) that he had been banished France on account of his doctrines. He pointed out with much ill-concealed irritation that, although he enjoyed 'a little country house near *Geneva*,' his manors (of Ferney and Tourney) were situate in France; and that he had never been exiled.[2] He signed himself 'Gentleman of the King's Chamber,' and dated from 'my castle of Tornex [Tourney] in Burgundy.' Lyttelton replied in conciliatory terms; and Voltaire—this

[1] Walpole says that by Pericles, Lyttelton figured Pitt; and by Penelope, his first wife, Lucy Fortescue.

[2] Technically this was true; but he could not return to Paris. He had astutely purchased land on either side of the frontier near Geneva, and thus secured to himself retreats both in France and Switzerland.

time from his 'castle of Ferney'—rejoined by asking that a contradiction should be printed, in terms which he suggested. The offending passage, however, disappeared entirely from Lyttelton's edition of 1765. But as 'Sylvanus Urban,' reproducing the correspondence, did not fail to observe, Voltaire's tenacious insistence on his social status and possessions contrasted oddly with his former censure of Congreve's vanity in wishing to be regarded as a gentleman rather than a writer.[1] Another objector, at a later date, was John Wesley, who, although he professed himself in hearty agreement with great part of Lyttelton's book, was much exercised by the statement of Mercury, in the dialogue between Addison and Swift, that the Methodists, Moravians and Hutchinsonians were a strange brood spawned by 'Martin'—that is, Martin Luther—in Swift's 'Tale of a Tub.' 'Is this language,' he asks indignantly in his 'Diary' for August 1770, 'for a nobleman or a porter?' And he goes on to question whether his lordship really knew any more of the matter than he had learned from the caricatures of Bishops Lavington and Warburton. His anger was pardonable, though Lyttelton

1 'Letters Concerning the English Nation,' 1733, pp. 188-9.

would probably have explained that he spoke dramatically, and was not responsible for Mercury's bad manners. As a matter of fact, he was suspected of being more in favour of Methodism than against it.

Lyttelton's *magnum opus*—great by its quantity rather than its quality—was his long-incubated 'History of Henry II.' Originally designed for the service of the Prince of Wales, he had been collecting material for it as early as 1741, but his progress, being interrupted by politics, was intermittent. 'The little leisure I have at present for writing [he informs Doddridge six years later] will, I believe, be taken up in finishing my history of King Henry the Second, of which four books are already written, and I have two more to write. . . . I am far from thinking, I have writt it so well as it might be written, but of this I am sure—that I have done it more justice than they ['our historians'], were it only in the pains I have taken to get all the information that contemporary authors could give me upon the subject, which as yet no others have done.' So much pains did he take, that it was eight years more before he managed to go to press; and even then the whole book 'was printed twice over, a great part of it three times, and many sheets

four or five times.' What Johnson calls his 'ambitious accuracy' made him employ a 'pointer' or punctuating expert, at increased cost to himself, and with the astounding result that the third edition comprised no fewer than nineteen pages of errata. It may be that some of this meticulous desire to be correct was prompted by fear of Smollett and the 'Critical Review'; but it was obviously subversive of spontaneity, and could not fail to attract the persiflage of mockers like Walpole. 'His [Lyttelton's] "Henry II" raises no more passion than Burn's "Justice of Peace,"' this reader said; and he had earlier expressed the opinion that the dread of present and future critics rendered Lyttelton's works 'so insipid that he had better not have written them at all.' To Lyttelton, nevertheless, he praised the first instalment. In 1771 the book was finished, the first three volumes having then gone into three editions, which indicates a certain popularity. The two leading historians, however, were not enthusiastic. Hume sneered at it; and Gibbon, who reviewed it in the 'Mémoires littéraires de la Grande Bretagne,' says in his 'Autobiography' that it was 'not illuminated by a ray of genius.' But in his published notice, while refusing to the author the praise due to Robertson and Hume,

he gives him the credit of being a '*bon citoyen*,' a '*savant très éclairé*' and an '*écrivain exact et impartial*.' Possibly the modern school of historians would do greater justice to Lyttelton's minute and painstaking method. Hallam quotes 'Henry II' repeatedly; and the author of the 'Short History of England' calls it a 'full and sober account of the time.'

As a politician and statesman, Lyttelton was naturally well known to many prominent contemporaries. But to speak here of Pitt or Bolingbroke—of Warburton or Horace Walpole—would occupy too large a space; and it must suffice in this connection to single out three or four exclusively literary figures to whom he stood in the special light either of intimate or patron. With Pope, who praised him more than once in print, he had been acquainted before the Grand Tour; and Pope, as we have seen, had corrected his 'Pastorals.' When later Lyttelton, succeeding Bubb Dodington, became the Prince of Wales's secretary, Pope was gradually drawn into the Leicester House circle. Both the secretary and his royal master made frequent visits to Twickenham; and there were records, on urns and garden seats, of Pope's sojourns at Hagley. One of these described him as 'the sweetest and most elegant

of English poets, the severest chastiser of vice, and the most persuasive teacher of wisdom.' As far as one can gauge Pope's complex nature, he seems to have been genuinely attracted to his young admirer. 'Few have or ought to have so great a share of me' he writes in 1736; and Lyttelton retorting four years later in the House of Commons to Henry Fox's taunt that he consorted with an 'unjust and licentious lampooner,' replied proudly that he regarded Pope's friendship as an honour. It was to Lyttelton that Pope said on his death-bed: 'Here am I dying of a hundred good symptoms"; and to Lyttelton he left by will four marble busts of poets which the Prince had given him in 1739 for his library. These, representing Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, and Dryden, were still at Hagley when Carruthers wrote Pope's life.

Another visitor to Lyttelton's Worcestershire home was the genial and indolent[1] author of 'The Seasons,' for whom he cherished a regard even greater than that which linked him to the pontiff of the eighteenth-century Parnassus. He

[1] There is a delightful illustration of this in the 'Maloniana.' Dr. Burney, finding Thomson in bed at two o'clock, asked him how he came to lie so long. He answered, in his Scottish fashion, 'Because he had no *mot-tive* to rise.'

must have known Thomson for some years previous to his first appearance at Hagley, for he had already secured him a small pension from the Prince of Wales. But in August 1743 we find Thomson domiciled at Hagley, rejoicing in its 'quite enchanting' park, and in the superiority of the 'Muses of the great simple country' to the 'little fine-lady Muses' of his own Richmond Hill. With Lyttelton's aid he corrected 'The Seasons' for the new edition of 1744, adding, in 'Spring,' a description of Hagley, an address to Lyttelton, and references to that 'loved Lucinda,' whom, two years earlier, Lyttelton had brought home to his father's house. Lyttelton it was who procured for Thomson the sinecure appointment of Surveyor-General of the Leeward Islands; and, as we have seen, it was under Thomson's roof that the 'Conversion of St. Paul' was penned. Whether Lyttelton was responsible for eight out of the nine lines describing Thomson in the 'Castle of Indolence' is doubtful; but it is certain that the poet depicted his Hagley host in the stanza beginning

> Another guest [1] there was, of sense refined,
> Who felt each worth, for every worth he had;

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[1] That is—at the Castle of Indolence.

> Serene yet warm, humane yet firm his mind,
> As little touched as any man's with bad:
> Him through their inmost walks the Muses lad,
> To him the sacred love of nature lent,
> And sometimes would he make our valley glad—

though he could not persuade himself to reside there permanently. Poor, perspiring Thomson, 'more fat'—in his own words—'than bard beseems,' did not survive his best poem many months. But his friend's regard followed him beyond the grave; and in Lyttelton's prologue to Thomson's posthumous tragedy of 'Coriolanus' occurs the oft-quoted couplet crediting its author with

> Not one immoral, one corrupted thought,
> One line which dying he could wish to blot.[1]

To a third poet, who also contributed his 'melodious tear' to Thomson's memory, both Lyttelton and Thomson occasionally paid visits. In Halesowen parish, not many miles away, lived Shenstone, whose 'Judgment of Hercules' had been addressed to Lyttelton, and who was gradually turning his paternal farm at the Leasowes

[1] The question of Lyttelton's literary relations with Thomson is exhaustively and conclusively treated in Mr. G. C. Macaulay's excellent monograph on Thomson in the 'Men of Letters' series, 1908.

into a paradise of landscape gardening and cows (like Walpole's) coloured to fancy. Indeed, if we are to believe contemporary tittle-tattle, the laurels of the Leasowes affected the sleep of Hagley. But we care nothing for gossip in this instance. Shenstone, moreover—whose likings have been described as 'tepid'—seems to have been more a neighbourly acquaintance than a close intimate; and we turn from his to another name with which that of Lyttelton is more definitely connected. Fielding, as short-lived as Thomson, had been Lyttelton's school-mate at Eton. Yet save for a reference to Lyttelton in Fielding's 'True Greatness,' until the period which followed the first Mrs. Fielding's death, we hear little of their relations, although Fielding expressly, both in a letter congratulating Lyttelton on his second marriage,[1] and in the 'Dedication' of 'Tom Jones,' makes reference to Lyttelton's past good offices. 'To you, sir,' he writes, 'it is owing that this History was ever begun. It was by your Desire that I first thought of such a Composition . . . I partly owe to you my Existence during great Part of the Time which I have employed in composing it.' It is also

[1] Lyttelton married again; but, as Johnson says curtly, 'the experiment was unsuccessful.'

known that Lyttelton was instrumental in obtaining for him that office of Middlesex magistrate in which he ended his days. Whether he was much at Hagley cannot be directly affirmed, though he probably stayed there occasionally during the progress of his masterpiece. But the only positive evidence of his commerce with its owner outside London is the record of the reading of 'Tom Jones' in manuscript to Lyttelton, Pitt (afterwards Lord Chatham), and Sanderson Miller the architect, at Radway Gange, the house of the last-named, near Edge Hill, in Warwickshire.[1]

Lyttelton's benefactions to Fielding were acknowledged by their recipient with all the generosity of gratitude that characterized him. But Lyttelton was not equally fortunate in every case where he desired to assist. Smollett, for example, arriving from Glasgow in all the ardour of youthful talent with a tragedy in its pocket, applied to him for his interest. To get 'The

[1] 'Rambles Round Edge Hills,' by the Rev. George Miller, 1896, pp. 16-17. Sanderson Miller, it is here stated, designed the alterations made by Lyttelton at Hagley in 1759-60. He was also responsible for an earlier 'ruined castle' in the park, which (according to Walpole) had 'the true rust of the Barons' Wars.' (Toynbee's 'Walpole's Letters,' iii (1903), p. 186.)

Regicide' acted, however, was beyond the power of patronage; and though Lyttelton doubtless did what he could, he was unsuccessful. In revenge, the disappointed author brought him into 'Roderick Random' as Earl Sheerwit, 'a Maecenas in the nation'—an indignity subsequently aggravated by the portrait of Gosling Scrag, patron of letters, in 'Peregrine Pickle.' What was worse still, in the same novel Smollett allowed himself to perpetrate a very miserable parody of the 'Monody,' which had certainly enough of sincerity to deserve the respect due to its theme. For these and other exhibitions of bad temper, Smollett's better judgment eventually made apology, both in the later editions of 'Pickle,' and in his 'History'—apology which now serves chiefly to authenticate the original offence. Another person, befriended by Lyttelton, was Edward Moore of the 'Fables for the Fair Sex,' who had courted Lyttelton's attention by an ingenious complimentary poem entitled 'The Trial of Selim the Persian for Divers High Crimes and Misdemeanours'—Selim being the Selim of the 'Persian Letters,' whom it was designed to defend against certain contemporary pamphleteers. Johnson, whose utterances about Lyttelton have always a note of acerbity, says

that Moore was 'paid with kind words' alone; but it was nevertheless owing greatly to Lyttelton's exertions that Moore was launched on his most successful enterprise, 'The World,' for it was Lyttelton who obtained him most of the aristocratic contributors who ensured its circulation. Finally, it was probably through the mediation of Lyttelton that David Mallet received his Under-Secretaryship to the Prince of Wales—a service which Mallet is assumed to have repaid by loosing upon Lyttelton as a suitor his excitable and vindictive compatriot, Mr. Tobias George Smollett.

In his portrait at the National Portrait Gallery, Lyttelton, although a little gaunt and angular, is represented as dignified and sufficiently personable. He has not fared so well at the hands of the literary artists. Hervey's sketch is in his usual malevolent manner: Walpole's is a witty caricature. 'With the figure of a spectre, and the gesticulations of a puppet'—writes Horace—'he talked heroics through his nose, made declamations at a visit, and played at cards with scraps of history or sentences of Pindar.' Neither of these presentments should matter much; but they have been in some measure supported by the discussion which has finally identified

Lyttelton with the 'respectable Hottentot'[1] whom his relative, Lord Chesterfield, held up as an awful warning to that other awful warning, Philip Stanhope the younger. It is a portentous picture—from the Chesterfield point of view—of physical ungainliness, personal gaucherie, and habitual absence of mind. That it is purposely heightened there is little doubt; but that it had a kind of basis in truth, must be inferred from the fact that friendly Mr. Poyntz, writing from France to the elder Lyttelton as early as 1729,

[1] It is refreshing to think that the impeccable Croker went wrong here. 'It was certainly meant for Johnson,' he says. Some of young Stanhope's *bévues*, it appears, had to be concealed from his affectionate parent. 'He was . . . even in his riper days,' writes Lord Charlemont, 'a perfect Tony Lumpkin,' and he goes on to relate an anecdote told him by Lord Eliott, an eye-witness, which has a further connection with Goldsmith. Once at Berne, in his boyhood, young Stanhope tied the periwigs of a number of grave and reverend Swiss senators to the backs of their chairs, and then lustily cried 'Fire!' on which they all bounced up affrighted and bald-headed. (Charlemont Corr., Hist. MSS. Comm., i, 1891, 327.) This is precisely the trick which the hero of 'She Stoops to Conquer' is said, in Act I, to have played on Mr. Hardcastle, and which is usually supposed to have been practised on Goldsmith himself by Lord Clare's daughter, afterwards Marchioness of Buckingham.

notes his son's already confirmed habits of abstraction, 'even at meals,' which he charitably attributes to dyspepsia. It is said besides that his voice was disagreeable, and his utterance monotonous. But if we allow his external disabilities to have been exaggerated by unsympathetic report, there can be no question as to his mental endowments. He may not have been a great orator; but he was capable and, on set occasions, impressive. He 'spoke well when he had studied his speeches,' says Walpole, who was also kind enough to allow that he was not wanting in ability, and that he loved 'to reward and promote merit in others.' Chesterfield also sets out by testifying to his 'moral character, deep learning, and superior parts.' As to his absolute honesty and integrity, both in life and politics, there is no diversity of opinion. Nor will those who read his physician's plain account of his last hours hesitate to credit his own dying declaration that he was 'a most firm and persuaded believer of the Christian religion.' If he is to be remembered apart from the literary performances treated in this paper, it must be, not as the 'respectable Hottentot' of the high priest of the Graces, but as the model, with Ralph Allen, of Fielding's 'Mr. Allworthy.'

CHAMBERS THE ARCHITECT

AT the summit of Richmond Hill, near the end of the Terrace, and not far from the traditional glories of the famous 'Star and Garter,' once stood a wayside ale-house known as the 'Bull's Head.' Its position must have been unique, since it not only faced the road entering the Park, and thus offered timely refreshment for travellers too modest to seek shelter in the neighbouring resort of the nobility and gentry, but at the back it must have afforded an equal, if not superior, prospect of the winding, shining Thames, with the Twickenham and Petersham meadows, and—away to the misty sky-line—that 'vast, luscious landscape,' whose very exuberance made Thackeray, out of pure reaction, long for 'a couple of cows, or a donkey, and a few yards of common.' Not without reason was it that, close to the site of this humble house of call, Sir Joshua Reynolds erected the country villa to which, when he could tear himself from Leicester Fields and the 'human face' he loved better than Nature

herself, he was accustomed to retire. Within its walls he welcomed Fanny Burney, still fluttered by the success of 'Evelina,' and the great Burke, and the orotund Gibbon; from its drawing-room window, he painted one of his few landscapes—a masterpiece which afterwards passed into the possession of Samuel Rogers. But its chief interest here is, that it was designed for Reynolds by his friend and colleague of the Royal Academy, Sir William Chambers, 'Knight of the Order of the Polar Star' of Sweden, and further known to Fame as the layer-out of the grounds at Kew Palace and the architect of the present Somerset House. He was also the apostle of Oriental Gardening and the butt of the once popular 'Heroic Epistle.' To Chambers we propose to devote this paper.

In the commune of the Landes in France, by odd accident, had been established in the seventeenth century certain settlers of Scottish descent named Chalmers. They dwelt on the river Midouze, in the Calvinistic town of Tartas, of which they were barons. From this family, some members afterwards migrated to Ripon in Yorkshire; and the head of the branch, a wealthy merchant having much business in Sweden, had also the unprofitable privilege of advancing large

sums to Charles XII for munitions of war—advances which were either not repaid at all, or repaid in exceptionally base coin. To prosecute outstanding claims the more effectually, his son resided for many years in Stockholm, where, in 1726, his grandson, William Chambers—to which the family name was now changed—was born. Two years later the boy was brought to England, and eventually went to school at Ripon. At the early age of sixteen he became a supercargo on a ship in the employ of the Swedish East India Company. His elder brother was already acquiring a fortune in the East Indies, and it was no doubt expected that the younger son should follow so hopeful an example. In his capacity of supercargo, Chambers made one, or perhaps two, voyages to China. Whether he also made money is not related; but he became extremely interested in the manners and customs of the 'Flowery Land' and particularly in its buildings and costumes. He visited Canton and other places; and being already an excellent amateur draughtsman, managed to execute numerous sketches of houses, temples, and the like. As he was youthful and impressionable, he never lost the fascination of these first experiences. The cask—as Horace says—remembers its first wine; and it must have

been long before he ceased to care for hunch-backed bridges, cannon-ball trees, and all the willow-pattern vagaries of Lamb's 'world before perspective.' Like Lamb, he probably, to the end of his days, privately preferred the china-closet to the picture gallery.

Meanwhile his Chinese travels had the effect of determining his vocation; and he began to study diligently as an architect. What interval elapsed between his giving up a commercial career for his new profession, and how long he worked in London, must be left to conjecture. But like every other student of those days, he seems to have speedily gravitated to Italy, not only to measure the monuments of Roman antiquity, but also to make minute and prolonged study of the more recent works and methods of such later masters of the Classic Style as Michelangelo and Palladio, Scamozzi and Vignola, Peruzzi, Sanmicheli, and the much-vaunted Chevalier Bernini —artists who, while following the principles of the antique, had contrived to combine with the best tradition something of their own originality and initiative. Chambers also devoted considerable attention to French architecture, as manifested in the works of that devotee of Vitruvius, Claude Perrault, the designer of the Louvre;

and of the Grand Monarque's favourite, Jules Mansard, of Versailles and Marly. His particular master at Paris was the preternaturally facile draughtsman, Charles Louis Clérisseau,[1] who afterwards accompanied Robert Adam to England. When Chambers first left this country on what amount to his *Wanderjahre* is obscure; but as he is understood to have returned with Joseph Wilton the sculptor in 1755, when they, too, brought back with them Cipriani (whose drawings his countryman Bartolozzi afterwards did so much to popularize), there can be no doubt as to the termination of his long Continental course. At this date Reynolds had completed his Italian travels; but it is just possible that, either at Rome or Florence, Chambers had made the acquaintance of his future colleague.

In any case, when he returned to London, he must have been remarkably well-equipped for a calling in which, under George II, there were few

[1] Of Clérisseau's rapidity it is related that once, at Rome, for a wager, he executed sixty different drawings 'between the morning and evening of the same day.' They are declared to have shown 'great merit and variety.' But in these matters of *tours de force*, one is a little tempted to recall Piron's verdict on the versatility of Voltaire: 'Et la besogne est-elle bonne? . . . Oh! non!'

formidable rivals. Wren, the last great Anglo-Italian, had died three years before Chambers was born, and none had yet arisen to take his place. Chambers set up his tent in Russell Street, Covent Garden, next door to 'Tom's' famous coffee-house, and prepared to receive what Fate might bring to him. Being without means, his outlook was vague in the extreme. Fortunately he found a friend in John Carr, of York, the architect of many English country seats. It so happened that Lord Bute, the principal adviser of the widowed Princess Augusta, was casting about for some one to act as architectural drawing master to the Prince of Wales, afterwards George III, and Carr recommended Chambers. Discreet, courtly, and already of much experience in men, he speedily became a favourite with his royal pupil and his royal pupil's mother. How far he inspired the future monarch with his Oriental tastes we know not; but following the then prevailing craze for the '*Sharawaggi*, or Chinese want of symmetry' of which Walpole wrote, and which had moved the ridicule of Whitehead in the 'World,'[1] he set

[1] 'World,' No. 12, 22nd March 1753. 'Every gate to a cow-yard'—says the writer—'is in T's and Z's, and every hovel for the cows has bells hanging at the corners.' Walpole says that the founder of this taste was Richard Bateman,

himself to foster the fashion by an elaborate series of 'Designs for Chinese Buildings, Furniture, Dresses, Machines and Utensils.' These, which were dedicated to his pupil, and appeared in 1757, were based mainly upon his early Chinese sketches. Effectively engraved by Grignion and others, they enjoyed considerable vogue, especially as they included a lengthy introduction. One thing which they established was that the author must already have made the acquaintance of Johnson, among whose 'acknowledged works,' according to Boswell, figure the first two paragraphs of Chambers's preface. It may be also that Chambers is intended by the 'Mr. Freeze' who makes early appearance in Goldsmith's 'Citizen of the World,' and whose 'Chinese Temple' is found to be wholly unrecognizable by the outspoken and incorruptible Lien Chi Altangi.

Chambers, however, was too clever to trust entirely to a merely fugitive freak of the popular taste; and it was not for the 'Sharawaggi' style of architecture that he had given his days and nights to the study of Palladio and Sanmicheli. In 1759 he published his 'Treatise on the De-

brother of the first Viscount Bateman, whom he (Walpole) susequently converted 'from a Chinese to a Goth.' (Toynbee's 'Walpole's Letters,' xii (1904), 11.)

corative Part of Civil Architecture,' the work on which his reputation as a writer still rests. Walpole declared in his 'Anecdotes of Painting' that it was 'the most sensible book, and the most exempt from prejudices, that ever was written on its subject.' And if it be retorted that Walpole wrote in the architectural dark ages of 1762, it may be added that Chambers's pupil and biographer Hardwick, and his editor Gwilt, both brothers of the craft, also bear testimony to its merits. The latter, who supplemented it in 1825 by an examination of Grecian Architecture, a part of Chambers's theme which he had more or less neglected, nevertheless speaks of it even then 'as the only text-book in our language which has yet appeared worthy of being placed in the hands of the student.' The subject is too large for a layman; but it was doubtless owing to Chambers's popularity with his pupil, and his proficiency in architecture and Chinese gardening, that he was chosen by the Princess Augusta to improve and decorate the grounds at Kew House, which, after the death of her husband, was still occupied by her as a residence. With a flat site, poor soil, and neither wood nor water, the task cannot have been an easy one; but the ingenuity of Chambers victoriously overcame these obstacles, and his

clever alternation of Chinese structures with Classic temples made the spot 'the delight of the native, and the admiration of the foreigner.'[1] In a sumptuous folio issued in 1763, at the royal command and cost, with the title of 'Plans, Elevations, Sections, and Perspective Views of the Gardens and Buildings at Kew, in Surry, the seat of Her Royal Highness the Princess Dowager of Wales,' Chambers pictorially perpetuated his labours. The book is still a desideratum to the topographical collector, not only for its historical and intrinsic interest, but as exemplifying the best illustrative and chalcographic art of the day. Cipriani contributed the figures; Kirby, Thomas Sandby, and William Marlow the 'views'; while Paul Sandby, Woollett, Grignion, Major, Rooker, and others, took charge of the transference of the designs to copper.

[1] M. Pierre-Jean Grosley, who visited this country in 1765, writes enthusiastically in his 'Londres' of the 'jardins & le parc que le Princesse de Galles a depuis peu formés à Kiow.' He praises their infinite variety, their temples and pagoda; their verdant lawns—'le plus beau vert qui soit dans la nature,' to which his attention had been specially directed by the pastellist Latour. ('Londres,' 1771, iii, 125-132.) Evidently Latour did not agree with his compatriot Boucher, who thought that Nature could be 'trop verte.'

The majority of the plans and architectural drawings were by Chambers himself; and from his own account it is clear that his operations must have begun rather earlier than is supposed by some of his biographers; and also that he was not solely responsible for all the much-discussed 'Chinoiseries.' For example, there was already in existence a two-storeyed 'House of Confucius,' devised years before by Joseph Goupy (who had also been drawing-master to George III), the walls and ceilings of which were painted with scenes from the life of the great Oriental law-giver, and also 'with several transactions of the Christian Missions in China.' Chambers's earliest effort seems to have been the 'Gallery of Antiques,' which dates from 1757. In the year after came the Doric 'Temple of the God Pan,' imitated from the Theatre of Marcellus at Rome; and the still existent 'Temple of Arethusa.' After these followed the 'Temple of Victory' commemorating Minden and the defeat of Marshal de Contades by Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick; the 'Ruin,' a realistic reproduction of classical antiquity in *bona-fide* brick and mortar, and not painted like its historical prototypes at Vauxhall or Rueil; the 'Temple of Bellona'; the 'Mosque,' with its edifying Arabic mottoes from

the Koran;[1] the 'Temple of the Sun'; the Orangery or Green-house (now Museum No. III) and the Great Pagoda. The latest erection at the date of publication of the book was a temple in honour of the Peace which ended the Seven Years' War. From the above it will be seen that Chambers varied his inventions considerably, and was not exclusively concerned with Classic and Chinese architecture. One of the buildings unenumerated in the list was the 'Alhambra,' which anticipated Owen Jones by essaying the Moresque manner; the 'Mosque' was naturally Turkish, while the 'Temple of the Sun,' which stands not far from the old Orangery, borrowed hints from Baalbek. It may be added that the 'Temple of Victory'—for which, with many of the older bridges and the like, the visitor will now vainly seek—either from its shape or its rapid construction, was popularly known as the 'Mushroom Temple'; while the Temple of Æolus, by Cumberland Gate, which has not hitherto been mentioned, and which revolved like the old Observatory at the Albert Memorial at Kensington, was ironically likened to that other very mutable and shifting establishment, the Court at Leicester Fields.

[1] 'Let there be no force in religion; There is no other God except the Deity; Make not any likeness unto God.'

By this date, and independently of royal patronage, Chambers must have been well established as an architect. His first work of consequence is said to have been Bessborough House at Roehampton, built for Brabazon Ponsonby, Earl of Bessborough, and afterwards memorable as a treasury of art and antiques. It has long been pulled down. To the first Exhibition of the Society of Artists of Great Britain Chambers did not contribute; but to the second, at Spring Garden, he sent plans of a London House, a Triumphal Bridge for Blackfriars, and a Triumphal Arch for Lord Pembroke's seat at Wilton. In the catalogue of the third Exhibition came further architectural designs; and, what is more material, the drawings for the 'Ruin' and now-demolished 'Temple of Victory' at Kew. It is not necessary to follow his exhibits in later years. But it should be noted that in the catalogue of 1762 he is described as 'Architect of the Works to His Majesty, and Architect to Her Royal Highness the Princess Dowager of Wales,' which must be accepted as his official titles at this period. The mention of the Society of Artists also serves to recall the very prominent part which Chambers subsequently took in the establishment of the Royal Academy, of which he was first Treasurer.

That this part was by no means perfunctory must be inferred from the fact that one of the earliest acts of the General Assembly in January 1769 was to pass a resolution thanking Mr. Chambers 'for his active and able conduct in planning and forming the Royal Academy.' Not only had he acquired from his early training an aptitude for business to which his colleagues in general were strangers, but his position and influence with the Royal Family made his services invaluable in smoothing initial difficulties. With all the persuasive charm of Reynolds, he was a better organizer; and though on more than one occasion, notably in the dispute as to a Professorship of Perspective, and the proposal to grant a sum of money for Johnson's monument in St. Paul's, he differed from his associates, his relations with them and their first President were perfectly harmonious.

In the Correspondence of James, first Earl of Charlemont, the connoisseur and friend of Hogarth, there are several letters from Chambers, whom his Lordship employed in connection with his Irish houses. They are largely occupied with matters of decoration and furniture; but occasionally contain items of general interest. In one of them, he himself claims credit for 'having

brought about' the Academy, though, for the moment, he is more concerned with the recent death of an old gentleman who for eight years has 'kept him out of a place' to which he has just been appointed, namely that of 'Controller General of His Majesty's Works.' This was in March 1769. Another letter thanks Charlemont for a contribution to Baretti, who had then been acquitted of the accidental murder of a man in the Haymarket. His friends—Chambers says—have paid his legal expenses; but he is still poor. In a third communication he falls foul of the 'Ionian Antiquities' issued by the Dilettanti Society, which is 'composed of some of the worst architecture I ever saw,' and he regrets that so much money has been wasted upon it. But all this is 'between friends,' as he is hoping to establish a Fellowship in the Academy for sending a person abroad annually to study the arts, a plan he thinks may be of use.

These last remarks betray a touch of that impatience of competition which afflicts so many estimable people, and perhaps was all the keener in Chambers's case because his narrowness of means had not permitted him to pursue the study of Grecian architecture with the same energy he had devoted to Palladio and the neo-Classics.

Something of the same feeling probably lay at the root of the purpose prompting what, if it be not his most notable literary effort, was certainly the most discussed—the 'Dissertation on Oriental Gardening,' 1772. Whether this originated in a genuine antipathy to the landscapists in horticulture, as represented in Mason's 'English Garden,' of which the first part appeared in the same year; or whether it arose from dissatisfaction at Lord Clive's preference for 'Capability Brown' as the architect of his Esher Palace;[1] or whether, finally, its oblique intention was to wean George III from handing over his pleasure grounds to the tender mercies of the new school, who (as Walpole said) 'had leaped the fence' to discover that Nature was already a garden—it is plain that the 'Dissertation' was dead against the theories which, in its own words, 'had scarcely left an acre of shade, nor three trees growing in a line, from the Land's End to the Tweed.' For all this, Chambers proposed to substitute the perplexed incongruities

1 'It is written in wild revenge against Brown,' says Walpole to Mason. The words of the 'Dissertation' are: 'The Art of Gardening in this island is abandoned to kitchen gardeners, well skilled in the culture of sallads, but little acquainted with the principles of Ornamental Gardening.' (p. iii.) Brown was said to have begun as a kitchen gardener.

of Pekin, or (as one critic puts it) 'the unmeaning falbalas of Chinese chequer-work.' It does not appear that the scheme suggested, though it emanated from His Majesty's Controller-General of Works, found much favour; and its only practical result was to bring about certain modifications in the fashion of railings and garden-seats. But those whom Chambers had indirectly assailed would not willingly let him die; and the 'Dissertation' was followed a year later by what is generally known as the 'Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers, Knt.,' such having become his dignity, since, in 1771, he had been invested by the King of Sweden with the Order of the Polar Star,[1] in recognition of a series of carefully finished drawings of Kew Gardens which he had prepared for that monarch.

The 'Heroic Epistle' is an unusually neat piece of work, although at the present moment of time its allusions have grown remote, and to modern ears its 'solemn irony' is less keen. The satirist, of course, professes to be on the side of Chambers, 'Whose orb collects in one refulgent view, The scatter'd glories of Chinese Virtu.' 'O let the Muse,' he cries:

[1] He 'was allowed by George III to assume the title and style of a knight.' ('D.N.B.')

O let the Muse attend thy march sublime,
And, with thy prose, caparison her rhyme;
Teach her, like thee, to gild her splendid song,
With scenes of Yven-Ming, and sayings of Li-Tsong;
Like thee to leap Dame Nature's simple fence;
Leap each Ha Ha of truth and common sense;
And proudly rising in her bold career,
Demand attention from the gracious ear
Of Him, whom we and all the world admit,
Patron supreme of science, taste, and wit.

In support of the last line, some of those 'who breathe the sweets' of his Majesty's 'Saturnian reign' are invoked:

Witness ye Hills, ye Johnsons, Scots, Shebbeares,
Hark to my call, for some of you have ears—

a transparent reference to the fact that the last-named personage, having stood nominally in the pillory[1] for sedition under George II had (like

[1] Although, in a special address to Dr. Shebbeare, the writer of the 'Heroic Epistle' refers to the 'tattered fragment' of that worthy's ear, Shebbeare seems to have escaped the extreme penalty of the pillory, and on the whole to have had a by-no-means *mauvaise heure* in the Charing Cross 'state-machine.' By favour of a friendly Under Sheriff, he was brought to the spot in a city coach, and permitted to sit instead of stand his sentence, while a sedan-chairman, masquerading for the nonce in livery, held an umbrella over his head. He had boasted that he would write himself into a pillory or a pension. He achieved both ambitions.

Johnson) been pensioned by George III. Hume, characterized as 'the fattest Hog of Epicurus' sty' —an application of Horace which has found its way into the dictionaries of quotations, Home of 'Douglas' fame, 'Ossian' Macpherson, and even the shades of Mallet and 'candid Smollet'—all North Britons be it observed!—are also summoned to render testimony. The scanty gamut of Nature —or rather Nature according to the designs of William Kent—is thus defined to suit the prose and creed of Chambers:

> Ring her changes round,
> Her three flat notes are water, plants, and ground;
> Prolong the peal, yet spite of all your clatter,
> The tedious chime is still ground, plants, and water.
> So, when some John his dull invention racks,
> To rival Boodle's dinners, or Almack's,
> Three uncouth legs of mutton shock our eyes,
> Three roasted geese, three butter'd apple-pies.[1]

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[1] These particulars are closely studied from Chambers himself. '*Plants*, *ground, and water*,' he had said, quoting the Chinese, 'are her [Nature's] only productions.' . . . 'Our larger works are only a repetition of the small ones; more green fields, more shrubberies, more serpentine walks, and more temples; like the honest bachelor's feast, which consisted in nothing but a multiplication of his own dinner, *three legs of mutton and turneps, three roasted geese and three buttered apple-pies.*' ('Preface' pp. vi-vii., and p. 16. To the

All these things, which 'untutor'd Brown' was substituting at Richmond Lodge for Merlin's Cave with its wax figures (by Mrs. Salmon of Fleet Street), and the Hermitage, and the other 'sweet designs' of the late Queen Caroline and her Yeoman of the Guard, Stephen Duck, Chambers is exhorted to counteract and neutralize by the prolific conceptions of Oriental ingenuity:

> Haste, bid yon livelong Terras re-ascend,
> Replace each vista, straighten every bend;
> Shut out the Thames; shall that ignoble thing
> Approach the presence of great Ocean's King?
> No! let Barbaric glories feast his eyes,
> August Pagodas round his palace rise,
> And finish'd Richmond open to his view,
> 'A work to wonder at, perhaps a Kew.'[1]

Among the 'Barbaric glories' were to figure the snakes, cats, parrots, baboons and African giants of the Asiatic gardens (not forgetting Queen Charlotte's elephant and zebra from St. James's Park), while, for the greater heightening of the 'groves of horror and affright,' powder-mills from Hounslow, where there had been a recent explo-

Second Edition of 1772, from which the above quotations are taken, is added 'an Explanatory Discourse, by Tan Chetqua of Quang-chew-fu, Gent.')

[1] 'A Work to wonder at—perhaps a STOWE.'—Pope's 'Moral Essays,' iv, 70.

sion, and gibbets from Bagshot were to be added, from which latter 'the minor plunderers of the age'—the Rigbys, Bradshaws and the like—were 'to kick the air' in straw-stuffed effigy. Then follows the mimic city, the *urbs in rure* of the Pekin paradise, with all its humours, at which 'The Maids of Honour cry Te! He!' and even Miss Burney's 'Cerbera,' the not-easily-pleased Mrs. Elizabeth Juliana Schwellenbergen, is stirred to unwonted rapture. But enough of quotation.

Who wrote the 'Heroic Epistle'? The question was long debated. That it was successively attributed to Mason, to Walpole, to Hayley, to Anstey, shows that from the outset it was considered worthy of some 'eminent hand.' Gradually speculation centred upon Mason and Walpole. Walpole—thought Thomas Warton—*might* have written it; but it must have been 'buckram'd' by Mason. So reports Boswell. But it is doubtful if Walpole did more than give hints. The ethics of anonymity are peculiar; but they scarcely cover his solemn declaration on his honour to Lady Ossory that the poem was not his.[1] Moreover, in writing to Mason a little later he implies plainly that it is Mason's. He exhorts him to cultivate his newly found vein; he refers in set

[1] Toynbee's 'Walpole's Letters,' viii (1904), 254.

phrase to his (Mason's) choosing 'to remain unknown for author of the "Epistle,"' and he winds up with jubilant allusion to the popular quotations with which it has furnished the Town. This letter, of course, was not known to those of his contemporaries who discussed the question;[1] while the publisher, Almon of Piccadilly, if he was aware of the facts, kept his own counsel. But in a reprint which he edited in 1805, he testifies to the extraordinary popularity of the piece, only rivalled in this respect, he declared, by Gray's 'Elegy.'[2] From Boswell we learn that 'such was Johnson's candid relish of its merit that [notwithstanding its stroke at himself] he allowed Goldsmith . . . to read it to him from beginning to end, and did not refuse his praise to its execution.' George III was scarcely so magnanimous. Commencing the 'Epistle' aloud to Chambers, not without a certain anticipatory delight (for even monarchs are human!) in its expected trouncing of his Controller General of

[1] 'The papers of the late Lord Orford (Horace Walpole) may possibly throw some light on this subject' (Note, dated March 1798, to the 'Pursuits of Literature,' tenth edition, 1799, p. 54).

[2] The above quotations are from the thirteenth edition of 1776.

Works, his Majesty found himself so disrespectfully handled that he flung down the book in a fume—and 'that day read no more.' But it is by no means impossible that to the couplet—

> Who of three realms shall condescend to know
> No more than he can spy from Windsor's brow,

is to be attributed the subsequent visit of 'great Ocean's King' to the Fleet at Spithead, in order, as the same remorseless satirist put it, to

> see, as other folks have seen,
> That ships have anchors, and that seas are green . . .
> And then sail back, amid the cannons' roar,
> As safe, as sage, as when he left the shore.

The 'Heroic Epistle' was followed by a 'Postscript,' whence the last-quoted lines are borrowed, in which a promise, never performed, was made of a further political satire; and it was also answered by a 'Familiar Epistle to the Author of the Heroic Epistle,' said to have been 'an adequate retort.' The 'Postscript' had considerable success; but makes little reference to Chambers; and the 'Familiar Epistle' must now have lost its sting. Its author, if Chambers were the author, affected to treat the whole matter philosophically, consoling himself by the fact that the attack had stimulated the sale of the peccant 'Dissertation' which, by

the way, in spite of Père Attiret, has been declared by later Chinese travellers to have been largely a work of imagination.[1] By this date he had moved from Russell Street, his first home, and after living some time in Poland Street, from which he put forth the Kew book, had built himself a house at No. 53 Berners Street, now occupied by the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society. He had also an Italian villa at Whitton Place, near Hounslow, in the grounds of which, in honour of the king's physician, Dr. Francis Willis, he erected a Temple of Æsculapius; and he enjoyed besides, from his official position, apartments at Hampton Court. The 'Dissertation'

[1] According to the 'European Magazine' for 1793, vol. 24, p. 182, Chambers bound both works together, and placed them in his library at Whitton. Sending a copy of his book to Voltaire in July 1772, he had spoken of it as containing 'a great deal of nonsense,' the view with which it was published (that is,—the amendment of the prevailing taste in gardening), and 'two very pretty prints engraved by the celebrated Bartolozzi' being its only recommendations. The old man replied sympathetically. He is already insensibly Chambers's disciple. 'J'ai *de tout* dans mes jardins, parterres, petite pièce d'eau, promenades, regulières, bois très irreguliers, vallons, prés, vignes, potagers avec des murs de partage couverts, d'arbres fruitiers du peigné et du sauvage, le tout en petit et fort éloigné de votre magnificence. Un Prince d'Allemagne se ruineroit en voulant être votre écolier.'

seems to have been his last deviation into literature; and though there are indications that at one time he proposed to lecture upon Architecture at the Royal Academy, there is no record that he ever did so. Of his different professional undertakings the account is scattered. Reference has already been made to his work for the Earl of Bessborough at Roehampton, for Lord Charlemont at Dublin and Clontarf (Marino), for Lord Pembroke at Wilton, and to his unaccepted plans for Lord Clive's palatial residence at Esher. He also built a superb dwelling-place for Lord Abercorn at Duddingston near Edinburgh; and he was the architect of Earl Gower's mansion at Whitehall,[1] and of Melbourne House (Albany) in Piccadilly. One of his designs was a beautiful circular church for Marylebone, with a Doric dome and portico, which, although the vestry declined it in favour of that sent in by his pupil and biographer, Thomas Hardwick, was nevertheless greatly commended as a work of art. We hear also of Gothic restorations at Milton Abbey and additions at Blenheim, and of a successful market-place at Woodstock. But the work which

[1] The site of 'Carrington House,' as it was latterly called, was at the corner of Horse Guards Avenue. It is now covered by the new War Office.

formed the chief occupation of the latter years of Chambers's life was the construction of the group of public buildings which, when, under an Act of 15 George III, the Queen's Palace was transferred to Buckingham House, took the place of old Somerset House in the Strand. Plans of an unpretentious character had been provisionally prepared by William Robinson, then Secretary to the Board of Works. At this juncture it was forcibly urged by Burke and others that, for the proper accommodation of the important institutions and departments concerned, something more ambitious was needed; and that it would be well to make so extensive an undertaking 'an object of national splendour as well as of official convenience.' In October 1775 Robinson died. By the King's desire, Chambers succeeded him; and not unnaturally discarded his predecessor's modified but unfinished designs for new ones of his own.[1] His scheme, which included the whole of the area now occupied by Somerset House and King's College, though somewhat varied as time went on for lack of funds, was eventually approved. His salary was fixed at £2000 a year; and, in 1776, the first

[1] Baretti's 'Guide through the Royal Academy,' as quoted by Mr. A. Abrahams in 'Notes and Queries' for 9th July 1910. Baretti was well known to Chambers.

stone of what Fergusson styles 'the greatest architectural work of the reign of George III' was duly laid.

Those who are curious in these things may still inspect, at the Soane Museum in Lincoln's Inn Fields, the numerous plans, drawings, and sketches of details which Chambers prepared for his complicated and exacting task. The differing needs of the numerous buildings which made up the whole; the perpetual alterations involved in adapting the separate structures to the conditions of a restricted site, and the unceasing harassment of that irresponsible criticism which beats so fiercely upon public works in progress (and even after completion!)—these things taxed the ingenuity and the endurance of the architect to the utmost; while it took all the sympathy and encouragement of such friends as Goldsmith, Burke, Johnson and Garrick to prevent any serious interruption of his labours. One of the latest and most unscrupulous of his assailants was a failed engraver and gutter satirist named John Williams, who, under the style of 'Anthony Pasquin,' issued an exceedingly offensive attack both on Chambers and his work. It has received far more attention than it deserves, and would probably have been wholly forgotten had it not been reprinted as a note in Gwilt's edition

of the 'Civil Architecture.' There is a pretentious rumble in this precious screed of polysyllables such as 'putridinous' and 'lapidific,' and a certain showy shuffling of art-terms; but the whole is simply a malignant and blundering diatribe against the powers who had substituted a new building for an old. When, in 1823, it was reproduced in that interesting and short-lived miscellany, the 'Somerset House Gazette,[1] it was fortunate enough to elicit a belated remonstrance from another of Chambers's editors, Papworth the architect, who triumphantly vindicated the reputation of Chambers, not only by pointing out the peculiar difficulties with which he was confronted in obtaining security of foundation, and by dwelling on the skill with which he had conciliated the conflicting requirements of the occupants,[2] but by insisting that, all these things notwithstanding, the vast edifice had not suffered in its dignified simplicity, and that both in construction and decoration, it fairly compared with any other public erection in the capital. And it is perhaps superfluous to add that, after such an eulogium, Papworth did not fail to credit Chambers with a liberal measure of that combina-

[1] Nos. viii and x, pp. 114 and 146 of vol. i.

[2] The sole caviller is reported to have been the cook at the Victualling Office, who wanted more larder room.

tion of gifts, mathematical, mechanical, chemical and artistic, which go to the making of a Wren or a Palladio.

Unanimity in art criticism is as rare as unanimity in matters dramatic; and although two-thirds of the above verdict are incontrovertible, critics of far different calibre to the 'polecat' Pasquin (the natural history is Macaulay's) have not always endorsed Papworth's conclusions as to the general merits of the design. That accomplished observer, M. Taine, for example, who travelled in Italy and should have been familiar with Chambers's models, seems to have retained an exceedingly unfavourable impression of Somerset House—an impression which loses nothing under his incisive and unrenderable vocabulary. It is a 'massive et pesante architecture dont tous les creux sont passés à l'encre'—he says. He speaks of its 'portiques barbouillés de suie,' and its 'longues rangées de fenêtres closes: que peuvent-ils faire dans ces catacombes?' . . . 'Mais ce qui afflige le plus les yeux, ce sont les colonnades, péristyles, ornements grecs, moulures et guirlandes des maisons, toutes lessivées à la suie; pauvre architecture antique, que vient-elle faire en pareil climat?'[1] The last objection has been urged before. He is equally unkind to

[1] 'Notes sur l'Angleterre,' 2nd ed. 1872, pp. 10-11.

the 'Bristish Museum' and Saint Paul's. But he made his inspection on a wet and foggy October day; and it may be was suffering from some adventurous meal akin to the steak and 'bottattoes' which, at Oxford, an unintelligent waiter translated into steak and 'buttered toast.' Such a diet might well dispose a critic to see everything *en noir!* In London a certain amount of sooty accretion must, of course, be granted; though, as others have observed, there are moments when Somerset House glistens gladly in the noonday sun —moments of moonlight, too, which blanch and clarify its classic outlines, and when even its dusky clefts and corners serve to emphasize and accentuate the white of its more fortunate spaces. But one could prolong to the verge of tedium the too frequently contradictory comments of experts, who assail this or that detail of the whole. For the unprejudiced outsider, it is enough to rejoice in the beauty of the vestibule and famous river-front, the spread of the quadrangle, the diversity and propriety of the decorations, without inquiring too curiously—in the spirit of the sagacious M. Jourdain—whether the original conception followed the strictest order of academic evolution, or adequately interprets the true inwardness of an æsthetic personality. For him it suffices that Somerset House

remains 'the greatest architectural work of the reign of George III.' And it may be added that those who—undeterred by the discoloration of the French critic's 'soot-washes'—really desire to study the sculpture of the last quarter of the eighteenth century, cannot do better than spend an hour among the masks and river-gods of Bacon, and Wilton, and Joseph Nollekens.

From first to last, it is estimated that Somerset House must have cost about £500,000. It was still unfinished when its designer died; and supplementary decorative work continued to be done on the internal north façade down to 1819, while some of the additions to the group of buildings are of a yet later date. The superintending of its construction constituted the main occupation of Chambers's closing years. At the time of his decease in 1796, he had moved from Berners Street to a small house in Norton (now Bolsover) Street, Marylebone, once a favoured resort of artists, since Wilson, Wilkie and Turner all resided there. He was buried in Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey. A tactful employer, and a friendly, cheerful, amenable man of the world, he was on familiar terms with many of his more illustrious contemporaries. Johnson, Reynolds, Goldsmith, Garrick, Dr. Burney, Caleb Whitefoord, and other notabilities, were all of his

circle; and he was a member of a professional club known as the Architects' Society, which met at the rendezvous of the Dilettanti—the Thatched House Tavern in St. James's Street. But notwithstanding the eminence of his associates, and his own popularity, few anecdotes seem to have clustered about his memory. His letters to Charlemont, preoccupied as already stated with business details, are otherwise rather colourless, and little mention of him is made in Boswell's storehouse of gossip. But there is a solitary incident in the 'European Magazine'[1] which is worth recalling, as it relates to Goldsmith, and actually took place at Chambers's house in Berners Street. Seated at whist with his host, Lady Chambers, and Baretti, the poet suddenly started, threw down his hand, and rushed out of the room. Returning speedily, he was questioned as to his erratic behaviour. 'I'll tell you,' he replied; 'as I was deeply engaged, and pondering over my cards, my attention was attracted from them by the voice of a female in the street, who was singing and sobbing at the same time: so I flew down to relieve her distress; for I could not be quiet myself until I had quieted her.' No one had heard the singer save the soft-hearted author of 'A City Night-Piece'!

[1] Vol. lv (1809), p. 443.

CLÉRY'S JOURNAL

FOR the last few years there has been a marked renewal of interest in the little group of royal personages who, having sought shelter with the French Legislative Assembly, were, on the 13th of August 1792, consigned by that body to the tender mercies of the Paris Commune. Much of this reawakened curiosity is no doubt owing to the persistence of modern research among revolutionary archives, and particularly to the indefatigable labours of M. G. Lenotre in connection with Marie Antoinette and her husband, with Madame Royale, and with other members of the party. Translations of M. Lenotre's fast-following volumes have appeared successively in England; and to these again must be attributed a corresponding and independent activity on the subject in this country. Within short space we have had not only a version of M. Lenotre's latest effort, a volume on the Duchesse d'Angoulême (Madame Royale), but an exceedingly lucid and readable account of 'The Little Dauphin'

(Louis XVII) by Miss Catharine Welch, and an excellently illustrated monograph, by Miss B. C. Hardy, on the Princesse de Lamballe. In this abundance of new and newly published material we may perhaps be pardoned if, acting on a well-worn precept, we revert to an elder classic in this kind, the once famous—and deservedly famous—'Journal of Occurrences at the Temple, during the Confinement of Louis XVI, King of France, by M. Cléry, the King's Valet-de-Chambre.' There is the better justification for taking this course, in that many of the recent investigators not only make mention of Cléry's record, but materially confirm and complete what, since the date of its appearance, has always been regarded as a most trustworthy historical document, emanating from an eye-witness who recounts only what he saw, and, in his own modest words, had 'neither the talent nor the pretension to compose Memoirs.'

Concerning its author, Jean-Baptiste Cant-Hanet, otherwise Cléry, not much, previous to the 'Occurrences' which he chronicles, can or need be said; but of his subsequent doings we may perhaps later add a few little-known particulars. Born in May 1759, at Jardy, in the Park of Versailles, he was at the period of the

'Journal,' a married man, holding the position of valet de chambre to the Prince Royal, or Dauphin, afterwards Louis XVII. On the memorable 10th of August, when the mob from the faubourgs attacked the Tuileries, and the royal family had quitted that palace for the Legislative Assembly then sitting in the neighbouring riding school, Cléry contrived to escape by jumping from a window; and eventually made his way over the corpse-strewn Pont Louis Seize, and through an unguarded breach in the city walls, to Versailles. Here he soon learned that Pétion, the Mayor of Paris and head of the newly constituted revolutionary Commune, was casting about for persons to attend the prisoners in the Temple, and he at once volunteered his services. With the King's concurrence he was accepted by the municipal authorities; and on 26th August, when the royal family had already been thirteen days in the lesser Tower, where—pending repairs to the larger structure upon which it abutted and the building of a high enclosing wall—they were at first housed,[1] he entered upon his duties. At this date the prisoners consisted of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, their daughter, Madame Royale, the little Dauphin, a boy of seven, the King's

[1] See Appendix **A.**

sister, the Princess Elizabeth, and M. Hue, the King's valet, a great favourite with the family, who, however, was speedily withdrawn from his post by the suspicious Commune. The Dauphin's governess, Mme. de Tourzel, and the hapless Princesse de Lamballe, who, in her capacity of Superintendent of the Queen's household, originally accompanied the fugitives from the Tuileries, had already, before Cléry's arrival, been transferred to the prison of La Force at the end of the Rue du Roi de Sicile.

As may be anticipated, it is chiefly with those episodes of Cléry's story which can be supported or supplemented by later testimonies that we are here concerned; and we do not profess to follow that well-known narrative in detail. But, as it happens, the tragedy of the Princesse de Lamballe comes among the first of Cléry's experiences, as the September massacres in the prisons occurred only two or three days after he had taken up his abode at the Temple. At one o'clock on the 3rd the royal family, disturbed by the ceaseless beating of drums and the cries of the populace, had hurriedly assembled in the Queen's apartment. Cléry meanwhile went down to the lower story to have his dinner with the two prison attendants, Pierre Tison and his wife. They were scarcely seated

before a head on the point of a pike was presented at the window. It was that of Madame de Lamballe, which some of the mob, who had succeeded in penetrating the enclosure of the Tower, had brought to exhibit to the Queen. 'Though bleeding,' says Cléry, '[it] was not disfigured, and her fine light hair, still curling, waved round the pike.[1]

At this ghastly sight Tison's wife shrieked dismally; and the wretches below, concluding the voice was that of the Queen, were heard to laugh savagely. Cléry, horrified, at once mounted to the upper room, hoping that the Queen had been spared the sight. By this time, however, a deputation of the Septembriseurs had arrived to satisfy themselves by personal inspection that the royal family were really in the Tower; and one of them, in answer to inquiries, brutally told the Queen, whom the officers of the Commune had charitably kept back from the window, that they

[1] We quote, here and hereafter, the English version of Cléry, published in London in 1798. Apparently Cléry did not know that, according to a story accepted by Bertin, Lescure, and others, the mob, fiendishly determined that the Queen should not fail to recognize her friend, had caused the head to be washed, curled, powdered, and generally *accommodée* by a *perruquier* in the Place de la Bastille.

wanted 'to keep her from seeing *de Lamballe's* head, which had been brought her that she might know how the people avenged themselves upon their tyrants.' At this Marie Antoinette fainted; and the King said firmly, 'We are prepared for everything, Sir, but you might have dispensed with relating this horrible disaster to the Queen.' Between the blinds ('à travers les stores') Cléry could still see the swaying trophy which the bearer, who had clambered on the debris of some demolished buildings, was struggling to raise to the upper windows; and he could also clearly distinguish the voice of one of the municipal officers on duty, who, by an artful appeal to the vanity of his audience, was endeavouring to dissuade the main body of the mob from forcing an entrance. 'The head of *Antoinette*,' Cléry heard him say, 'does not belong to you; the Departments have their respective rights to it: France has confided these great culprits to the care of the City of Paris; and it is your part to assist in securing them, until the national justice takes vengeance for the people.' After an hour of similar rodomontade, they were induced to retire; and Louis XVI, through Cléry, was thoughtfully mulcted in the sum of five and forty sous for a tri-coloured sash which, as a sacred and inviolable

symbol, had been hung as a barrier across the principal gate.

The above is Cléry's narrative from within; the story from without is supplied by the municipal officer above referred to, in a document which formed part of the autographs of the late Victorien Sardou, and was printed for the first time in its entirety by M. Lenotre.[1] Daujon, as he is rightly called by Cléry—though he seems for some years to have been confused with an unfrocked priest and schoolmaster named Danjou—was a sculptor by profession, a commissioner of the Commune, and for the nonce an acting member of the Provisional Council of the Temple charged with the safe custody of the prisoners. A revolutionary by conviction, he was hard and unsympathetic, but 'neither wicked nor cruel.' After describing the events which preceded Cléry's Lamballe episode, he relates how the tri-coloured sash was hung across the main entrance, behind which, mounted on a chair, he awaited the Septembriseurs, of whose approach and intentions the Temple authorities had been forewarned by an orderly. At first he made an impassioned appeal against

[1] 'Last days of Marie Antoinette,' by G. Lenotre (Heinemann, 1907), translated by Mrs. Rodolph Stawell, pp. 33-58.

violence, as a result of which a limited number of them, 'bearing their spoils,' were admitted into the enclosure, round which they paraded triumphantly, the municipal officers at their head. But the situation speedily became acute, especially as the intruders were at once reinforced by the workmen engaged in clearing away the houses about the Tower. Voices began to clamour for Marie Antoinette. She must show herself at the window; she must be made to kiss the head of the Lamballe. The municipal officers strove in vain to calm the tumult, and one of the ruffians turned furiously on Daujon with his pike. He was saved from sudden death only by his presence of mind and the intervention of a bystander, who pointed out that he was doing no more than his duty.

'In the meantime' (Daujon proceeds) 'two commissioners had thrown themselves in front of the first inner door of the Tower, and prepared to defend the approaches with devoted courage; whereupon the others, seeing that they could not win us over, broke into horrible imprecations, pouring out the most disgusting obscenities, mingled with fearful yells. This was the final gust of the storm, and we waited for it to blow over. Fearing, however, lest the scene should lead to some

climax worthy of the actors, I decided to make them another speech. But what could I say? How could I find the way to such degraded hearts? I attracted their attention by gestures; they looked at me, and listened. I praised their courage and their exploits, and made heroes of them; then, seeing they were calming down, I gradually mingled reproach with praise. I told them the trophies they were carrying were common property. "By what right," I added, "do you alone enjoy the fruits of your victory? Do they not belong to the whole of Paris? Night is coming on. Do not delay, then, to leave these precincts, which are so much too narrow for your glory. It is in the Palais Royal, or the garden of the Tuileries, where the sovereignty of the people has been so often trodden under foot, that you should plant this trophy as an everlasting memorial of the victory you have just won."' This 'ridiculous harangue,' in Daujon's own words, must have been that of which Cléry overheard an imperfect fragment. It produced the desired effect of diverting the attention of the mob elsewhere. Daujon confirms Cléry by saying that the King subsequently thanked him for his opportune intervention. 'I shall never forget how you risked your life to save ours,' his Majesty said. And it

was truly 'risking his life.' 'If I had failed,' says Daujon in a note, 'I should have seized the sabre of a National Guard and killed the first man who had dared to come forward.' In which case he would assuredly have been massacred himself.

There are no more discrepancies in the above narratives than might reasonably have been expected from narrators writing at different times, from different points of view, and relying on memories coloured or modified by subsequent events. It is but fair, however, to observe that Daujon and Cléry differ essentially as to the behaviour and bearing of the King, whom Cléry describes, here and elsewhere, as uniformly restrained, dignified, and resigned. To Daujon he did not so present himself. At the outset of the massacres he describes him as 'pale and trembling, with his eyes swollen with tears,' and seeming 'touched by nothing but concern for his own safety.' 'Far from remembering that he had been a King, he forgot that he was a man; he had all the cowardice of a disarmed tyrant, and all the servility of a convicted criminal.' M. Lenotre naturally finds this disquieting record a little difficult, since, looking to the general credibility of Daujon's narrative, it is impossible to doubt

the good faith of the picture. He points out, nevertheless, that the 'moral collapse and unreasoning fear' it indicates, are incompatible with the conduct of Louis on other occasions; and he even builds upon it the theory that his Majesty must have habitually succeeded in exercising more self-control than he displayed in this particular juncture. This, as it seems to us, is to protest too much. Daujon, however truthful, was (where 'the tyrant' was concerned) a thoroughly unsympathetic and contemptuous spectator; and it is unnecessary, even if his words be accepted literally, to attribute the King's condition in this instance to more than 'a mere momentary weakness' in presence of the unexpected. The fortitude of the man who, according to Cléry watching by his bedside to the morning of his execution, slept as soundly as Argyll, is not to be discredited for a passing *crise nerveuse*.

Of the daily round of the prisoners in the lesser Tower where, as already stated, they were at first confined, Cléry has given a sufficiently familiar account, showing the methodical way in which they parcelled out their time in reading, recreation, needlework, instructing the children, and so forth. They must, however, in addition to the street-crier who, by contrivance of Mme. Cléry, periodic-

ally bawled the news outside the walls of the Temple, have been fairly posted up by other means in the course of events. Cléry, who refers to these things only incidentally, admits that much aid in obtaining intelligence was given by Louis-François Turgy, a humble groom of the kitchen at the Tuileries, who, with two companions, had managed to insinuate himself into the service of the Temple. From a narrative by Turgy, first given to the world in 1818, and reproduced by M. Lenotre, there would seem to have been a most elaborate and ingenious code of private signals invented by the Queen and the Princess Elizabeth for the discomfiture of the municipal officers; and this again was supplemented by secret expedients. While their suspicious warders were probing the rolls, unfolding the napkins, testing the food, and looking under the beds, messages written in lemon-juice or gall-nut were freely exchanged under their very noses, or posted in hiding-places previously agreed upon. 'In spite of the vigilance of eight or ten persons, hardly a day passed' (says Turgy) 'during the fourteen months that I was in the Temple, without my delivering some notes or other to the royal family, either by means of the devices already mentioned, or while I was giving them the objects connected

with my duties, or receiving them from their hands. Or else I would put the note in a ball of thread or cotton, and hide it in a corner of a cupboard, or under the marble table, or in the hot-air holes of the stove, or even in the basket that the sweepings were carried away in. A movement of my hand or eyes indicated the spot where I had succeeded in hiding the ball. In this way the King and the princesses were nearly always kept informed of the progress of events. . . . Strange to say' (he adds elsewhere) 'not one of our notes was ever discovered! Every day I thank Heaven for it.'[1] It is to Turgy that we owe a story which tends to confirm Cléry's account of the wanton insults inflicted upon the captives by some of the soldiery and municipal officers. From many of the latter, recruited as they were from all ranks of society, ill-informed, ill-educated, and animated by an unreasoning antipathy to their unfortunate charges, rose-water civilities and polite consideration could hardly be expected. But Turgy's anecdote is of a man who certainly should have known better, the 'poet' *Dorat*-Palémezeaux, Chevalier de Cubières, a member of the Commune on duty at the Temple. The Queen had broken her comb, and begged Turgy

[1] Lenotre, pp. 65, 75.

to get her a new one. 'Buy one of horn,' said Cubières ostentatiously in her hearing; 'box (buis) is too good for her'—a recommendation which Turgy silently disregarded in favour of tortoiseshell. Cléry also refers to the insolence of Cubières. It is a comfort to learn from M. Lenotre's note that this man, notwithstanding his abject odes to Marat, Carrier, and Robespierre, only succeeded in being regarded as a coward and a parasite, 'at once (in Madame Roland's words) idiotically conceited and servilely polite'; and that he put the crown to his megalomania by rewriting the 'Phèdre' of Racine, and endeavouring to pass off one of his own bad plays as a lost tragedy of Corneille. In this particular connection a still lower depth of turpitude is disclosed by Turgy, who implies that in the past he had received special marks of favour from the King.

But though there were shameless and cowardly municipal officers such as Cubières, savages like Tison and Simon the cobbler, ribald National Guards who scrawled the masonry with obscene *graffiti* of Louis, and brutal turnkeys who puffed their foul tobacco smoke in the very face of 'Madame Veto,' there were also some (and more than, from Cléry's 'Journal,' one would guess) who felt from the first, or, if they did not then,

soon came to feel, a genuine compassion for their hapless charges. Among the latter was François Toulan, hereafter to be mentioned; among the former, Charles Goret, a ci-devant inspector of market supplies, and apparently a man of some intelligence and education, whose 'Testimony with regard to the Confinement of Louis XVI and his Family in the Temple Tower,' first published under the Restoration, M. Lenotre includes in his collection. From the outset Goret forebore to address the King as 'Capet'—a practice which Louis particularly disliked; nor did he, as many did, obtrusively wear his hat in the royal presence. These little distinctions of demeanour were promptly appreciated by the observant prisoners, with whom he was presently on as familiar a footing as was possible to people who were jealously spied upon through every crack and keyhole. Of these relations there is pleasant evidence in the very earliest of his records. It fell to his duty to accompany the little party on their daily airing in the Temple enclosure, a proceeding, we learn from Cléry, often made intolerably humiliating to the promenaders by the offensive bearing of the bystanders. But on this occasion it was almost idyllic.

'As soon as we were in the shade the King

and Cléry, the valet de chambre, amused themselves by giving the young prince some exercise with a little ball. The Queen sat down on a bench, with the princesses, her daughter and Madame Elizabeth, on her right hand. I was on the left. She opened the conversation by pointing to the Tower, which faced us, and asking me what I thought of it. "Alas, madame," I answered, "there is no such thing as a beautiful prison! This one reminds me of another that I saw when I was young, the one in which Gabrielle de Vergy[1] was imprisoned." "What!" replied the Queen, "you have seen that other prison?" "Yes, madame," I answered. "It is a still larger tower than this one that we are looking at, and it is situated at Couci-le-Château, where I lived when I was young." The Queen immediately called her husband, who joined us, and when she had told him what I had just said, the King asked me for various details about the tower in question.

[1] Coucy-le-Château (Aisne), near Laon, is styled by Augustus Hare 'the finest old castle in France.' The story of the amours of Renaud or Raoul de Coucy with Gabrielle de Vergy—'la dame du Fayel'—which prompted Boccaccio's 'Sigismunda,' among other things, need not be retold here. It is more pertinent to observe that this great mediaeval stronghold passed in 1498 to the crown of France, and that its last lord was Philippe 'Egalité.'

I told him what I had noticed there, and he seemed satisfied, giving us at the same time a geographical description of Couci-le-Château, as though he were an expert in geography; and indeed it was well known that his knowledge of the science was profound.'

M. Lenotre gives us a facsimile, from the Bibliothèque Nationale, of a sketch by a National Guard, the architect Lequeux, which enables us in some measure to realize this scene. It shows us the Temple Tower from the south, with the little Tower to the left of the spectator. To the right is the chestnut avenue, affording the shade of which Goret makes mention. In the foreground are the royal group, the attendant municipal officers, Mathey the porter with his keys, Cléry, and Tison and his wife. To the King's 'profound' knowledge of geography there is the testimony of another witness, Lepitre, who says that he knew more geography than many a professor. Being a professor himself, Lepitre should be accounted an expert witness. As to the King's acquaintance with architecture, there is humbler evidence. On one occasion Goret was playing dominoes with Cléry. His Majesty came to them, took possession of the pieces, and built little houses with them so skilfully that it was plain he

understood both the principles of architecture and the laws of equilibrium. But Goret is careful to add that he did not seem to be less proficient in science and literature than in those modest mechanics so often cited to his disadvantage. He was a capable scholar, and 'devoted four hours a day to Latin authors.' He was studying and annotating Tacitus up to his death; and Cléry estimates that he must, during the five months of his sojourn in the Temple, have read some 250 volumes.

Another of Goret's anecdotes illustrates that curious touch of apathy—or was it stoicism?—which has so often perplexed his more enthusiastic admirers. It is difficult to doubt the story, which is obviously authentic. During the trial which occupies the later pages of Cléry's book, Goret frequently saw the venerable Lamoignon de Malesherbes, the King's senior counsel, on his visits to his royal client; and one of the old advocate's utterances sank deeply into the memory of his hearer. 'I cannot,' said Malesherbes, only a few days before the execution, 'make the King pay any attention to his affairs, or give his mind to them. Grave as his position is, he shows the greatest indifference to it.' But apart from the fact that the anecdote is inconsistent with Cléry's

account of the King and his legal advisers, it is surely possible that Louis, like his wife, still at heart clung fondly to the forlorn hope of foreign intervention, or caught vaguely at straws such as the quixotic Batz scheme for a rescue at the scaffold, of which, naturally, Malesherbes could know nothing. And there must have been other projects of the kind still remaining obscure. 'My dear, good master might have saved himself if he had wished,' said Cléry mournfully to Goret, 'for in this place the windows are only fifteen or sixteen feet above the ground. Everything had been prepared for his escape while he was still here, but he refused because his family could not be saved with him.' 'Impassibility' (as Goret calls it) should be made of sterner stuff.

A sculptor, a cook, an inspector of provisions, have hitherto been M. Lenotre's corroborative witnesses. Those that follow—or rather those whose experiences cover the period of Cléry's record—are but two in number, and they are scarcely as important as their predecessors. Jacques-François Lepitre, who comes first, was a professor of rhetoric; and his account suggests his profession. He is pretentious and egotistic, and, for our purpose, has little to reveal. Much of his recollections refers to the frustrate plan for the escape of

the royal family from the Tower after the King's execution—a plan in which he probably exaggerated the value of his personal co-operation, though it seems clear that its eventual failure was in great measure due to the vacillating pusillanimity with which this 'By-ends' of the Terror succeeded in 'saving his face.' The really active agents in the proceedings were the mysteriously converted municipal officer, François-Adrien Toulan, and the Chevalier de Jarjayes, a devoted and resourceful adherent of the Bourbons. But the Jarjayes scheme belongs to the history of failures; and it is, moreover, exhaustively treated in M. Paul Gaulot's 'Complot sous la Terreur.' Incidentally we learn from Lepitre that Cléry preserved as a relic the communion cloth which the King had used on the morning of his execution; and that Mme. Cléry, who was a musician, set to the harpsichord an indifferent song of Lepitre's composing, entitled 'La Piété Filiale,' which he was privileged to hear sung in the Temple by the Dauphin to his sister's accompaniment.

The last person summoned by M. Lenotre is a clerk in the Caisse d'Escompte named Claud Moëlle. He is simple and straightforward, but has not very much to say. He seems to have narrowly escaped denunciation by Tison for his

royalist proclivities, but was saved by Cléry's intervention. He gives a pleasant though familiar account of the royal family—the Queen and the princesses in their dimity morning gowns and lawn headdresses, the King in his brown coat and *piqué* waistcoat—going regularly through their programme of artless devices for defying the tedium of their imprisonment; and he too, like Goret, found the daily walk pleasurable. Especially notable are his references to the Dauphin, not yet the cowed and callous changeling of Simon and Hébert. He shows him in all the vivacity and playfulness of an especially engaging childhood; and he dwells particularly on the personal beauty so manifest in the Versailles portrait by Kocharski. 'This royal child' (he says) 'had the noblest and most lovable face. His figure was perfect, and at that time he enjoyed the most excellent health. His bright, intelligent remarks, and his habitual merriment, bore witness to a charming character. The injury done by his persecutors to his fine natural disposition, is, perhaps, the most terrible of their crimes.' (Lenotre, pp. 142-3.)

On the whole, the different documents cited above, while they supply some minor details to Cléry's story, and occasionally support it, add

little essential to his narrative. Their main value is to show that the municipal officers were not so uniformly truculent, or the gaolers so uniformly ferocious, as the picturesque historian has found it desirable to depict them. At the same time it must be remembered that those by whom these records were prepared were chiefly persons whose attitude to the captives was friendly; and they none of them belonged to those viler components of the Commune whose obtrusive equality straddled across the stove in front of 'Capet,' or flung itself in 'extremely dirty garments' on the solitary sofa of Marie Antoinette. If we had *their* version of things, it would doubtless contain passages as unfavourable to the prisoners as those of which we have a foretaste in Daujon. Again, the experiences of Daujon, Goret, Lepitre, and Moëlle have this peculiarity—they are intermittent and occasional. Those of Turgy only are, like Cléry's, continuous; and Turgy was not a resident in the Temple, but simply saw the royal family at meal-time. It is to Cléry, therefore, that we must go, and continue to go, for the canonical account of the King of France's last days in prison, his preparation for trial, his parting from his family, and his demeanour up to the fatal 21st of January 1793. This Cléry alone can give us accurately

and intimately; but the story has been too often told to need repetition here. As, however, we have quoted freely from other witnesses, we may fairly subjoin the last passages of his 'Journal':

'All the troops in Paris had been under arms from five o'clock in the morning [of the 21st January 1793]. The beat of drums, the clash of arms, the trampling of horses, the removal of cannon, which were incessantly carried from one place to another, all resounded at the Tower.

'At half after eight o'clock, the noise increased, the doors were thrown open with great clatter, when *Santerre*, accompanied by seven or eight Municipal Officers, entered at the head of ten soldiers, and drew them up in two lines. At this movement, the King came out of his closet, and said to *Santerre*: "You are come for me?"—"Yes," was the answer—"A moment," said the King, and went to his closet, from which he instantly returned, followed by his Confessor. His Majesty had his Will in his hand, and addressing a Municipal Officer (named *Jaques Roux*, a priest), who happened to stand before the others, said: "I beg you to give this paper to the Queen, to my wife."—"It is no business of mine," replied he, refusing to take it; "I am come here to conduct you to the scaffold." His Majesty then turned to

Gobeau, another Municipal Officer. "I beg," said he, "that you will give this paper to my wife; you may read it; there are some particulars in it I wish to be made known to the Commune."

'I was standing behind the King, near the fireplace; he turned round to me, and I offered him his great coat. "I don't want it," said he; "give me only my hat." I presented it to him. His hand met mine, which he pressed once more for the last time. "Gentlemen," said he, addressing the Municipal Officers, "I should be glad that *Cléry* might stay with my son, as he has been accustomed to be attended by him: I trust that the Commune will grant this request." His Majesty then looked at *Santerre*, and said, "Lead on!"

'These were the last words he spoke in his apartments. On the top of the stairs he met *Mathey*, the warden of the Tower, to whom he said, "I spoke with some little quickness to you the day before yesterday; do not take it ill." Mathey made no answer, and even affected to turn from the King while he was speaking.

'I remained alone in the chamber, overwhelmed with sorrow, and almost without sense of feeling. The drums and trumpets proclaimed His Majesty's departure from the Tower. . . . An hour after,

discharges of artillery, and cries of "*Vive la Nation! Vive la République!*" were heard. . . . The best of Kings was no more!'

Verily this man *was* a hero to his valet! With the death of Louis XVI Cléry's record ends abruptly. Of the subsequent executions of the Queen and the Princess Elizabeth, and of the long-drawn tragedy of the poor little Dauphin, he had apparently no experiences to relate. But, as promised at the outset of this paper, it may be worth while for a moment to follow his further fortunes. The King, in his will, mentioned him specifically, expressing entire satisfaction with his performance of his duties, and begging the 'Gentlemen of the Commune' to see that certain articles then lodged with them were handed to him. According to the Abbé Edgeworth, his Majesty also expressed a desire that Cléry should be transferred to the service of Marie Antoinette. The only appreciable result of these recommendations seems to have been that he was promptly separated from the other prisoners and confined more strictly. After a month, owing to the entreaties of Mme. Cléry, he was released by Garat, the Minister of Justice, upon condition that he quitted Paris and remained under police surveillance. He retired to a little country house

he had at Juvisy, where he continued to be subjected to periodical denunciation and domiciliary visits. At the beginning of the Terror he was included in the Girondist proscriptions and sent to La Force. When, a year later, Robespierre fell, he was released by the Conseil-Général, who, recognizing his scrupulous fidelity to the Republic, moreover took into consideration the fact that he had neither claimed nor received any remuneration from his late master. Being practically without means of subsistence, he accepted a precarious place as a clerk in an office, which still left him extremely poor. After the death of the Dauphin in 1795 came the negotiations for the release, in exchange for Lafayette, of Madame Royale, who promptly summoned Cléry to follow her to Austria. He thereupon sold his only remaining property, his Juvisy house; left half the proceeds to his family, and with the balance repaired to his brother's at Strasburg to await the arrival of his young mistress. At Strasburg he stayed three months; and then, having learned that Madame Royale was on her way, contrived, with his brother's aid, to escape from France and join her at Wels, thirty-six leagues from Vienna. Here, at last, he was enabled to fulfil the King's commissions to his family. He also visited the new

King, Louis XVIII (the Comte de Provence), and by him was speedily employed on divers secret missions.

At what period, under the title of the 'Journal du Temple,' he began to put together the loose memoranda to which he refers in his opening lines, is not quite clear. By one authority it is stated that this constituted his main occupation during his residence at Strasburg.[1] But from a letter by him in the 'Souvenirs' of the artist Mme. Vigée-Lebrun, dated from Vienna in 1796, it is doubtful whether the manuscript was even then actually ready for the press. This letter, which seems to be little known, is extremely interesting. In the early, happy days, Mme. Vigée-Lebrun had painted Marie Antoinette and her three children in a famous picture still at Versailles; and she now desired to perpetuate with her brush some one of the 'touching and solemn moments' which preceded the Queen's execution. Having ascertained Cléry's whereabouts, she applied to him for information and assistance. His answer, above referred to, is full

[1] M. Lenotre says that he began his recollections at the instigation of the Princess Hohenlohe. This may be so; but it cannot have been as stated in 1799, for Cléry's 'Journal' was published in London in 1798.

of minute and intimate directions which supplement, and to some extent complete, his own printed account. He suggested several incidents for treatment; but his preference was for the farewell scene, more especially because an engraving of that scene, which was inaccurate both as regards resemblance and environment, had already appeared in England. He described in detail the rudely-papered, squalid room, about fifteen feet square, in which the final parting took place, the barred and screened window narrowing to its dim aperture in the nine-foot wall; the faience stove blocking up the embrasure and crowded round by the sombre municipal officers; the feeble Argand lamp; the poor King struggling manfully to control himself, but grievously affected by the grief of his family; the Queen—her beautiful hair 'blanchi par les malheurs'—half-fainting on his shoulder; the sorrowing sister and children clinging about his knees.

The letter also gives minute particulars concerning the costume of the figures, but winds up with a request that the information may be regarded as confidential, as it had not yet been given to the public. Mme. Vigée-Lebrun, on second thoughts, considered the subject too painful for portrayal, at all events by herself. Three

years later, however, she sent from St. Petersburg to Madame Royale at Mittau a memory portrait of Marie Antoinette. This, based no doubt as much on Cléry's indications as her own recollections, was warmly welcomed by its recipient, at that time Duchesse d'Angoulême, in a letter of which a facsimile is printed by the artist.[1]

Cléry's letter to Mme. Vigée-Lebrun bears date 27th October 1796. But the publication of the 'Journal,' to which it refers, did not immediately follow. In 1797 attempts were made to print it in the Austrian capital; but though there were many subscribers, the chancellery refused the requisite *visa*. The author then determined to carry it to London. Before starting, he went to Blankenburg to submit his manuscript to Louis XVIII, who read it, and added as an epigraph the words of Æneas to Dido—'Animus

[1] 'Souvenirs de Madame Vigée-Lebrun' (1835), ii, 342-51. In 1793 the 'Berlin Hogarth,' Daniel Chodowiecki, executed two engravings for the 'Historisch-genealogischer Almanach,' representing the arrest of Louis XVI at St. Ménéhould in June 1791, and his subsequent acceptance of the Constitution. Chodowiecki must later have made Cléry's acquaintance, for in 1799 he etched a plate of Cléry's children, then resident in the artist's house in the Behrenstrasse at Berlin. (Engelmann's 'Catalogue of Chodowiecki,' 1857, p. 494.)

meminisse horret.' The King also sent to Cléry in England the Order of St. Louis, with a holograph letter of commendation. 'You have shown' (he wrote) 'no less courage in the prison of the Temple than the warrior who braves death on the field of honour; and in awarding to you the decoration which serves him as a recompense I do no wrong to the spirit of this noble institution. In London Cléry lodged at 29, Great Pulteney Street, Golden Square, where he speedily found patrons and a publisher. The English version of his book, prepared, as its title-page proclaims, from 'the original manuscript,' was by R. C. Dallas, subsequently the translator of many Revolutionary records, including Hue's 'Memoirs,' but now remembered chiefly by what Moore calls his 'most authentic and trustworthy' 'Recollections' of his relative, Lord Byron. The 'Journal' must have appeared in the middle of 1798, as a note to its list of subscribers is dated 25th May. There was also a French edition.[1] The subscription list, which is headed by the whole of the English royal family, runs to thirty-two closely-printed columns, and includes many illustrious sym-

[1] A further translation by John Bennett appeared in 1828; and, during the progress of this volume through the press, a third has been published.

pathizers with the Temple captives. Pitt is there, and Dundas; but neither Sheridan nor Fox.[1] 'Scott—Esq.' and 'Rogers—Esq.' *may* mean Walter Scott and Samuel Rogers. But Scott, who had as yet published nothing, did not pay his first visit to London until 1799. That he then, or later, met Cléry is plain from a note to his 'Life of Napoleon Bonaparte,' ch. xiii: 'Cléry' (he says) 'we have seen and known, and the form and manners of that model of pristine faith and loyalty can never be forgotten. Gentlemanlike and complaisant in his manners, his deep gravity and melancholy features announced that the sad scenes, in which he had acted a part so honourable, were never for a moment out of his memory.'

There was another person who undoubtedly saw Cléry in London, and helped him to subscribers, although, by admitted misadventure, his name does not appear in the roll. This was Mme. D'Arblay's father, bustling Dr. Charles Burney of St. Martin's Street, who at once hurried off an account of his new acquaintance to his daughter and her French husband in Surrey. M. D'Arblay had been adjutant-general to Lafayette; and both he and his clever little wife were naturally ardent Royalists. Shortly after-

[1] *Cf.* 'Percy and Goldsmith,' p. 39.

wards the 'Journal' arrives at Camilla Cottage, and 'half-kills' its readers. 'The deepest tragedy they have yet met with is slight to it.' 'The extreme plainness and simplicity of the style, the clearness of the detail, the unparading yet evident worth and feeling of the writer, make it a thousand times more affecting than if it had been drawn out with the most striking eloquence.' Mme. D'Arblay asks for more; she 'wants a second part.' What of the remaining members of the royal family? What of the tokens intended for the Queen and the Dauphin? As to the other prisoners, Cléry, as already explained, at the time of writing, had probably no further particulars to give; but respecting the tokens, which duly reached their destination by other hands, he prints a note at the end of his volume. This Mme. D'Arblay must have overlooked.[1]

[1] The tokens were a seal, intended for the Dauphin, and a ring for the Queen. They were sent by Marie Antoinette to her husband's brothers, and Cléry apparently saw them at Blankenburg, with the notes which had accompanied them, of which he was allowed to print facsimiles. (See Appendix B.) Mme. D'Arblay would have been delighted to know, what she probably died without learning, that 'Camilla' and 'Evelina' were among the books asked for by the Queen and Mme. Elizabeth during their imprisonment.

There is little more to say of this emphatically 'léal serviteur.' The 'Journal' was printed secretly in France in 1799, and it was translated into most European languages. As might perhaps have been expected, its authenticity was hotly questioned and defended. Under the Directory, much to its writer's indignation, it was garbled and falsified; and later he was coolly invited, as a preliminary to a fresh French edition, to append a postscript in praise of the existing Government. Napoleon, always anxious to surround himself by the old servants of Louis XVI, offered him the post of senior chamberlain to Josephine; but he declined it, thereby seriously offending the First Consul. Finally, in 1809, in his fifty-first year, broken by constant vexations, intrigues, and journeyings to and fro, Cléry died at Hietzing, a suburb of Vienna, close to the park of Schönbrunn. Upon his tombstone is the simple inscription, 'Ci-gît le fidèle Cléry.' In 1817 Louis XVIII gave letters of nobility to his daughter.

THE OXFORD THACKERAY

SINCE the appearance, some years ago, of Thackeray's works in the 'Biographical' Edition, which, from Lady Ritchie's introductions, must always retain a distinctive and special value, there have been several competitive, if not rival, issues. There is, for instance, that of Messrs. Macmillan, reproducing, wholly or chiefly, the text of the first editions; there is also a pretty 'Temple' edition, with notes by Mr. Walter Jerrold. And now Mr. Henry Frowde has added to these another, which, besides the happy accident of its being the latest, may fairly lay claim to particular merits of its own. It is excellently printed and produced; and it is extremely moderate in price. You may get it thick or thin, according to your fancy—that is to say, you may have it on ordinary paper, or on that frail-looking but durable Oxford India tissue, which compresses the thousand pages of 'The Newcomes' to a width of three-quarters of an inch. You can also obtain it bound in a style as simple as that of Southey's 'Cottonian' library, or sump-

tuous enough for the shelves of the most fastidious book-lover. It claims to be the fullest in the market, and its arrangement, as that of such collections should be, is in the main chronological. It has also an admirable and exhaustive index.

These are definite and praiseworthy characteristics; but—as will be shown—the Oxford Thackeray has some others which are equally exceptional. In the first place, it is very liberally illustrated. There is a noble gallery of Thackeray portraits, from Devile's bust in the National Portrait Gallery, to the less-known drawing by Goodwyn Lewis in the Public Library at Kensington. There are admirable facsimiles of Thackeray's beautiful neat script—pages of 'The Newcomes,' from the Museum at Charterhouse; pages of 'Esmond,' from the original MS. at Trinity College, Cambridge. But it is in the reproduction, which the multiplied processes now make so easy, of the earlier illustrations that these volumes are richest. Here are all the etchings and woodcuts of Cruikshank to 'A Legend of the Rhine' and the 'Fatal Boots'; here are Dicky Doyle's designs to 'The Newcomes' and 'Rebecca and Rowena'; here are those of Fred Walker to 'Philip' and 'Denis Duval,' and of Kenny Meadows to the 'Heads of the People.'

Also there are the illustrations of the author himself to 'Vanity Fair,' to 'Pendennis,' to the 'Virginians,' to the 'Rose and the Ring,' and the rest. In addition to these, there is a 'vast' of specimens, from 'Punch' and other sources, of what Thackeray pleasantly called his 'own candles.' As to the merit of this side of his talent, opinion has been somewhat divided. But compared, as they can in this connection be compared, with the leading comic art of Thackeray's day, we see little to choose between the artist and his contemporaries. Indeed, we find no reason for putting him much below Doyle; and, in the matter of initial letters, we hold the pair—in invention, at all events—to have been nearly equal; while if Thackeray cannot be regarded as rivalling Cruikshank in occasional tragic power (and we are not sure that he does not so rival him in the picture of 'Sir Pitt's Last Stage'), he seldom declines, as the artist of the 'Fatal Boots' does sometimes decline, into sheer broad-grin and horse-collar hilarity. It may, of course, be urged that some of the 'Punch' illustrations are of the most fugitive kind, and that the Lardner *boutades*, and a few others, were scarcely worth reviving. But, when all is said and done, these sketches, whatever their technical merits or demerits, are

part of the author's intellectual output, and, where they illustrate his writings, represent, more nearly than it would be possible for any second person to represent, what he wished to convey to his readers.[1]

These illustrations, then—there are said to be nearly two thousand of them—form a feature of the new edition which cannot be overrated. But

[1] Thackeray has been accused of conscious caricature, even in his gravest graphic efforts; and it may be admitted that, with every primarily humorous artist, the grotesque will often assert itself inopportunely. M. Taine, who regarded Peggy O'Dowd and M. Alcide Mirobolant as literary caricatures, would probably not object to their being artistically presented as such. But there is an anecdote in the Roundabout Paper 'De Finibus' which opportunely vindicates Thackeray both as artist and author. He had, he tells us, invented Captain Costigan of 'Pendennis' 'out of scraps, heel-taps, odds and ends of characters.' Years after, he was 'smoking in a tavern parlour one night—and this Costigan came into the room alive—the very man: *the most remarkable resemblance of the printed sketches of the man, of the rude drawings in which I had depicted him.* [The italics are ours.] He had the same little coat, the same battered hat, cocked on one eye, the same twinkle in that eye.' He spoke with an Irish brogue; he had been in the army; and he completed the likeness by accepting a glass of brandy-and-water and volunteering a song. In the same paper Thackeray says parenthetically and significantly that Walker's Philip Firmin is not *his* Philip.

that edition is also fortunate in another respect—it is admirably edited and arranged. Mr. Saintsbury, to whom this office has fallen, requires no commendation at our hands. His reputation as a critic and man of letters is not a matter of yesterday, or the day before. Yet, in this particular instance, it may be pertinent to observe that few scholars of our time would seem to be better equipped. As the historian of both English and French literature; as the intimate student of the rise and development of the novel; as the editor of Fielding and Sterne—of Balzac and Mérimée, he has manifestly initial qualifications not often to be found combined in one and the same person. What is still more to the point, he is a fervent and faithful devotee of the writer of 'Esmond' and 'Vanity Fair.' His study of his theme, he says in his 'Preface,' 'has at least one justification—it is of an author who has been, for more than forty years, more frequently in the hands, and more constantly in the head and heart of the student, than any other in prose and almost than any other in rhyme.' In other words, he is himself, as he says of Thackeray's old friend, the late Sir Frederick Pollock—'vir Thackeraianissimus.' 'For more than forty years,' also reminds us that, although Mr. Saintsbury neither knew nor (to the

best of his belief) ever saw his author, he is to some extent of that author's day—no slight recommendation in this epoch of short memories and shorter-lived notorieties. If—as he observes elsewhere—he can recall the 'green covers' of 'Bleak House' in the booksellers' windows, he must also recall the yellow covers of 'The Newcomes' and 'The Virginians.' Nor can he have forgotten the first volumes of the 'Cornhill Magazine'; and that mournful sixth column in the 'Times' of Christmas 1863, which told those who had fretted a little over the *langueurs* of 'Philip' that 'Denis Duval' would never be finished, since, for its inventor, 'Finis itself had come to an end, and the Infinite had begun.'

To call the Oxford Thackeray complete would not be strictly accurate. Although it may fairly be described as 'the fullest,' there have been omissions of set purpose. For instance, in spite of the opinion of some 'eminent hands,' Mr. Saintsbury has not scrupled to leave out 'Elizabeth Brownrigge—that notorious malefactor, who, in Canning's parody of Southey—

> whipp'd two female 'prentices to death
> And hid them in the coal-hole.

Notwithstanding that, like 'Catherine,' it is plainly prompted by the monstrosities of 'Eugene

Aram' and the Bulwer school, the editor can find no evidence that Thackeray is responsible for the Brownrigge epopee. One cannot, of course, be certain. But that a writer who, from youth to maturity, revealed himself at all times and everywhere, does not so reveal himself in an anonymous piece which is attributed to him, is a very sufficient ground for not preserving such a piece, except in some supplementary limbo of doubtful performances. Thackeray's fame can do without 'Elizabeth Brownrigge.' On the other hand it will occasionally happen that papers, such as the semi-political letters of 'Our Own Correspondent' from Paris to the 'Constitutional,' though manifestly authentic, may, from the writer's lack of sympathy with his task, represent him at his worst and weakest; and in this case, too, a sound editorial faculty has no option but to pronounce sentence of banishment. For these, and other excluded things, Mr. Saintsbury gives very excellent and categorical explanation in the seventeen 'Introductions' which accompany the volumes and which, indeed, would almost make a volume—and a most interesting volume—by themselves. From the chronological arrangement which has with certain modifications been adopted, they take the form of a sequence of connected chapters,

rather than detached essays, and so constitute a body of Thackeray criticism, which, by its close insight and trained ability, its happily-remembered illustrations, and its opulence of information, cannot safely be neglected by any student in the future. With the first and last of these 'Introductions' is included a sufficient array of biographical facts to satisfy any reader as yet unacquainted with the somewhat scanty material of the existing lives.

What strikes one most forcibly in turning over the pages of the earlier volumes is the inordinate amount of preliminary work done by Thackeray before he finally 'rang the bell' with 'Vanity Fair.' This is the more notable because it is not difficult (after the event) to detect many indications of his coming triumphs in these only partially successful or wholly unsuccessful 'prolusions' of his probationary epoch. In 'Catherine' and 'The Luck of Barry Lyndon' there is much of 'Esmond' and 'The Virginians'; the reviews in the 'Times' and elsewhere anticipate something of 'The Humourists' and 'The Four Georges': there are premonitions in essays like the 'Curate's Walk' of the inimitable 'Roundabout Papers'; the famous Quadrilateral of novels has its first foreshadowings in the 'Shabby Genteel Story,' the

'Great Hoggarty Diamond' and so forth; while the 'Burlesques,' the 'Ballads,' the 'Prize Novelist,' the 'Snob Papers,' and the 'Sketch- and Christmas-Books' are everywhere strewn full-handed with the first fruits of the wit, satire, humour, grasp of character, happy phrasing, and unflagging *vis viva* which go to make up the later efforts of the Master. Yet no fewer than ten volumes of Mr. Saintsbury's seventeen have been exhausted, and the writer has reached his mid-literary career, before the little pilot-boat of 'Mrs. Perkins' Ball,' the unequal 'Snob Papers,' and the novel of 'Vanity Fair' (the last only gradually), at length usher him into his inheritance of previously unfulfilled renown.

In the 'Introduction' to 'Vanity Fair,' Mr. Saintsbury so exactly 'places' that masterpiece, and so scientifically defines its precise function in the evolution of English fiction, that, even at the risk of a prolonged quotation, we venture to reproduce his words:

'A succession of great novelists from Richardson onwards had been endeavouring to bring the novel proper—the prose fiction which depends upon ordinary life and character only—into complete being. Fielding had very nearly done it: but what was ordinary life in his time had ceased

to be ordinary. Miss Austen had quite done it: but she had deliberately restricted her plan. In the thirty years between her death and the appearance of 'Vanity Fair' attempts at it had multiplied enormously in number: but the magnificent success of Scott in another line had drawn off the main body of attention and attempt—to no great profit. The really distinguished novels since Scott, had been sports of eccentric talent like Peacock's; specialist studies like Marryat's; medleys of genius and failure of genius like Bulwer's and Disraeli's; brilliant but fantastic, and not poetically fantastic, nondescripts like the work of Dickens.

'After, or rather amid all this chase of rather wandering fires, there came forward once more, 'the proper study of mankind,' unerringly conducted as such, but also serving as occasion for consummate work in art. The old, old contrast of substance and shadow is almost the only one for Thackeray's figures and those of his immediate predecessors and contemporaries. In comparison (though by no means always positively) they walk and act while the others flit and gesticulate; they speak with the voice *μερόπων ἀνθρώπων*, while the others squeak and gibber; they live and move and have being, while the others dance the dance

of puppets and execute the manœuvres of *ombres chinoises*. . . . As always—because a writer of this kind is rather the first articulate prophet of a new revelation than its monopolist—something of the same quality was soon diffused.[1] But he was the first prophet: and to this day he is the greatest.'

Mr. Saintsbury has other things to say of 'Vanity Fair': but to these we must refer the reader. We observe, however, with pleasure, that he is not prepared to endorse M. Taine's preference for Valérie Marneffe as a conception over Becky Sharp. While he is at one with the French critic in considering Thackeray hard upon Becky, he holds that—Beatrix Esmond excepted—'there is no woman so great in English literature out of Shakespeare.' And, as an editor of Balzac, he is entitled to his opinion.

The reference to Beatrix reminds us there have been recent indications that modern criticism, seeking vaguely after originality, may come at length to assert that 'Esmond' in reality *fails* to revive the eighteenth century, and that its author did *not*, as he fondly believed, 'copy the language of Queen Anne.' So, somewhile the pendulum swings! In the meantime, Mr. Saintsbury is

[1] Its influence is to be traced in Dickens.

worth listening to. The function of Thackeray in the historical novel was: 'Not merely to discuss or moralize, but to represent the period as it was, without forfeiting the privilege of regarding it from a point of view which it had not itself reached. . . . Thackeray, with the conveniences of the novel, and the demands of his audience, *dichotomizes* the presentation while observing a certain unity in the fictitious person, now of Henry Esmond, now of William Makepeace Thackeray himself. If anybody does not like the result, there is nothing to be said. But there are those who regard it as one of the furthest explorations that we yet possess of human genius—one of the most extraordinary achievements of that higher imagination which Coleridge liked to call *esenoplastic*.[1] That a man should have the faculty of reproducing contemporary or general life is wonderful; that he should have the faculty of reproducing past life is wonderful still more. But that he should thus revive the past and preserve the present—command and provide at once theatre and company, audience and performance—this is the highest wizardry of all. And this, as it seems to me, is what Thackeray had attempted, and

[1] 'Biographia Literaria,' ch. x. Coleridge says he coined it from εἰς ἓν πλάττειν,—to shape into one.

more, what he has done, in the *History of Henry Esmond*.'

A good illustration and confirmation of this fine and discriminating criticism would be to contrast the history of Queen Anne's Colonel with—let us say—such a book as Sala's 'Adventures of Captain Dangerous,' also an attempt at historical construction in old-fashioned language. Its author had a wonderful verbal memory, great descriptive power, and an unrivalled faculty for what he called the stocktaking of detail. But although his theme was perhaps suggested by 'Esmond,' he did not possess that higher imagination which is prefigured by the epithet of Coleridge; and his work in consequence remains rather the costume and tongue of the time than the time itself. Nevertheless, 'Captain Dangerous' is a very respectable and unduly neglected *pasticho* in the manner of Defoe, with a dash of Tom Brown and the 'London Spy.'[1] In the matter of those kindred volumes to 'Esmond,' the 'English Humourists' and the 'Four Georges,'

[1] The attempt of Damiens on Louis XV; the story of 'Mother Drum,' the female soldier; and the picture of London in the '45, with the tragical episode of Shenstone's Jemmy Dawson, are favourable examples of the Sala manner.

Mr. Saintsbury is, as it seems to us, equally sound. He admits that, in the former instance, fuller knowledge may have modified some of the traits; and he admits also a certain severity of attitude to Sterne and Swift. But he rightly lays stress on the extraordinary vitality and stimulating quality of the general criticism as things in their kind more material than an unreasoned sympathy, and more important than a too curious attention to the mere cocked hat and buttons of fact. In the same way, as regards the 'Four Georges,' he is conscious of an undue undervaluing of George III, and even of a sort of injustice to his unpopular successor; but here again he insists on the value of the volume as a quintessential extract of the contemporary social life of the day, as revealed in its memoirs and correspondence. In short, while he professes that he is by no means a 'Thackeray-right-or-wrong' man, he is, 'on this side idolatry,' an indulgent admirer, whose critical motto might be those wise words of Mr. Burchell in the 'Vicar of Wakefield': 'The reputation of books is raised, not by their freedom from defect; but the greatness of their beauties.'

A novel and an interesting feature of the latest Thackeray is the Appendixes which preserve the passages rejected by the author in his final revisions.

These have often given trouble to readers perplexed by the absence of something vaguely recollected. Mr. Saintsbury's edition sets all this right. In 'Vanity Fair,' for example, he reprints at the end a long extract from the first version of the Vauxhall chapter (chapter vi), showing how that incident might have been treated in the 'genteel' or the 'terrible' style—for which we should doubtless read Bulwer or Ainsworth. It is clever, as the author is always, but it is obviously irrelevant, as he himself decided. From 'Pendennis,' whose even tenor was interrupted by illness, the omissions are of necessity more numerous, and uniformly judicious. The most important of these deal with the idle Clavering chatter concerning Helen Pendennis and Pen's tutor, Mr. Smirke, the curate; and with certain traits in the character of the hero's evil genius at Oxbridge, 'Captain Macheath,' otherwise Mr. Bloundell-Bloundell. Another withdrawal—which M. Taine, working on the first edition, has, oddly enough, selected for special comment—is that relating to Blanche Amory and her tyrannous usage of her poor little tiring-maid, Pincott; and indeed it is difficult to guess why the author condemned it, seeing that it is quite in keeping with the 'Sylphide's' other feline characteristics. A passage relating to the educational short-

comings of the Fotheringay may perhaps have been left out because, in addition to repetition of things said previously, it included a joke about Dante's having been born at Algiers, already assigned, in the 'Book of Snobs,' to the Pontos' governess, Miss Wirt. Another large excision in chapter xlv deals with Love and Mr. Foker. There are also endless minor readjustments and corrections which prove how carefully a writer, who is sometimes accused of negligence, revised his utterances. As the tale of novels lengthens, the suppressions grow fewer Little that is material is taken from 'Esmond'; and beyond a high-life anecdote, also in the 'Book of Snobs,' telling rather against Miss Ethel, not much from 'The Newcomes.' In 'The Virginians' the cutting is confined to sundry digressive addresses, there more frequent than elsewhere. But no attentive reader will wish to be without knowledge of these and other matters, or of the minute and even microscopic evidence they afford of the pains which Thackeray devoted to the text of his more serious productions.

Although Mr. Saintsbury has been careful to furnish each work with its needful bibliographical foreword, he has not thought it desirable, nor was it within his commission, to append illustrative notes to his text. For this, apart from the mere

printer's argument that they spoil the page, there are of course sufficient reasons; and moreover, from an editor who has given so much, it would be grasping to ask for more. But the re-reading of Thackeray to-day brings forcibly to mind the dictum of Johnson that 'in sixty or seventy years, or less, all works which describe manners, require notes.' He might have said 'places' as well as 'manners.' Who now knows, for example, the site of Old Slaughter's Coffee-house, whence George Osborne went forth, in a blue coat and buff waistcoat, to marry the infatuated Amelia; and how many can recollect Pendennis's 'Back Kitchen'—the Cider Cellars in Maiden Lane! We should not be sorry to have a note—not a footnote, but a note at the end of the book like the longer notes to Scott's novels—giving some record of that 'murmurous' old supper-haunt, with, if possible, a copy of the design from Doyle's 'Mr. Pips hys Diary,' representing a séance just 'sixty years since.' And the ham-and-beef shop in St. Martin's Court! This, too, has long vanished. But the fact that it figures in chapter i of 'Catherine,' where it is as much a symbol of sempiternity as Matthew Arnold's 'crush at the corner of Fenchurch Street'—surely this warrants a passing comment, especially when it is remembered that, even on the top of Skiddaw,

Charles Lamb found it necessary to recall it in order to rectify his over-strained sensations! Then, in another way, there is 'The Rose and the Ring,' of which delectable extravaganza Mr. Saintsbury writes with becoming enthusiasm. Lady Ritchie has recently told us that the first scheme included a malevolent Fairy Hopstick, afterwards discarded.[1] This is perhaps too minute a matter for the kind of annotation we have in mind, though it is worth mention. We were thinking rather of those pleasant verses which, in 1864, the late Frederick Locker composed about the writing of the book, and the 'nice little Story' connected with it—to wit, the invalid daughter of the American sculptor, W. W. Story, to whom, at Rome, the author read his manuscript as it progressed, and to whom also he subsequently presented a copy of the printed volume with a 'comical little croquis':

> A sketch of a rather droll couple,
> She 's pretty, he 's quite t'other thing!
> He begs (with a spine vastly supple)
> She will study 'The Rose and the Ring.'

In the illustrated edition of 'London Lyrics,' there is a picture by Doyle of the 'kind wizard' at the sick child's sofa, holding his paper close to his eyes

[1] 'Blackstick Papers,' 1908, p. 2.

as he does in the portrait by Samuel Laurence. But these and other cognate *memorabilia* were not part of Mr. Saintsbury's plan, and must of necessity fall to his successors. It is all he has left them to do!

THE PRISON OF THE TEMPLE

(FROM CLÉRY'S 'JOURNAL')

APPENDIX A

The Prison of the Temple

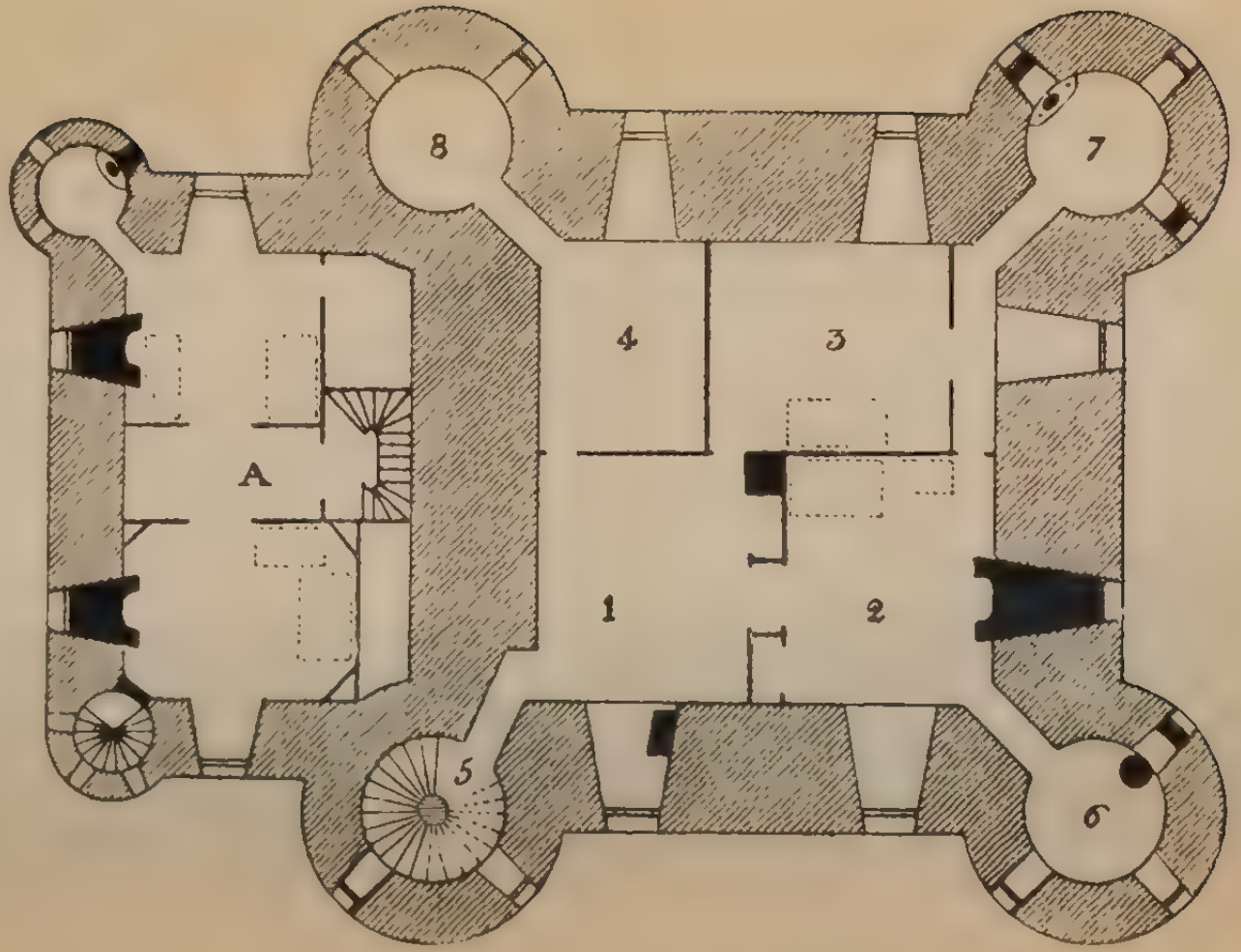
THE locality at Paris known as the Temple was so called from the Knights Templars, to whom it originally belonged; and from whom, on their suppression by Philip of Valois in 1312, it was handed over to the Knights of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, later known as the Knights of Malta. In August 1792 it consisted of a heterogeneous group of buildings, which, roughly speaking, occupied the angle formed by the present Boulevard du Temple and the Rue du Temple. These comprised a Palace which, up to 1789, had been occupied by the King's brother, the Comte d'Artois, in his capacity of Grand Prior of the Knights of Malta; a Church, shortly to be demolished; a large Rotunda or Market, and the Tower, or more accurately Towers, subsequently used by the Commune as the prison of Louis XVI and his family. The larger or Great Tower had been originally intended as a keep or fortress for the adjacent property; the lesser or Little Tower, which abutted upon it to the left,

was a much more recent construction. Both structures had been employed in different ways to the outbreak of the Revolution, at which date the Great Tower was out of repair, and the Little Tower was tenanted by the archivist of the Order, who vacated it when it was requisitioned as a place of confinement. The royal family occupied it from 13th August 1792 until they were moved to the Great Tower. Here is Cléry's account, which his two plans and general view, not always included in reprints of his book, make easily intelligible. The version is that of Dallas, slightly modified:

'It [the Little Tower] stood with its back against the Great Tower, without any interior communication, and formed a long square, flanked by two turrets. In one of these turrets, there was a narrow staircase that led from the first floor to a gallery on the platform: in the other were small rooms answering to each story of the Tower.

'The body of the building was four stories high. The first consisted of an antechamber, a dining-room, and a small room in the turret, where there was a library containing from twelve to fifteen hundred volumes.

'The second story (A) was divided nearly in the same manner. The largest room was the Queen's bed-chamber, in which the Dauphin also slept; the second, which was separated from the Queen's by a



SECOND FLOOR OF THE TOWERS

(FROM CLÉRY'S 'JOURNAL')

small antechamber almost without light, was occupied by Madame Royale and Madame Elizabeth. . . .

'The King's apartments were on the third story (B). He slept in the great room, and made a study of the turret-closet. There was a kitchen separated from the King's chamber by a small dark room, which had been successively occupied by M. *de Chamilly* and M. *Huë*, and on which the seals were now fixed. The fourth story was shut up; and on the ground floor there were kitchens, of which no use was made.'[1]

As the previous occupier had been obliged to leave his belongings behind, when he received orders to quit from the Municipality, the above apartments were fairly furnished. The King remained in them until the 29th September 1792, when he was transferred to the Great Tower. At the end of October the Queen and her family followed him. Cléry gives a minute account of the 'new habitation' as follows; the figures between brackets being references to the plans at pp. 293 and 295:

'The great Tower is about a hundred and fifty feet high, and consists of four stories arched, and supported by a great pillar from the bottom to the top. The area within the walls was about thirty feet square.

'The second and third stories allotted to the

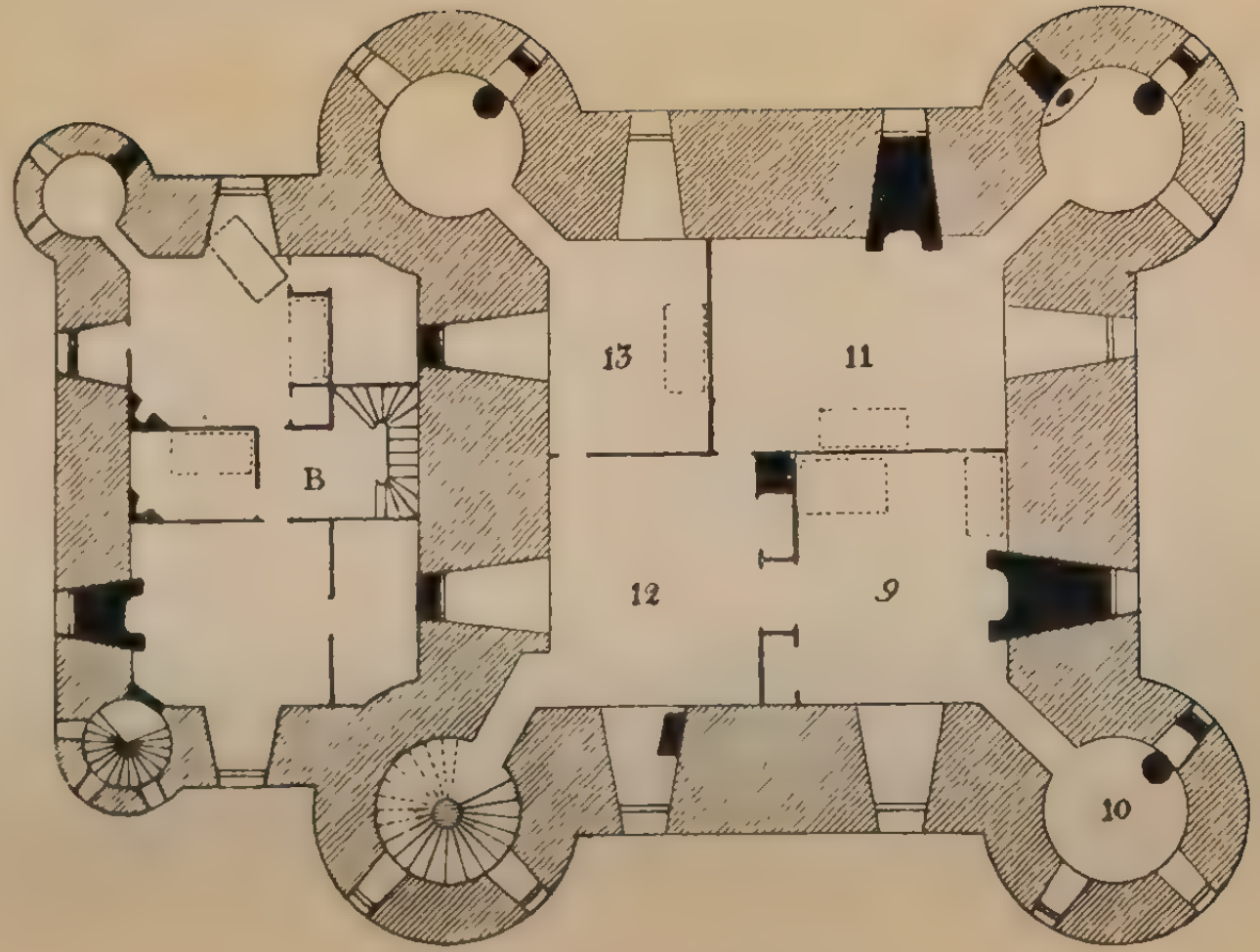
[1] The meals of the prisoners were brought from the kitchens of the Palace of the Temple.

Royal Family, being, as were all the other stories, single rooms, they were now each divided into four chambers by partitions of board. The ground floor was for the use of the Municipal Officers; the first story was kept as a guard room, and the King was lodged in the second.

'The first room of his apartments was an antechamber (1), from which three doors led to three separate rooms. Opposite the entrance was the King's chamber (2), in which a bed was placed for the Dauphin; mine was on the left (3); so was the dining-room (4) which was divided from the antechamber by a glazed partition. There was a chimney in the King's chamber: the other rooms were warmed by a great stove in the antechamber. The light was admitted into each of these rooms by windows, but those were blocked up with great iron bars, and slanting screens on the outside [see plate, p. 291], which prevented a free circulation of the air: the embrasures of the windows were nine feet thick.

'Every story of the great Tower communicated with four turrets, built at the angles.

'In one of those turrets was a staircase (5) that went up as far as the battlements, and on which wickets were placed at certain distances to the number of seven. This staircase opened on every floor through two gates: the first of oak, very thick and studded with nails, the second of iron.



THIRD FLOOR OF THE TOWERS

(FROM CLÉRY'S 'JOURNAL')

'Another of the turrets (6) formed a closet to the King's chamber; the third served for a "*garderobe*" (7), and in the fourth (8) was kept the fire-wood, where also the temporary beds, on which the Municipal Officers slept near the King, were deposited in the day time.

'The four rooms, of which the King's apartments consisted, had a false ceiling of cloth [*toile*], and the partitions were hung with a coloured paper. The antechamber had the appearance of the interior of a jail, and on one of the panels was hung the Declaration of the Rights of Man,[1] in very large characters with a tri-coloured frame. A chest of drawers, a small bureau, four chairs with cushions, an armed chair, a few rush-bottomed chairs, a table, a glass over the chimney, and a green damask bed, were all the furniture of the King's chamber: these articles as well as what was in the other rooms, were taken from the Temple Palace. The King's bed was that in which the Count *d'Artois*' Captain of the Guard used to sleep.

'The Queen occupied the third story, which was distributed in much the same manner as the King's. The bed-chamber for the Queen (9) and Madame Royale was above his Majesty's: in the turret (10) was their dressing-room. Madame Elizabeth's room

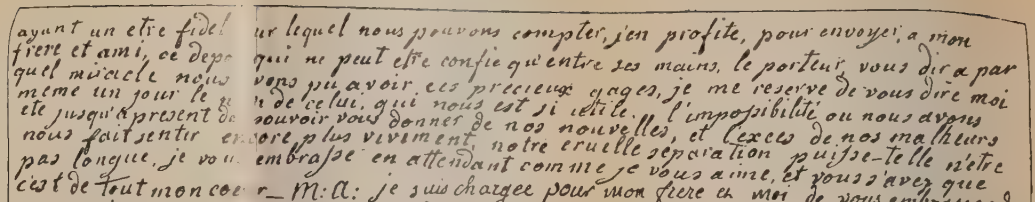
[1] Upon which the King's comment was: 'That would be very fine if it were practicable' (Goret's *Narrative*).

(11) was over mine [Cléry's]. The entrance served for an antechamber (12) where the Municipal Officers watched by day and slept at night. *Tison* and his wife were lodged over the King's dining-room (13).

'The fourth story was not occupied. A gallery ran all along within the battlements which sometimes served as a walk. The embrasures were stopt up with blinds, to prevent the Family from being seen.'

It was in the little dining-room, No. 4 on the second story, that the King spent his last hours with his family on the night of the 20th January 1793; but the final parting pictured by Cléry for Mme. Lebrun, and referred to at p. 265, must have taken place in the adjoining antechamber (No. 1).

(1)

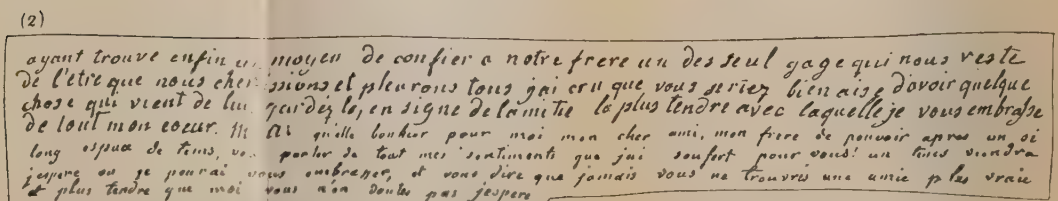


ayant un etre fidel ur lequel nous pouvons compter, j'en profite, pour envoyer a mon frere et ami, ce depo qui ne peut etre confie qu'entre ses mains, le porteur vous dira par quel miracle nous vous pu avoir ces precieux gages, je me reserve de vous dire moi meme un jour le n de celui, qui nous est si utile. l'impossibilité ou nous avons ete jusqu'a present de souvoir vous donner de nos nouvelles, et l'excès de nos malheurs nous fait sentir encore plus vivement notre cruelle separation puisse-telle n'etre pas longue. je vous embrasse en attendant comme je vous aime, et vous s'avez que c'est de tout mon coeur — M:A: je suis chargee pour mon frere et moi de vous embrasser de tout notre cœur. M.C. Louis. Je jouis d'avance du plaisir que vous eprouverés en recevant ce gage, de l'amitié, et de la confiance, etre reunie avec vous et vous voir heureux est tout ce que je desire. vous savés si je vous aime, je vous embrasse de tout mon cœur. E. M

FACSIMILE OF THE NOTE TO THE COMTE DE PROVENCE WHICH ACCOMPANIED THE SEAL

(FROM CLÉRY'S 'JOURNAL')

(2)



ayant trouve enfin un moyen de confier a notre frere un des seul gage qui nous reste de l'etre que nous cher ions et pleurons tous jai cru que vous seriez bien aise d'avoir quelque chose qui vient de lui gardés le, en signe de la amitie le plus tendre avec laquelle je vous embrasse de tout mon coeur. M A quelle bonheur pour moi mon cher ami, mon frere de pouvoir apres un si long espace de tems, vo parler de tout mes sentiments que jai souffert pour vous! un tems viendra jespere ou je pourai vous embrasser, et vous dire que jamais vous ne trouvrés une amie plus vraie et plus tendre que moi vous n'en doutés pas jespere

FACSIMILE OF THE NOTE TO THE COMTE D'ARTOIS WHICH ACCOMPANIED THE RING

(FROM CLÉRY'S 'JOURNAL')

APPENDIX B

The Last Messages

THE ring and seal referred to at p. 269 *n.* were accompanied by joint notes from the senders, of which the accompanying are Cléry's facsimiles. The encircling line indicates the limits of the scraps of paper on which they were written. The first, to the Comte de Provence, which went with the seal, was signed by the Queen, Mme Royale, the Dauphin, and the Princess Elizabeth; the other, to the Comte d'Artois, was signed by Marie Antoinette alone, though part of it is in the autograph of her sister-in-law. The following is Dallas's translation of these documents:

'Having a faithful being, on whom we can rely, I make use of the occasion to send my dear brother and friend this charge, which can only be trusted to his hands; the bearer will tell you by what a miracle we have been able to get possession of these precious pledges. I reserve it to myself to tell you one day the name of him who is so useful to us. The impossibility we have hitherto experienced of being able to send you any tidings, and the excess of our

misfortunes, make us feel still more deeply our cruel separation—may it not be long! I salute you in the mean time as I love you, and that you know is with all my heart. M.A. I am charged for my brother and myself to say we love you with all our hearts, M. T.—Louis. I enjoy by anticipation the pleasure you will experience in receiving this token of friendship and confidence. To be reunited with you, and to see you happy, is all I wish. You know whether I love you or not. I salute you with all my heart. E. M.'

The other (with the ring) runs as follows: 'Having at last found a means of confiding to our brother one of the only pledges we have remaining of the being whom we cherish, and for whom we all weep, I thought you would be pleased to have something that comes from him. Keep it in token of the most tender friendship with which from my heart I salute you. M. A. What a happiness it is to me, my dear friend, my brother, that I am able after so long an interval of time, to tell you all the pangs I have suffered for you! A time will come I hope when I shall be able to embrace you, and tell you that you will never find a truer or tenderer friend than I am: I hope you don't doubt it.'

These notes must have been written at some date between the King's death in January, and that of the Queen, 16th October 1793.

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